

What kind of  
man  
was Herbert  
Norman?

BY SIDNEY KATZ

Fenwick Lansdowne's new album of bird paintings

A RADIO EXECUTIVE OFFERS AN ANTIDOTE TO ROCK 'N' ROLL

# MACLEAN'S

SEPTEMBER 28 1957 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



F.LANSDOWNE

*Red-Shafted Flicker*

Sixth in series: "How Trucks Bring Better Living in All Canadas"



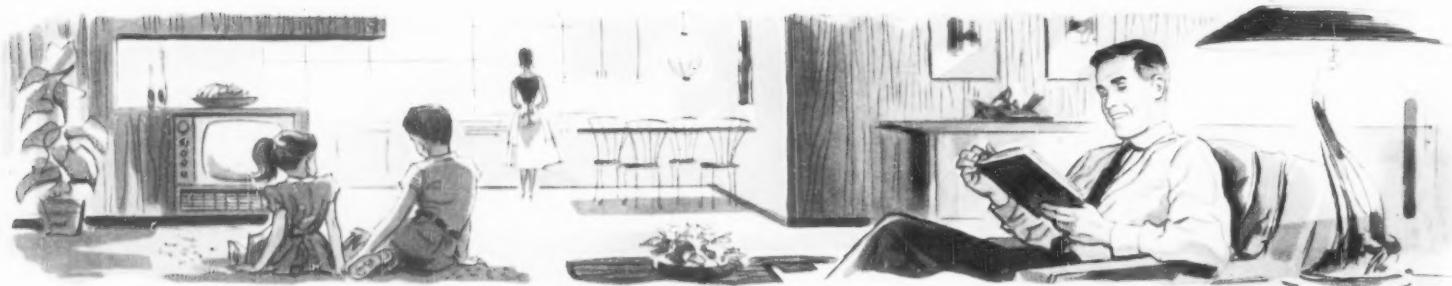
**before trucks began to play their important role**



**in bringing into our homes the electricity**



**so vital to our present way of life**



Life has changed in many ways since the turn of the century. And a surprising number of these changes can be traced directly to economical and abundant electrical power. The electrical utilities and the manufacturers of electrical equipment have contributed in a very large way to Canada's prosperity. Trucks, too, have a vital part to play in bringing electricity into our homes, farms and factories... from the day construction is started on the power site to the day the service is installed.

*Celebrating 50 years  
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INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER 28, 1973

MACLEAN'S

# PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ Mine that built the A-bomb's going dry
- ✓ Nova Scotia's big resort hotels going wet?

**THE MINE THAT FATHERED THE A-BOMB**, Gilbert LaBine's historic find at Great Bear Lake, N.W.T., is petering out, years ahead of schedule. Engineers of Eldorado Mining and Refining, the crown company that mines the uranium deposits, had figured there was enough ore there to last at least another decade. Now they say it will be gone in two or three years.

**NOVA SCOTIA WILL LIKELY JOIN** the cocktail provinces by next year. That was the commitment that a syndicate of Maritimers reportedly got from the Stanfield government before it bought three luxury resort hotels—Cornwallis Inn, Lakeside Inn and Digby Pines—from the CPR, which threatened to close them after operating in the red for years without cocktails.



Crawley

**THE MOUNTIES ARE GOING ON THE AIR**, for a year anyway, and perhaps longer. Film-maker Budge Crawley will shoot a 39-part true-adventure series based on articles written by Alan Phillips in Maclean's. It's the costliest job yet tried in Canada, with a \$1,500,000 budget. Backers with Crawley are Montreal publisher John McConnell and the CBC. If the stories catch on they'll continue indefinitely—at \$40,000 a show.

**DUCKS WILL GET A SMALL BREAK** in the coming shooting season: an electronic duck call, termed "just plain murder" when it was demonstrated at a dominion-provincial wildlife conference last June, has been banned in Canada; the U.S. will probably follow suit. But fish aren't as lucky: you can hunt them out with a portable electronic gadget that works like radar and is perfectly legal.

**THE ROMANTIC CANADIAN BUSH PILOT** who flew by the seat of his pants in a crate held together by baling wire will soon join the jet age. Two bush airlines, Wheeler and Quebecair, are buying Dutch-designed Fokker Friendships, powered by the same Rolls-Royce prop-jet engines that fly the TCA Viscounts. They claim they are actually cheaper to maintain and operate than the vintage planes traditional in bush flying.

**A PLAGUE OF JUNE-BUG GRUBS** withered lawns and even trees in Ontario this year, but that was nothing, say plant scientists. Watch out in 1960! The grubs—ugly fat white creatures—are the larvae of last year's bumbling June beetles. They'll feed underground for two years on grass and other plants before emerging in billions as beetles in 1959. Then they'll plant more larvae. Unless nature provides bird and animal grub predators or chemical killers prove effective, that plague may dwarf all others.

## WHO'LL GET SENATE SEATS?

Job seekers plague PM / Can he walk a tightrope between all the factions?

**WHEN LOUIS ST. LAURENT** was prime minister he had many people wondering why he left 16 Senate seats vacant. Now that John Diefenbaker is PM he has at least a thousand wondering how he's going to fill them. All of them have written him to tell him what to do, including many who think they or their friends ought to be senators.



Slim Monture: Diefenbaker's choice?

For Diefenbaker the problem isn't urgent—some seats have been empty for six or seven years—but neither is it simple. By law he's restricted only to a certain number of senators for each province: in Quebec, for 24 constituencies where the senator must live on own property. But custom has made the choice more difficult; each senator has come to represent a region, religion and language.

The prairies' three vacancies were all held previously by Protestants in southern areas. Will they all be southern Protestants again? Ontario's three included a French-speaking Roman Catholic, an English-speaking Roman Catholic, a Protestant. To complicate matters, one was a woman.

Liberals also used the Senate for

## WATCH FOR A DEATH AND A ROMANCE IN PLOUFFE FAMILY BOOK BY HUTCHISON / PRAIRIE RACING KING



Papa      Onesime      Gideon      Ginette  
Which of the Plouffes is going to die?      She'll join family

**TRAGEDY TO WATCH:** There'll be a death in *The Plouffe Family*, Roger Lemelin's TV and radio soap opera, this winter. Lemelin's decided who's to die but he's not saying yet. Top candidates: Uncle Gideon or his wife; Stan Labrie, who once tried to commit suicide; Onesime, who was nearly killed by a bus. Papa appears safe; Lemelin let him survive a stroke. Whoever dies, a replacement is ready: glamorous Ginette Letondal, who'll move into the Plouffe menage and launch a scandal.

**BOOK TO WATCH:** Bruce Hutchison assesses the prospects of Canada in his newest, *Canada: Tomorrow's Giant*, to be published next month in both the U.S. and Canada (Longmans, Green). It's based on his memorable rediscovery

of Canada, which appeared in fifteen installments last year in Maclean's, and is "an attempt to appreciate in some detail the state of the nation today," says the author, whose *The Unknown Country* and *The Incredible Canadian* are two of Canada's liveliest and most important documentaries.

**MAN TO WATCH:** Former air-force pilot **Jack Hardy**, who's the mainspring in plans to build a new \$4-million race-track in Winnipeg and rescue prairie racing from almost certain discard. After older heads had thrown up Winnipeg racing because they couldn't get provincial tax relief, Hardy, 39, made a deal with the province for a 25-percent rebate on pari-mutuel taxes. His predecessors got only 7½ percent.

## NEW STYLE LEAFS No more kids and rough stuff

**WITH A NEW COACH**, two old ones booted upstairs and a third right out of the building, the drab Toronto Maple Leafs are going to turn their backs on a decade of hockey and try a new style of play and a new type of player.

**NO MORE ACCENT ON DEFENSE**, the new coach, Billy Reay, an alumnus of free-wheeling Montreal Canadiens, has decided. And **NO MORE ACCENT ON YOUTH**. Thus Reay, native of Winnipeg, indicts the two basic policies laid down by Leafs' revered Conn Smythe, whose favorite bit of philosophy is: "If you can't lick 'em in an alley you can't beat 'em on the ice."

Here's Reay in an interview with Maclean's:

**On defense**—"They've spent too much time worrying about rushing back. Forwards must start thinking offensively."

**On youth**—"A hockey player's head doesn't catch up to his feet until he's about 28."

**On slam-bang hockey**—"The top scorers in the league are the best puck carriers. They rely on finesse."

Can he make such ideas stick with the Leafs' new seven-man braintrust of businessmen, as well as the dogmatic Smythe?

"I'd be crazy not to listen to a man of Smythe's experience, but I'll be boss in the dressing room."



Billy Reay: Accent's on finesse.

Does he expect executive interference? No, but he may get it. "If the coach and general manager (Howie Meeker) do their jobs we'll have nothing to do," says Staff Smythe, Conn's son who is chairman of the Board of Seven. "If they don't we'll call an emergency meeting and see about it."

should happen Mrs. Mackay's prospects of a senate seat would be diminished.

Mr. Diefenbaker has been no help at all in this guessing game. He has made only one promise — to appoint an Indian. The leading candidate seems to be G. C. (Slim) Monture, who recently left the civil service for a new career in mining.



Katie Mackay: can she beat out an MP?

# BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA WITH BLAIR FRASER

## THE LIBERALS AFTER ST. LAURENT



**Bill Honck** of Niagara Falls, one of the few Ontario Liberal MPs to survive June 10, got a letter from a deceased colleague that ran something like this:

Dear Bill:

You poor fella, having to leave your happy home in October to ride the rail to Ottawa. Gad, I feel sorry for you.

Here I am able to tell anybody to go to Hell. I have just sent in my resignation to the Rotary Club and now I am one free Nigger living modestly without a care in the world. It is wonderful. My wife and I have been out together the last four nights in a row—can you beat it?

In some ways I wish I was going to be sitting with you chappies having fun in Opposition without any restraining influence to curb your action, but in practically all others I don't want any more. This way I'll be financially ahead, physically better off and a helluva lot more use to my family. I'm not complaining.

When I telephoned to get the sender's permission to use this letter, he assured me it was no mere stiff-upper-lipmanship.

"It's wonderful," he said. "You won't believe me, but when the phone rang my wife and I both jumped. Used to be the damned thing rang all the time."

He's a man who had his own business

waiting when the voters retired him from politics. For him and fifteen or twenty others of the three score MPs who lost their seats, the political field may indeed look like a vineyard of sour grapes. Robert H. Winters, who stepped out of the cabinet into a big executive job with a mining company, is the most publicized of them, but it's a fair guess that several back-benchers — lawyers who've been able to keep up a practice, merchants whose businesses have wilted but not died in their absence—will increase their incomes by just as big a percentage. For some whose gross income may be lower for the loss of an MP's \$10,000 salary the cut will be more than offset by relief from a politician's expenses.

**For about two dozen others**, the financial blow is softened by the parliamentary pension enacted in 1954. Not all are in serious need of it. Millionaire C. D. Howe, for one, gets the full \$3,000. So does his fellow old-age pensioner, Dr. J. J. McCann. Ross Thatcher, the wealthy hardware merchant who won three elections with the CCF before losing with the Liberals, is entitled to \$2,700.

Parliamentary pensioners don't need to be aged veterans, either. Stuart Garrison, ex-minister of justice, came in at a by-election less than six months before the twentieth parliament was dissolved in 1949, but he can claim about \$200 a month for the rest of his life. René Jutras of Provencher, Manitoba, rates a full pension at the age of forty-four.

Three thousand dollars is a low floor for MPs accustomed to \$10,000, and still more for ex-ministers who have been getting \$27,000, but they are a help. Also, the prominent front-benchers in the main find it easier to re-enter private life just because they are known. Hugues Lapointe hadn't practiced law since before the war, when he was twenty-eight, but his friends say he is doing all right — his first case, they add with some amusement, was to represent a client against the income-tax department.

"Just continuing what we've all been doing for years," one colleague remarked sardonically.

The men in real trouble are the considerable crop of young men who came in with the Liberal landslide of 1949. Many were war veterans who had already lost five or six years out of their civilian careers, and hadn't had any time to build up the kind of business that a man can leave unwatched.

"Trouble with us, we got into politics too soon," said a middle-aged lawyer who was a young lawyer when he entered parliament. "We hadn't any money, and we hadn't built up any reputation in the profession. We have to start all over again."

"I've had one day off all summer, and that was Tuesday, June 11. I figured I needed that day to recover from the election. But I went to work bright and early on the Wednesday, and I've been slugging it ever since."

**If Liberals are worried** about their future as individuals, they're even more so

about their party. St. Laurent's apparent reluctance to step down as leader at once left some of them with mixed feelings. His press conference, following the conference of cabinet ministers here in August, confused nearly all members of the party.

At that closed meeting the question on everybody's mind, the Liberal leadership, was not even mentioned. The ex-ministers didn't feel that they could bring it up, but they rather expected the former prime minister to raise it himself. He didn't. The whole two days were spent in *post mortem* analyses of the election.

Then, to make matters worse, Mr. St. Laurent met the press. In answer to questions he said he intended to stay on as party leader, not only through the autumn session but also through any election "now in contemplation." When asked if that included an election next spring, he didn't see why not.

In fact, as every one of his questioners knew, the sentiment within the Liberal Party for a change of leadership was very strong. Many of the senior Liberals shared it privately. Young Liberals shouted it from the rooftops.

Just before the September annual meeting of the Ontario Young Liberal Association, the official bulletin of that organization carried two extraordinary statements. Ben Nobleman, vice-president of the Toronto Trinity Liberal Association, said among other things:

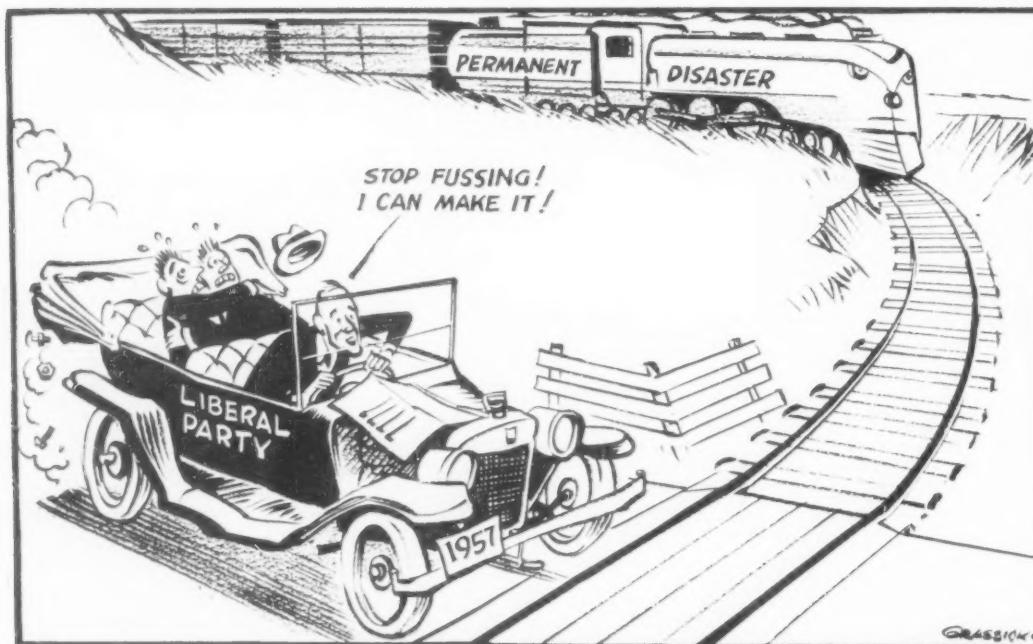
"The question uppermost in many Young Liberal minds is not 'Why did the Liberals lose?' but 'What will the Liberal Party do in the future? . . . The Old Guard must be realistic enough to know their day has passed and they must step aside for younger men with up-to-date ideas."

**Jim Service**, a past president of the Ontario Young Liberal Association, added an article containing this sentence: "Many Liberals now realize that the recent passion for personality, the cult of the gross national product and 'continued good government,' are not enough."

It may well have been because of some such frank comments that St. Laurent made his sudden *volte face* just after Labor Day and stepped down after all. If he hadn't done so a serious internal split would have been inevitable this winter. There were, of course, suggestions a split had already occurred simply because he quit so soon and so abruptly after he had been stolidly reiterating his intention to remain as leader. The talk that he hadn't abdicated but had been deposed was flying around within half an hour of his retirement.

But neither abdication nor deposition removed the danger of a party schism. Those who believe the Liberals should plan to hold Quebec at all costs, and build on that solid fortress, will probably back Paul Martin as their new leader. Those who feel it's urgent for the Liberal Party to divest itself of the French Catholic label—a probable majority of any convention, but not of the parliamentary caucus—will back Lester Pearson. To settle that difference quietly will take a lot of doing; to fight it out will leave either man beaten before he starts in a 1958 campaign.

It seems a long time now since Liberal stump speakers could get a sure-fire laugh by saying "In the last fifty years we've had three leaders and won nine elections; the Tories have had nine leaders and won three elections." ★



Uncle Louis used the brakes after all.

## BACKSTAGE WITH CANADIAN MOVIES

TV brings film boom to Toronto with \$\$\$ for home-grown Barrymores

**NOT** until they see a sweat-stained band of armed cowpokes striding at high noon down Yonge Street, trailed by a villainous group of painted redskins, do most people realize that Toronto has quietly become the Hollywood of Canada. Half a dozen studios are spending millions a year grinding out dozens of hoss-opry-style films for TV screens in the U.S., Canada and Britain.

"Within ten years Toronto will pass New York in film making," predicts Howard Milsom, who runs Central Talent Agency, one of the firms through which more than 500 actors and ac-

ters get work on TV and in films. Bigger studios are backed by U.S. and British film and TV money. Toronto's main attractions for them are varied. There's a good supply of acting talent (125 work full time and 400 part time). By shooting in Canada U.S. studios get around the British film quota which stipulates that a third of all films shown must be Commonwealth-made. There's no lack of scenery or facilities for any kind of picture. For example:

**Regal Films**, which works with Twentieth Century-Fox of Hollywood, has scheduled four films suited to Canadian settings; two are *Wolf Dog* and *The Flaming Frontier*.

**Normandie Productions**, the subsidiary of big U.S. TV outfit, Television Productions of America, is spending \$1 million shooting 39 episodes of *Tugboat Annie*, created by Norman Reilly Raine, on the Toronto waterfront. Last year Normandie had the countryside crawling with make-believe Indians while shooting *The Last of the Mohicans*.



*Austin Willis: \$60-a-day villain*

Both these companies use the new million-dollar Canadian Film Industries studio in Toronto where 150 actors and technicians go to work every day. The industry has proved a bonanza for once-hungry performers. TV and radio announcer Austin Willis gets \$60 a day for being knocked around as Krivak, the bad guy in *Wolf Dog*, while his wife, Kate Reid, gets the same for more sedate roles at Meridian studios. Stan Francis (*Share the Wealth*), Toby Robbins and Alex McKee are only three of a dozen Canadians in *Tugboat Annie*.

Artistically, most of the films are frankly fugitives from the Keystone-Cops era. "They're not quite B pictures—more like C," says one actor.

The TV market will keep the industry growing, film makers predict. "We could treble our operations in a year," says Milt Gordon, boss of Normandie.



*Kate Reid: villain's actress wife*

## Backstage WITH THAT FAT CANADIAN DOLLAR / It sent tourists away mad

**CANADIANS** can stop worrying about the effects of the U.S.-dollar discount on American tourism this year—and start worrying about next year. A Maclean's survey reveals that more tourists came to Canada this year than last—every province except B.C. had an increase; they spent about the same number of their 95-cent dollars; but a lot of them went away mad.

"Though records don't show it the exchange was a deterrent to tourists," says E. B. Sharpless, general manager of the Toronto Tourist and Convention Association. "And it will be more of a deterrent as Americans tell their friends that they get less for their money in Canada than they would in Mexico or Europe. There is irritation everywhere."

In Halifax a tourist official said, "People are buying, but they're griping about it," and in Vancouver a merchant commented, "It's not so much the money that irks them; they take the dis-

count as an affront to their national pride." In Regina one merchant reported a 75-percent drop in business and said, "Instead of 5-dollar linens they're buying 15-cent handkerchiefs."

Ontario premier Frost put it on an official level with the statement: "The Canadian dollar premium throws strains on our economy and burdens on segments of it—particularly upon the tourist trade..."

In some provinces the burden was heavier because of confusion or lack of planning. Some shops deducted 5 percent, some 6 percent and some, like Birks in Halifax, nothing. Such variations confused and irritated the visitors even more. Loudest complaints were probably heard in B.C. and Quebec, which have sales tax; tourists regarded it as a double penalty.

How did the visitors react? The official view is that they grinned and bore it, but in Toronto a Georgia man, after

paying his hotel bill, went upstairs and angrily broke up a chair. In Vancouver, a shopper who remarked philosophically, "Well, we used to charge you folks 18 cents," returned next day with the goods he'd bought and explained to a salesgirl, "My wife went shopping and she's so mad she won't let me keep my things."

Can the situation be eased short of bringing the dollars back to par? In many cases, yes. In Manitoba the government persuaded everyone to take the same discount, 5 percent, and publicized it across the border. Alberta distributed pamphlets in the U.S. pointing out that exchange rates were set on Wall Street. Both provinces said tourists were happier.

The only sure pain killer, however, is the kind of tourist who accepted his discount in Montreal with the remark, "I guess I'm lucky. The American dollar's only worth 50 cents in the U.S."

## Backstage WITH TRANQUILIZERS / Even a dog's life is better with "happy" pills

**HAPPINESS PILLS**—the nerve-soothing drugs being taken by an increasing number of working Canadians—are about to invade the barnyard.

Research now going on at the Ontario Veterinary College at Guelph, Ontario, indicates that derivatives of such tranquilizing drugs as reserpine and chlorpromazine may have important uses for dogs, cats, horses, cows and pigs. Here are some of the applications discovered by the OVC doctors:



**DOGS:** Excitable pups fed tranquilizers won't bite children (or veterinaries) when they're handled. The drugs also help in the treatment of dogs with inflammation of the skin. The tranquilizer allays the sensation of itchiness to

a point where the dog stops scratching long enough to give medication a chance to heal. Given tranquilizers beforehand, dogs undergoing surgery come out of the anaesthetic quietly, without thrashing about in fright.



**CATS:** They get less excited after tranquilizers while in heat. The drug does not interfere with their sexual drive.



**CATTLE:** Effective for calming rambunctious cattle, in the field, barn or livestock show. "Now you can have a bull in a china shop," observes one OVC doctor. Happy pills make mating easier: the animals become less choosy about the opposite sex. "Shipping fever," an infectious disease of

cattle which appears on long, crowded journeys to market, may be controlled by tranquilizers. By allaying the cattle's fear and resentment, their resistance to disease is increased.

**RACE HORSES:** They can be more easily accustomed to the starting-gate during training. Tranquilizers also help calm nervous stallions and mares during mating.

**SWINE:** Tranquilizers prevent cannibalism in sows. Sometimes a sow will eat her newborn piglets, through—*it is believed*—fear. Soothed by the drug, the sow will take care of her offspring instead of consuming them.—JAMES BANNERMAN

## Background

- ✓ **Skid row loses coonskins**
- ✓ **Who gets \$2-million handout?**
- ✓ **Dishes for Queen top secret**

**Merchants, college kids, furriers**—just about everybody's happy about the raggedy-coon-coat craze now sweeping Canada. But not the Salvation Army and similar charitable agencies. Shops accepting battered coonskins as trade-ins on new furs used to give hundreds of them to the Salvation Army every year. Now they sell them for \$25 apiece, and the older the better. Lord & Taylor launched the craze in New York by advertising coonskin coats "in a magnificent state of disrepair."

**The Canada Council's \$2-million-a-year** program has Canadians everywhere guessing where the money will go. Here's a tip-off: organizations such as the National Ballet and Stratford Festival will get about \$1,200,000; individuals, \$800,000. Panels of experts will advise the council on which artists and writers are worth the investment. And it won't necessarily be the hungriest artists who'll get the most money. The biggest grants will go to people of established reputation.

**In the zany Twenties French hypnotist** Emil Coué had millions parroting his catchy nostrum, "Every day in every way I am growing better and better," while other millions insisted he was crazy. Now it turns out he had something. Scientists at Montreal's Allan Memorial Institute say that such "psychic driving" works. They had patients listen to their own tape-recorded statements ("My headache is vanishing") for up to 15 minutes and found that listening changed both a person's behavior and his muscle tone.

**One of the most zealously guarded** items in the Queen's visit to Canada has been what she'll eat during her brief stay in Ottawa. The reason: Ottawa doesn't want critical comparisons made with menus arranged by the White House, John Foster Dulles or other American hosts. Reporters guessed wildly that Prime Minister Diefenbaker would serve Saskatchewan-shot duck or Saskatchewan-caught trout, but it's not true. He ate his catches long ago.

**Sneaky tip to farmers on the St. Lawrence** north shore: Those planes buzzing between Montreal and Quebec aren't just joy riding—they're surveying the route for a new highway on land that has not yet been bought or expropriated. The reasoning is that a ground survey would alert farmers and boost land prices.

**Looking for a good investment?** Six young Englishmen, working as soil engineers on Dewline radar installation, think you can't go wrong on a musical revue. They read about the success of Toronto's Spring Thaw and Montreal's My Fur Lady, then plunked down \$10,000 to bankroll Collector's Item, a potpourri from English revues which is booked to show in Toronto, Montreal and London, Ont. Like almost all theatrical angels they're confident the last stop will be Broadway.

## Editorial

### In copying the Russians' bomb let's not copy their schools

**NOT SINCE HIROSHIMA** have the military planners of the world had so huge an item of news to digest in a single gulp as the news that Russia has successfully tested an intercontinental ballistic missile. The Russians themselves don't seem to be absolutely certain what it means. As for the rest of us, our reactions have been so varied and contradictory that the only word to embrace them all is chaos.

At first some of the West's most eminent statesmen responded with what clearly was no more than a nervous twitch; the Russians were probably lying. But almost overnight the same eminent statesmen began saying the Russians were undoubtedly telling the truth and that the only way to protect ourselves from their ICBM was to hurry up with the building of our own. Here in Canada we had extremes of opinion within the extremes. Some thought the just-finished Dewline and nearly all the rest of our defense apparatus had become obsolete. Others, notable among them being the chairman of the Chiefs of Staff, insisted the bombing plane was still the most dependable instrument of destruction and of deterrence.

However desperate the physical facts may truly be, however dismaying the military and political conclusions they point toward, the ICBM underlines and heightens a danger of an entirely different sort. It seriously threatens to force or threaten us into imitating the Soviet concept of education as an end, not to the growth and well-being of the individual but to the protection and glorification of the state.

It has been generally known and freely acknowledged at least since the end of the last war that in the production of scientists and technicians the Russian schools were far eclipsing the schools of all the English-speaking nations combined. As Dr. George S. Counts, a lifelong student of Soviet education, pointed out in this magazine a few months ago: "No society has ever committed itself so unreservedly to the mastery and development of mathematics and the natural sciences." Almost four million young Russians were enrolled in higher schools for specialists and technicians as long ago as 1954. This, as Dr. Counts so aptly said, involves the greatest mass conscription of brains in history.

It did not need the ICBM to make it plain that in the differences between the Russian approach to education and the democratic approach to education there are real perils for the democracies. A recognition of these perils has induced both big business and big government to take a much closer interest in higher education than ever before. Many educators have seen in them an effective sales argument in pressing for larger public grants and private donations.

Up to a point this is a thoroughly healthy development. Wars or no wars, if we can turn out more and better scientists, so much the better.

But if, in the race for more and better scientists, we should forget or discriminate against the older and more fundamental goal of a public education system—the creation of diverse, inquisitive, informed, skeptical, complicated, contradictory, happy, ornery and therefore somewhat unscientific human beings—then in the long run it may not matter greatly whether we beat the ICBM or not. If man does not live by bread alone, it is equally true and for precisely the same reasons that man does not die by bombs alone. It will take courage and self-control of a very high order for the stewards of our schools and universities to meet the new demand for technical skills and still not neglect the ideals, aspirations and standards without which our spiritual survival would become impossible.

## Mailbag

- ✓ Has atomic tension taken the joy out of life?
- ✓ Should we put the brakes on immigration?
- ✓ The case against a Canadian governor-general

**In a chapter** from her book *Rue Deschambault* (Aug. 17) Gabrielle Roy writes: "A hundred times a day Mama got a lift of joy from the world around us, sometimes it was nothing more than the wind or the flight of a bird that delighted her." How can Miss Roy write that tosh in this sixth decade of the twentieth century? . . . The world around us is not the wind or the flight of a bird. It is the fearful energy of an atomic universe, it is hydrogen bombs, rockets, guided missiles, it is international tension and the threat of war, it is the danger of financial collapse and bankruptcy, it is the mechanization of life, it is the degradation of all spiritual values through the commercialism and popular entertainments of our time. It is the kind of environment that produces the angry man and the existentialist, characters so lamentably absent from Canadian writing. . . . How could any intelligent person get a "lift of joy" from it? . . . —J. FRANKLIN REED, GALT, ONT.

#### "Flooded with immigrants"

Your editorial (Both Parties Say "No" to Immigrants but It's Not the Voice of Canada, Aug. 31) makes it apparent that you have not had to seek employment in the past few years; if you had you wouldn't be so enthusiastic toward flooding the country with immigrants. . . . The statement that we're becoming a major power and require people is true, but let us find employment for those who are already here first. . . . Let us stop kidding ourselves. We are big but "The bigger they are, the harder they fall." —J. ALARIE, TORONTO.

#### British weather: good or bad?

Your readers may think from reading Beverley Baxter that the weather over



here is consistently bad. That is a vile calumny and he should be sued for defamation of character. . . . His remarks remind me of Tom Hood's parody on the nursery rhyme which I read when I was a boy:

Dirty days hath September,  
April, June and November.  
From January to May  
The rain it raineth every day.  
Saving February alone  
All the rest have thirty-one.  
If any had had two and thirty  
They'd have been as wet and dirty.

—J. N. WEST, ST. DAVIDS, PEMBROKE-SHIRE, SOUTH WALES.

#### Who should speak for the Queen?

When Blair Fraser lends his ear to all this chatter about putting Mr. St. Laurent in as governor-general (Aug. 17), he should have his head read . . .

The position of governor-general has been weakened by naming a Canadian to the post, particularly since he was a past president of the Liberal Federation. . . . What a slap in the face for the Canadian people to be told that another liberal politician may be appointed to the highest position in the land! My own choice would be the Queen Mother. —P. HOWARD FERGUSON, REGINA.

#### Too soft with adults too

Are we too soft with our juveniles? your Aug. 3 Backstage asks. We are a darn sight softer with their parents. I



know, for during the past 32 years I have had about 17,000 delinquents to deal with. When people appreciate the fact that delinquency, juvenile or adult, is a spiritual and not a material problem, then, and not before, will the problem be solved. —W. J. HILTON, SHERIFF, DAUPHIN, MAN.

#### Objection from the finance minister

My attention has been directed to Blair Fraser's article, Can Diefenbaker Fulfill His Election Promises? (Aug. 31). I shall not be so presumptuous as to offer to correct some of the inaccuracies . . . but I cannot pass without comment the statement that in the early weeks in office I said to friends: "If I had known we were going to win I would have been a lot more careful what I said."

Where you derived the impression that I made any such statement I am puzzled to know and powerless to guess . . . I never made any such statement to anyone, and I never entertained the thought . . . On the contrary, I was one of those who prophesied firmly weeks before the election that the St. Laurent government would be defeated. No statement that I uttered in the campaign was made on the assumption that we Conservatives would not win.

I should say further that Mr. Fraser did not at any time ask me if I had made any such statement before you published the assertion that I made it. —DONALD M. FLEMING, OTTAWA.

#### Housewife just did her part

Contrary to impressions in your Backstage item of Aug. 17, I am only a humble housewife with no desire for . . . a public career. But since I feel that good government . . . is everybody's business, I just did my part to have an alternative east-west (Toronto) subway route considered . . . a route I believe would serve more citizens . . . and preserve Toronto's cultural, educational, medical and travel life lines. —MARY C. YOUNG, TORONTO. ★

# 100



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**1957**

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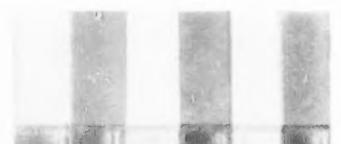
*he likes to be cool...*

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SEPTEMBER 28, 1957

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#### The cover

The red mustache identifies the male red-shafted flicker, an ant-eating western cousin of the east's common yellow-shafted variety. For more outstanding bird studies by Victoria's Fenwick Lansdowne, turn to his latest collection, starting on page 26.

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**Hey, Dad...look at me!** Yes, just look at him, having the time of his young life! Yet even a modest family vacation costs money, and ready cash isn't always handy.

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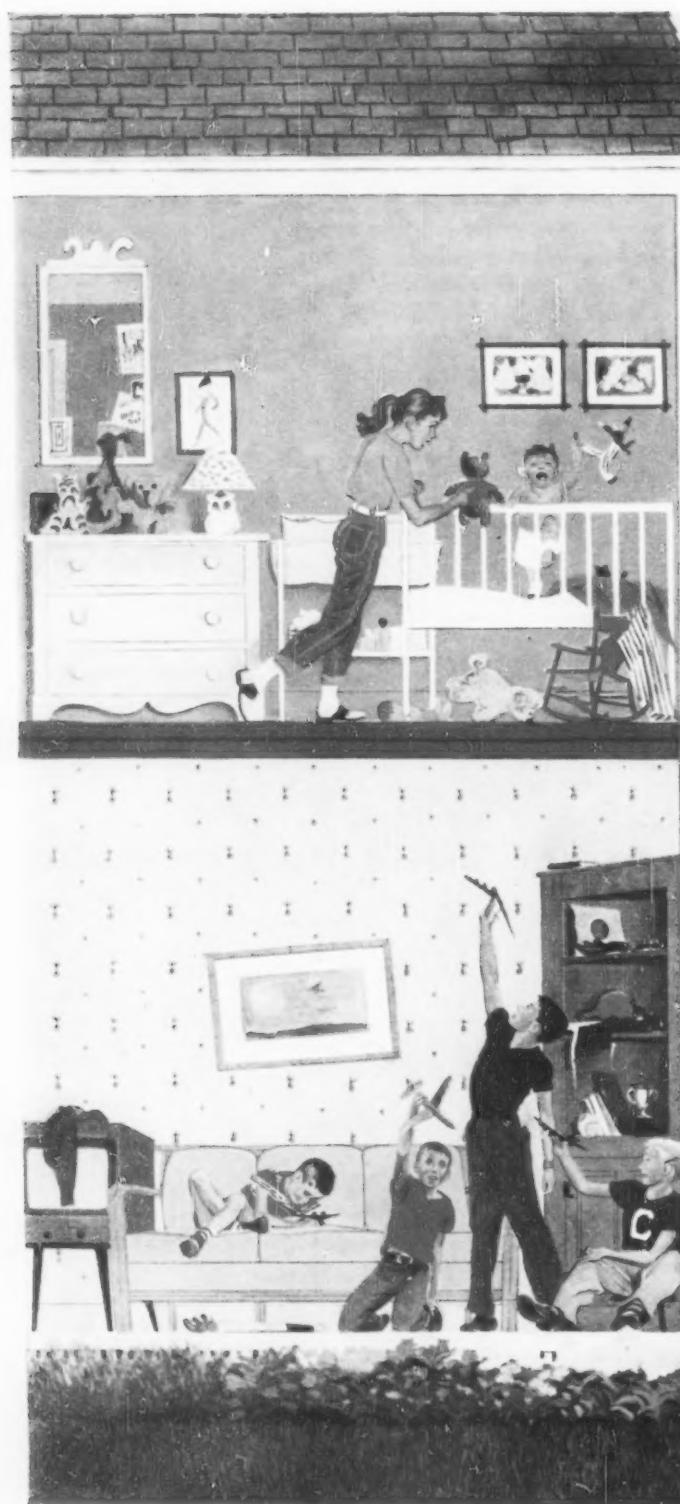
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## SHELL FROM A TO Z — AN ALPHABET



### $H_2O$

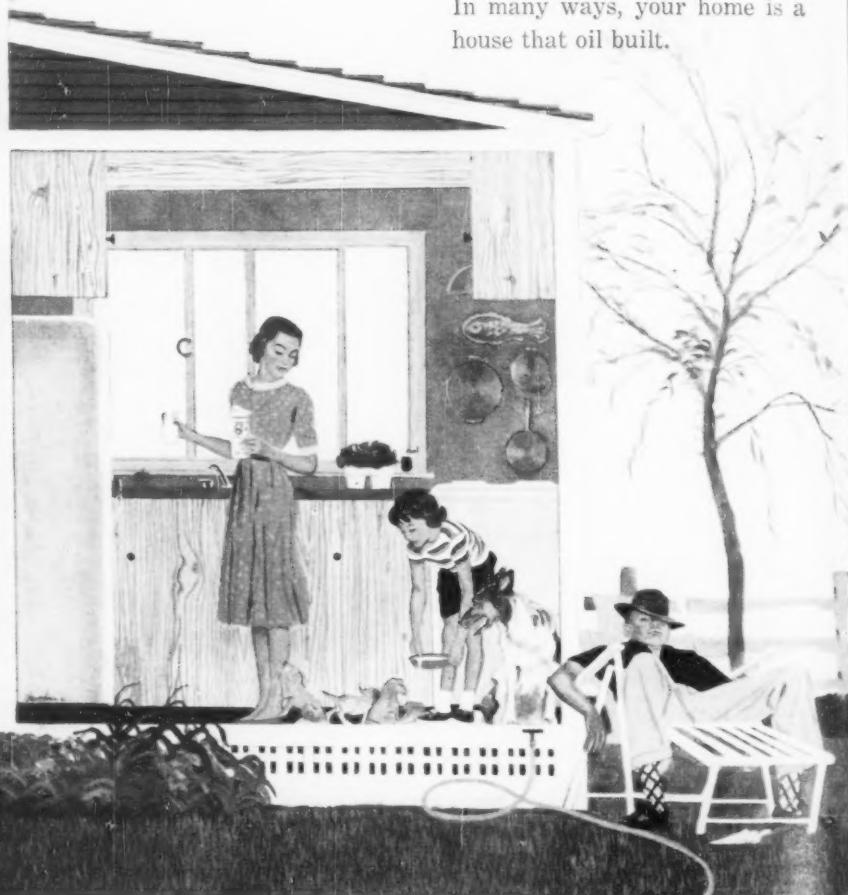
This is chemical shorthand for water, a subject in which Shell specialists are skilled. Important example: drilling for oil through the ocean floor. Why do we look so hard for oil? Because in ten years, our need for oil will jump more than 50% ... for farm, home, industry, transportation.



# H is for

### Home

A caveman wanted only shelter. But to us, a home is more: it's a workshop, cub scout den, civic center, restaurant, nursery. Because our homes play so many roles, they must be easy to live in. And oil research helps with quick-drying paints, no-polish floor tiles, durable plastic table tops, weather-defying asphalt-shingled roofs. In many ways, your home is a house that oil built.



### Harmony

Tune in your memory or ask Dad: weren't those barbershop quartets the cat's whiskers? You'll find that same close harmony in a company like Shell, where separate but integrated divisions handle production, refining, transportation, marketing, research. Result: improved products at fair prices.



# 1001 OF GOOD THINGS ABOUT PETROLEUM

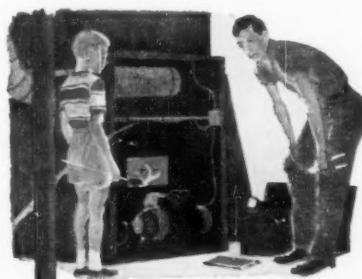
## Heart

Inside your body, this fantastic machine pumps away over 100,000 times a day—quietly, calmly. Sometimes, when it does get out of kilter, medical science uses special heart drugs to stimulate or steady its action. Shell chemicals help to make important heart drugs pure and potent.



## Heat

A hundred years ago, you'd have kept warm huddled to the fireplace. Today, you adjust your thermostat—a revolution in comfort made possible by clean, economical oil heat. And the drivers who supply your Shell fuel oil have an enviable record for integrity and courtesy.



## Honk

Remember that throaty a-hoo-ga? Forty years ago, safety demanded you use your horn loud and often. Today, of course, safe drivers use their horns for emergencies only. Safe drivers like you.



## Horsepower

When all Dobbin had to compete with was other horses, he did all right. Today so many horses can be crammed into one small engine that Dobbin is outclassed. For example today one man without a horse does the farm work of 19 men thanks to the oil-powered muscles of modern machinery.



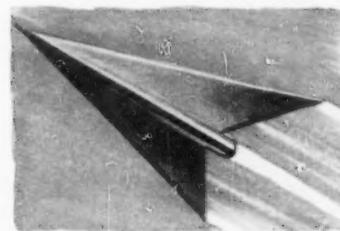
## Hurdle

A research oilman is a born hurdler: a laboratory track star with the same winning characteristics. He's determined and persistent. He's a big reason why oil science never stands still—and no hurdle is ever impossible.



## Hustle

Whoosh! The Avro Arrow delta-wing jet interceptor is expected to out-hustle anything of its type in the air. One reason why: Shell Epon adhesive 422—a new metallic bonding agent that replaces rivets on the Arrow's wings. Result: big weight savings, reduced drag, greater speed. Epon resin "glue" sticks almost anything to anything.



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## For the sake of argument



DON LEBLANC ADMONISHES

## We don't have to put up with rock 'n' roll

A great many Canadians, who never before have taken issue with anything musical, are now up in arms against the blatant and cheap masquerade that issues every day from juke boxes, radio and TV under the guise of music. So-called "popular music," while at its height in popularity, is now at its lowest in quality.

Consequently, as a broadcaster I am the object of criticism from my listeners. As a listener, however, I share the same sentiments as those who rail against one of radio's chief stocks-in-trade—music.

Let's look in the record pile then, and find the culprit.

### What's hit the hit parade?

It is my simple conviction that popular music can fulfill a need. It should entertain, soothe, amuse and provide company for housewives, businessmen, career girls and adolescents. It should not irritate, startle, disquiet or disgust the majority who hear it. Yet the latter is the situation today.

Of the thirty most recent hit-parade listings, there is barely one that includes four songs of good quality. They all list, unfortunately, music that is mass-produced to follow two trends, rock 'n' roll and western. These songs, if one can call them that, have oversimplified melodies, monotonous arrangements and uninspired lyrics.

Get this!

Bye bye, love  
Bye bye, happiness  
Hello, loneliness,  
I think I'm a-gonna cry.

Bye bye, love  
Bye bye, sweet caress  
Hello emptiness  
I feel like I could die.

I'm free from romance, I'm  
through with love  
I'm through with counting the  
stars above

And here's the reason that I'm  
so free  
My lovin' baby is through with  
me.

And the melody is just as bad!  
Yet Bye Bye, Love was acclaimed  
as the nation's favorite for six  
consecutive weeks. Are we all imbeciles?

Before you rush out to see your  
psychoanalyst let me assure you  
that the strident sounds you've  
been hearing lately do not constitute  
the music the majority of  
Canadians prefer. As a whole, we  
are not rock-'n'-roll addicts; and  
we do not, as a nation, subscribe  
to musical mass hysteria with side-  
burns.

The culprit in this situation is  
the popularity poll—and its progeny,  
the hit-parade listing. This insidious  
monster has perpetrated a hoax—subtle at first, but now so  
monstrous that it covers a continent. Here's why.

A hit-parade listing, say on a  
national scale, purports to reveal  
the musical preferences of the  
majority of the people. But it does  
not do this. What it does succeed  
in doing is giving a picture of the  
preferences of adolescents, while  
leaving the adult population to  
squirm under a barrage of trash.

The survey people poll the record  
stores, and juke-box operators  
and disc jockeys. Their general  
aim is to learn of the records that  
are the best-sellers, the songs most  
played on juke boxes, and the  
tunes most requested of disc jockeys.  
This they probably do well.

But here's the hitch. Most pop  
records are bought by teen-agers,  
most juke-box money comes from  
teen-agers, and most requests to  
deejays are from teen-agers. The  
result? A perfectly adolescent hit  
parade.

Surely we can't quarrel with any  
undertaking that caters to one of  
the favorite pastimes of our youth.  
But the popularity list does not  
stop there; *continued on page 80*

DON LEBLANC IS PROGRAM DIRECTOR OF STATION CJOY, GUELPH, ONT.

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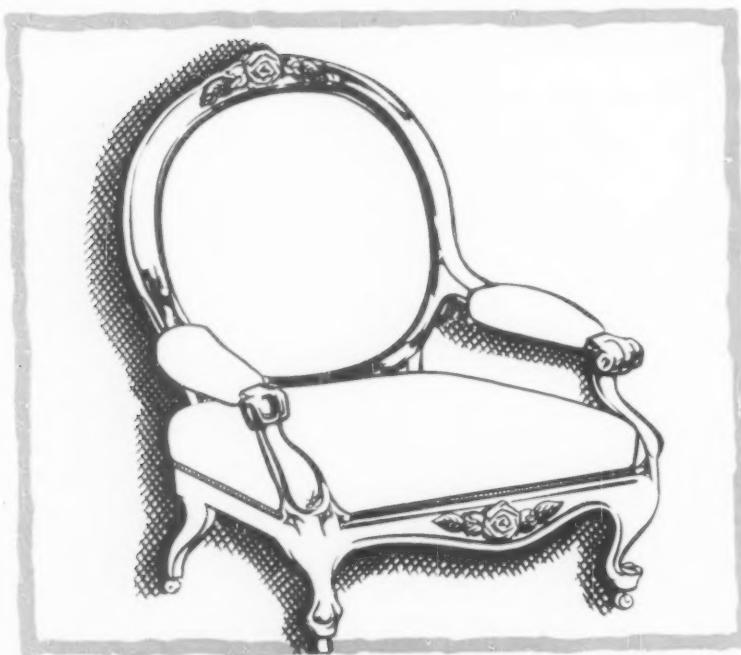
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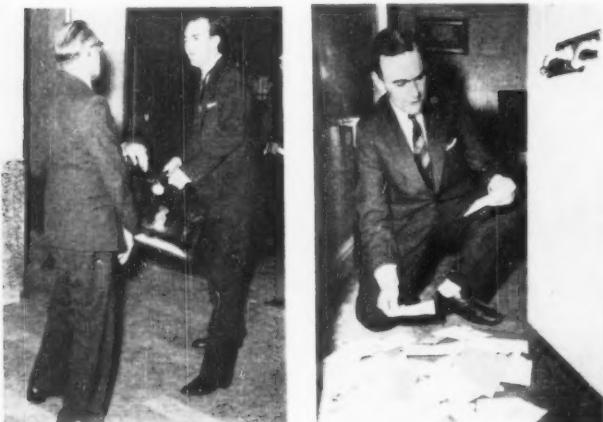
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## London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

### Bax takes a belt at the Queen's belted critics



PEER'S PAYOFF: Slap was irate royalist's answer to Altrincham.

PEER'S POST: Flood of mail attacked, cheered Altrincham's stand.

Sufficient time has elapsed for us to consider coolly and dispassionately the strange outburst against the Queen by two young peers of the realm. That it was in bad taste, that it was vulgar and that it was cruel no one can deny, but what we have to decide is not merely the motive but to what degree there was any measure of justification for the outburst.

There are those who argue that there is a divinity that surrounds the throne and keeps its occupant apart from the minutiae of normal life. In other words, the quality of remoteness applies to some extent to the kings and queens who have their dwelling in the royal palace.

The chief credit of this minor rebellion of the privileged classes must go to Lord Altrincham. The support given to him by Lord Londonderry was not only dilatory but was promptly ended by the young man's grandmother conking him on the head and denouncing him with scorn and contumely.

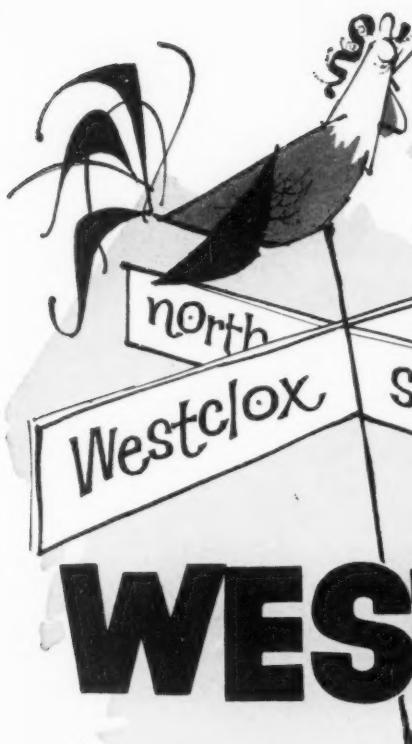
But before we deal with eruption of the two peers it should be remembered that there is nothing new in this kind of thing. One has

only to look back to the expansive days when the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV, established his mistress, Mrs. Fitzherbert, at Brighton and was fiercely assailed for it by the puritans and the wits of his time. Even good Queen Victoria was openly ridiculed as the Widow of Windsor because she prolonged to an absurd degree the mourning period for Albert the Good.

Nor should we forget that Edward VII was under fierce criticism for his gambling at cards and racing and with a consequent dependence upon the rich opportunists who financed him. In fact, Edward took a terrific hammering from the puritans of his time.

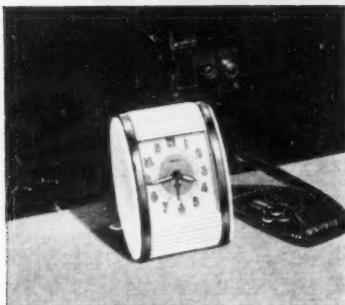
It is true that George V and his beautiful wife Mary of Teck escaped contumely by devoting themselves to their duties. Yet it was their debonair son Edward Prince of Wales who stole the limelight on state occasions.

But such are the storms that beat about the roofs of the royal palace that when Edward VIII came to the throne he was the centre of a *continued on page 94*



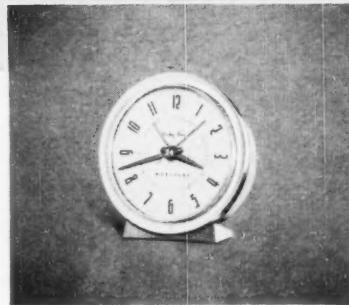
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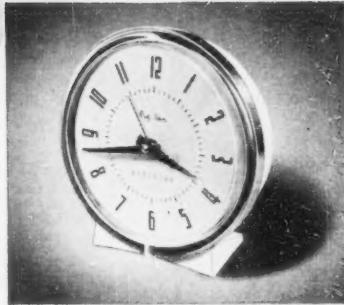


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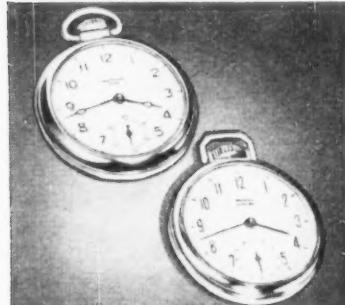
North . . . East . . . West . . . or South . . . Soon, Westclox dealers across Canada will be featuring a special Westclox Week assortment of spring and electric clocks, wrist and pocket watches. On this page, we've shown just a few of the popular models . . . there are many more to choose from. See your Westclox dealer today, you'll find a modern clock for every room . . . a watch for every person.



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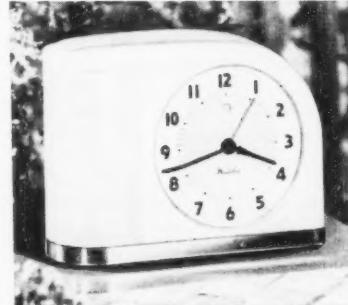


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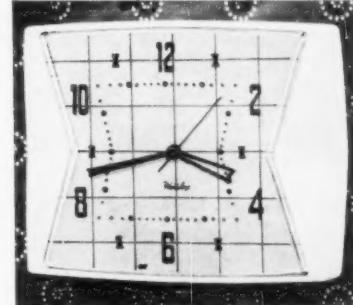


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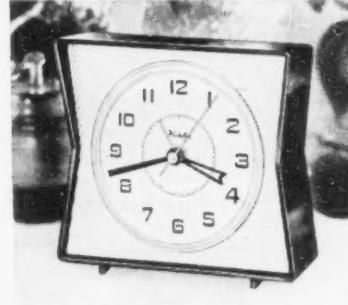
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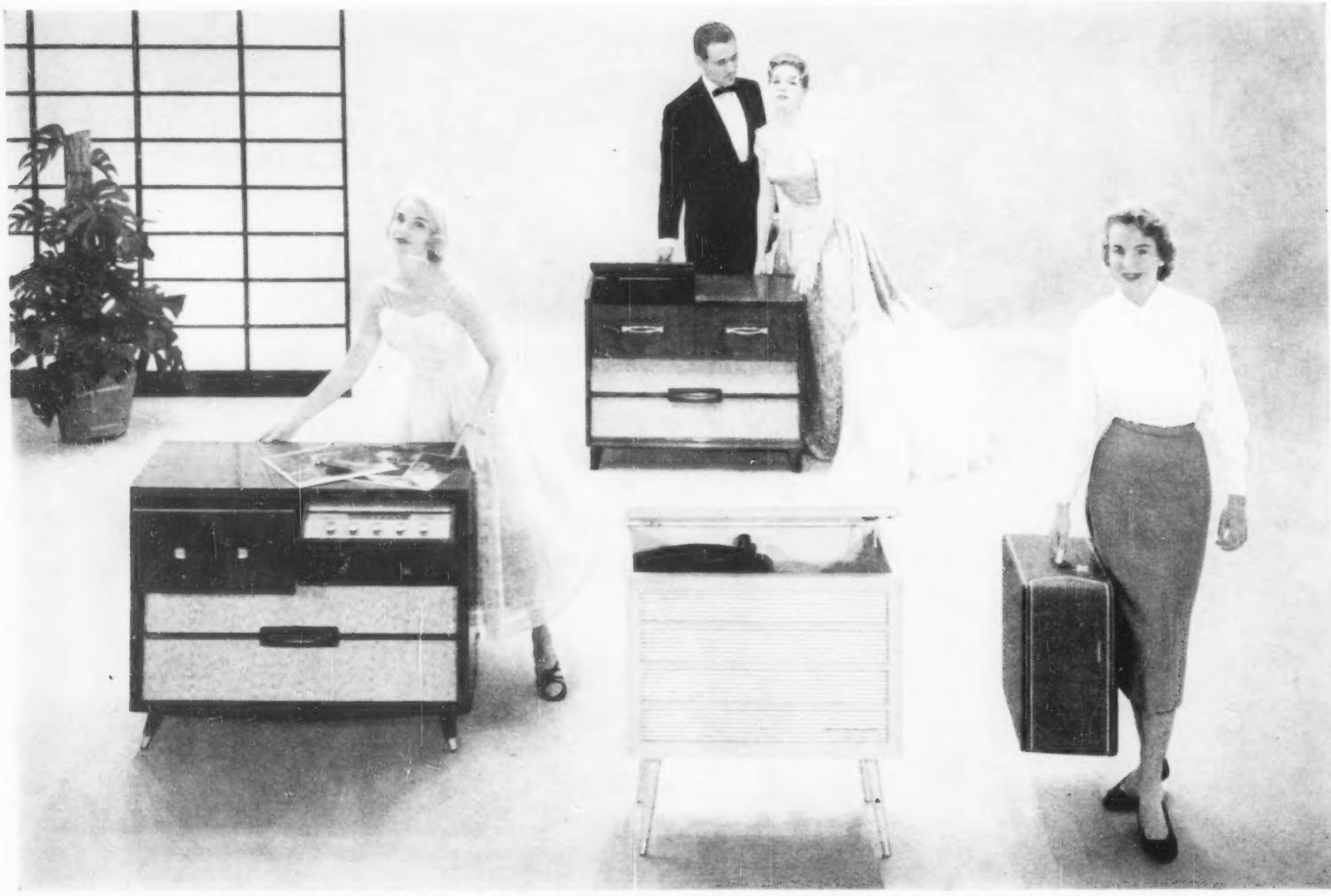
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Rear: The Debonaire III (HFC391) \$299.95. Left: The Fairfield (HFC392) \$389.95. Front: The Mark IV (HFC191) \$199.50. Right: The Mark VII (HF381) simulated leather \$139.95.

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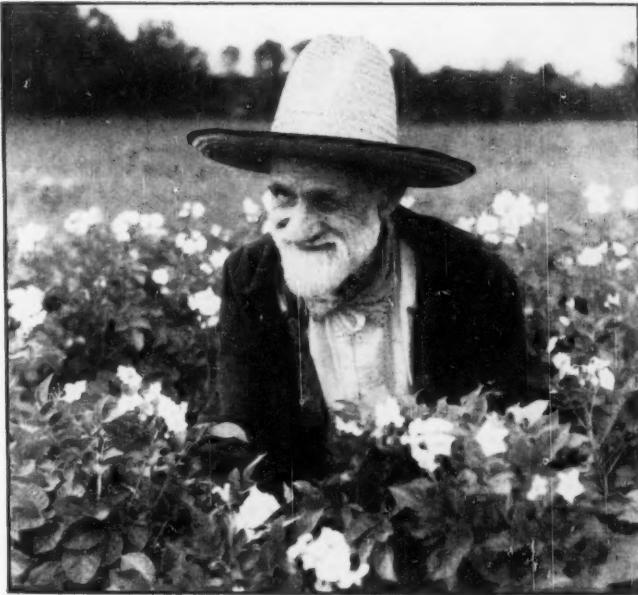


# RCA VICTOR



\*All suggested list prices for walnut finish. Mahogany or limed oak finishes, slightly higher. Prices slightly higher West of Fort William.

In the Saskatchewan log cabin he built 46 years ago a rebellious recluse sets his clock by his own system and lives richly on a fraction of his \$850 a year. This is the story of



A "wealthy" man, he beams from a patch of potatoes—his own variety.

## Joseph Tucker's triumphant retreat from the twentieth century

BY MARJORIE EARL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVE PORTIGAL

**I**n an age when the individual seems like a faceless cipher at the mercy of his surroundings; when nations talk of peace while plotting each other's ruin with hydrogen bombs and nerve gas; when families live piled on top of one another in cities ringed by speedways; when wealth is the great prize and heart disease the common penalty; when tranquillity comes in capsules and groceries in cellophane wrappers and when the chief diversion is a boxed reproduction of life in a darkened room, Joseph R. Tucker of Kur-oki, Saskatchewan, is a spectacular misfit.

A little gnome of a man with white hair, a

white beard and a total aspect that is often august in its placidity, Tucker lives alone in the leafy twilight of a forest retreat one hundred and forty miles east of Saskatoon.

He thinks big cities are social units which a wise man studies from a distance and carefully avoids; he hasn't been in one since 1895 when he left London, England, to homestead near Shoal Lake, Manitoba. He rarely travels more than a few hundred yards from the log cabin he built in 1911 when he moved to Saskatchewan. At eighty-three he has never, except in childhood, been to a doctor or a dentist.

Nor has he been inside a modern grocery store. Last year he ordered, by mail, groceries worth a total of nine dollars and thirty-nine cents, about enough to treat an average Canadian family to one fancy meal. He cultivated the rest of his food in his garden while wearing clothes and shoes of his own manufacture, pausing to refresh himself after work with coffee he makes himself from a mixture of corn and wheat, sweetened with sugar extracted from his own beets.

He has no dog, no cat, no telephone, no radio and no television set. When his work is done he

CONTINUED OVER PAGE



Watching over her friend without intruding, four-year-old neighbor Sharon Shultz peeks in while Tucker tackles his heavy correspondence.

The typewriter is to make sure letters are legible; clock is set at Mountain time plus 6 mins.



## Pioneering the land

was too tame. But there  
was high adventure  
on "the frontiers of my  
own empire—the mind"

seats himself on a homemade bench before a homemade table and by the light of a shaded coal-oil lamp reads newspapers, magazines and books in English, French, Latin and Greek.

He mastered the classical languages during a self-imposed educational program that lasted five hours a day for nearly eight years, a discipline, he says, "that was even more wonderfully adventurous" than the discipline of helping to settle western Canada. He came to Canada for adventure, he says, and having found it he "began to pioneer, not on the frontiers of Queen Victoria's Empire, but on the frontiers of my own empire—the mind."

Now, with his mental frontiers extended to faraway lands and forgotten ages and his interior garden flourishing with a fine crop of thoughts, he sees wars and rumors of wars as mere movement in the evolution of man and he enters them, with strict impartiality, in a diary he has been keeping since 1895, beside notes about changes in the evolution of nature—rainfall, drought, pest infestation and crop failure.

No sound disturbs him but the wind in winter and the silken rustle of the leaves in summer. Often, as he reads, he looks over the tops of the glasses he ordered in 1927 from Woolworth's in London, England, and from under thickets of white eyebrow his merry blue eyes grow moist with amusement as he contemplates the vast comedy of life from which he has deliberately and successfully detached himself.

"We live in a mad world," he says, heaving his fragile chest in an immense chuckle. "I sometimes think I'm mad myself, but I'm in no doubt about the rest of the world. No doubt at all."

Tucker has even freed himself from the greatest tyranny of all—time. Elsewhere in Canada the seasons come and go according to the calendar; the year begins on January 1 and ends on December 31, spring starts on March 21, summer on June 21 and so on. But not for Tucker. For him the year begins on November 1 and ends October 31, because that's how he calculates annual rainfall. Spring and winter start when he says so, and rarely on the same day two years in succession.

The Kuroki area is just east of the dividing line between the Mountain and Central time zones. While his neighbors adhere to convention



Sixpenny spectacles in place, he fondles a miniature Venus he sculpted—with arms added—from a photograph.

and Central Standard Time, Tucker makes allowances for this borderline position between time zones. He lives by Mountain Standard time plus six minutes and a varying number of seconds reckoned each day according to the sun's exact position over his cabin. This calculation is done with a solstice chart that is now almost illegible because he has been using it for fifty-five years. Each morning when he rises at 7.30 *his* time (to the east it's 8.24, to the west it's 7.24) to record the temperature in his diary, he makes any necessary adjustment to the dollar alarm clock he has had for forty years and which he moves now and then so that it will wear evenly.

For the past fifteen years Tucker's individualism about time has been an annoyance which the farmers of the district accept as stoically as they accept hail or other acts of God. Tucker is secretary-treasurer of the board of Rosa school, about half a mile down the section line from his cabin. Meetings are scheduled for 2 p.m. and most of the farmers, with chores to do before nightfall, arrive promptly.

At precisely 2.54, which is 2 p.m. by *his* clock, Tucker arrives with the agenda and the minutes of the last meeting.

"There's nothing to be done," said one farmer resignedly, "Mr. Tucker being Mr. Tucker. But he knows where every penny is gone and where every postage stamp is. He knows more than most teachers and more about European history than all the politicians put together. But he *has* some queer ideas."

The school board pays Tucker an honorarium of ten dollars a year for his services as secretary-treasurer. Of this he keeps five dollars and gives the other five to the school's petty-cash fund. His split is scrupulously entered on the credit side of his bafflingly detailed account book, along with other financial minutiae such as the resale of a five-cent stamp and, on the debit side, two contributions to local festivities:

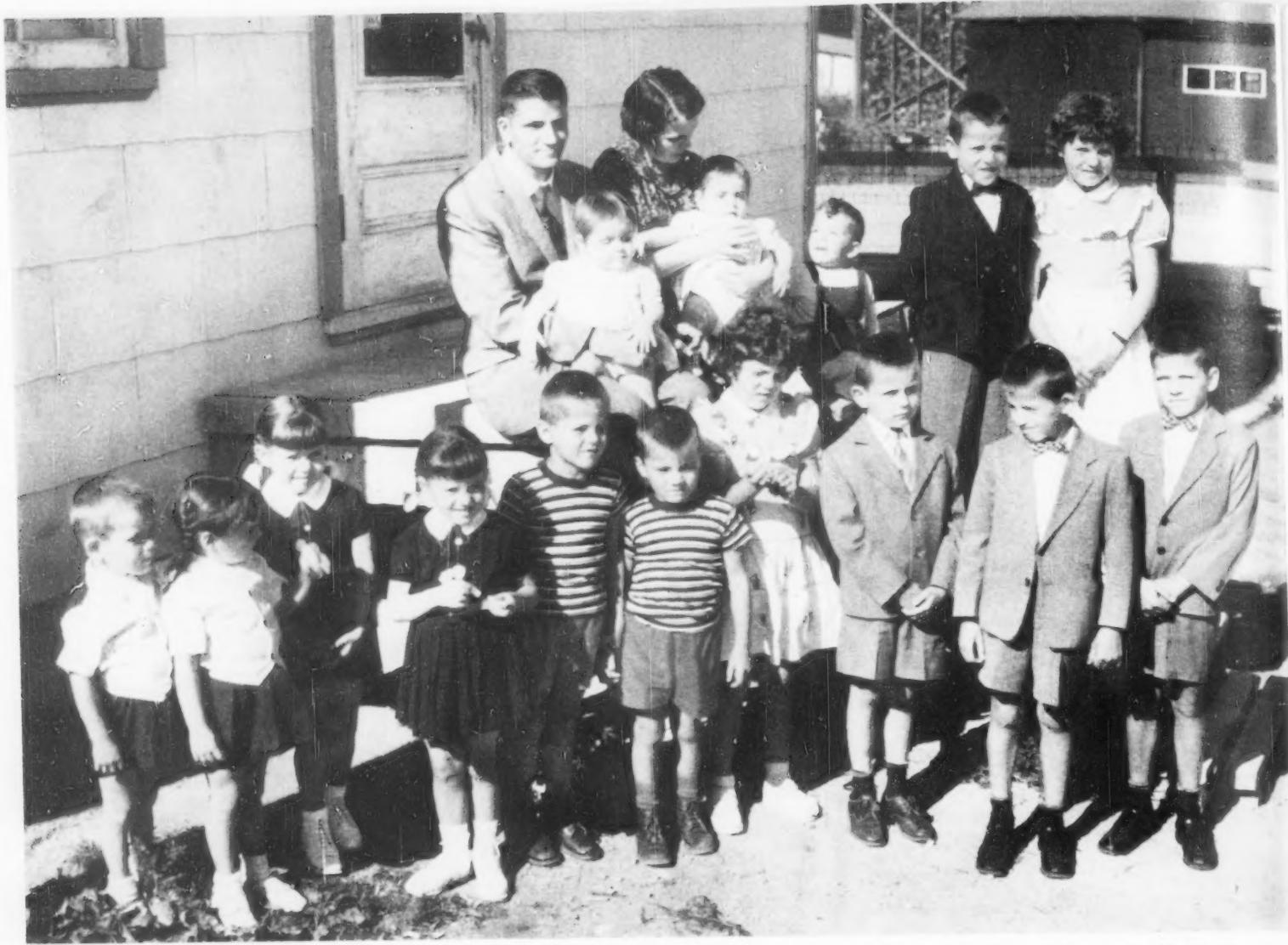
Xmas Concert ..... 25c  
Xmas Concert (another lot!) ..... 25c  
By his own account **continued on page 99**

He quit felling logs for firewood two years ago at 81. All he can do now, he says, is chop it up. →



Clothes are homemade, food home-grown; last year his groceries, shopped by mail-order, cost \$9.39.





**MORE CHILDREN IN LESS TIME** than any other mother in Canada: Rosa and Paul Emil are holding the youngest twins, year-old Suzie and Suzanne. In the front row, left to right, are twins Christian and Christiane, 3½; Francine

and Françoise, 5; Jules and Julien, 6; Jacqueline and Jacques, 8; Ronald and Ronaldo, 9. Two-year-old Guy, at Rosa's knee, was a single child; Clement, 7, was also a single birth. Ten-year-old Raymonde's twin, Raymond, died at birth.

## Rosa Tremblay and her seven



**MORE HOUSEKEEPING PROBLEMS** are caused by the twins' close spacing—eight of the children are under five. Part-time helper at stove is Rosa's niece.



**MORE LAUNDRY** every day than most mothers see in a week keeps Rosa's washing machine churning till noon. Hundred-foot line is often filled five times.



**MORE HAPPY FACES** for a family treat are one of Rosa's rewards. The twins are jostling for their lunchtime *galettes*, large French-Canadian biscuits.

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but the Tremblays are  
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## Seven sets of twins

BY ANTONY FERRY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HORST OESTERWINTER

**Six thousand** French Canadians recently poured into Chicoutimi, the miniature metropolis of Quebec's Saguenay Valley, for one of the most curious and colorful conventions ever held in the province. Because there weren't enough hotels and rooming houses to accommodate them all, the convention program was crammed into a single day and plans were made for an even bigger rally in Quebec City in October to satisfy fifty-nine thousand others who couldn't make it to the Saguenay.

All sixty-five thousand are bound by a single strong tie: they bear the common surname of Tremblay and are members of a proud, pious, and prolific clan that is three hundred years old this year. The *grand ralliement* in Quebec City is to celebrate the marriage of Pierre Tremblay and Ozanne Achon, their common ancestors, in 1657. Over ten generations, the Tremblays have increased and multiplied at such a rate that they now lay claim to having the biggest single family tree in the world.

Taking his cue from his forefather, the average Tremblay male sires at least six children, though he is trying for twelve. There are scores of Tremblays in Quebec with eighteen, and some have model families of twenty-two children. "C'est le commandement du bon Dieu," they say, for the Tremblays have always felt that piety and potency go hand in hand. They are staunch Catholics, venerate family solidarity, and many of their sons and daughters give their lives to the Church.

Of the six thousand Chicoutimi delegates, 201 were priests and a thousand of them were brothers and nuns, many of them released from the silence of the cloister for the first time in years.

As one of the clan spokesmen said from the pulpit at the opening of the convention, "The Tremblay way of life doesn't conform to the black fashions of this century. The Lord wants children; we have children. The Church wants Christians; take them, call the living host! The Tremblay tree has never refused to give of its fruit."

One couple, probably a deep wellspring of clan pride, were among the fifty-nine thousand who didn't make it to Chicoutimi. Rosa Tremblay, the plumpish, apple-cheeked wife of Paul Emile Tremblay of Alma, Quebec, is typical in many ways of the average Tremblay mother. Rosa has achieved unique distinction by giving birth to seven sets of twins and three single babies in just over ten years—or more children in less time than any other woman in Canada. She is thirty-four, and her penchant for twin births is unprecedented in modern medical annals. It defies odds of 125 million to one, and is still a source of puzzlement to doctors who have studied the case.

Her family physician says, "She's actually prone to twins. In the next five years she might have another ten children, giving her one of the largest families in Canada."

While most Canadian couples would probably consider it economically hazardous to go on having children with the chances 70-30 in favor of twins, Paul Emile and Rosa are determined not to interfere with Church precepts and their family tradition. Although they battle daily against domestic and financial problems that would leave any other Canadian parents feeling drugged-out and despondent, they have learned to cope and say they like it.

The father earns \$63.36 a week as an Aluminum Company worker, but the family budget is bolstered with federal and provincial aid amounting to \$186 a month, and anonymous gifts that come at odd times from sympathetic people all over Canada. Over the past four years there have been sporadic windfalls, five and ten dollars at a time, amounting to nearly eight thousand dollars; and though the Tremblays can never be sure of making ends meet, they've always depended on these gifts.

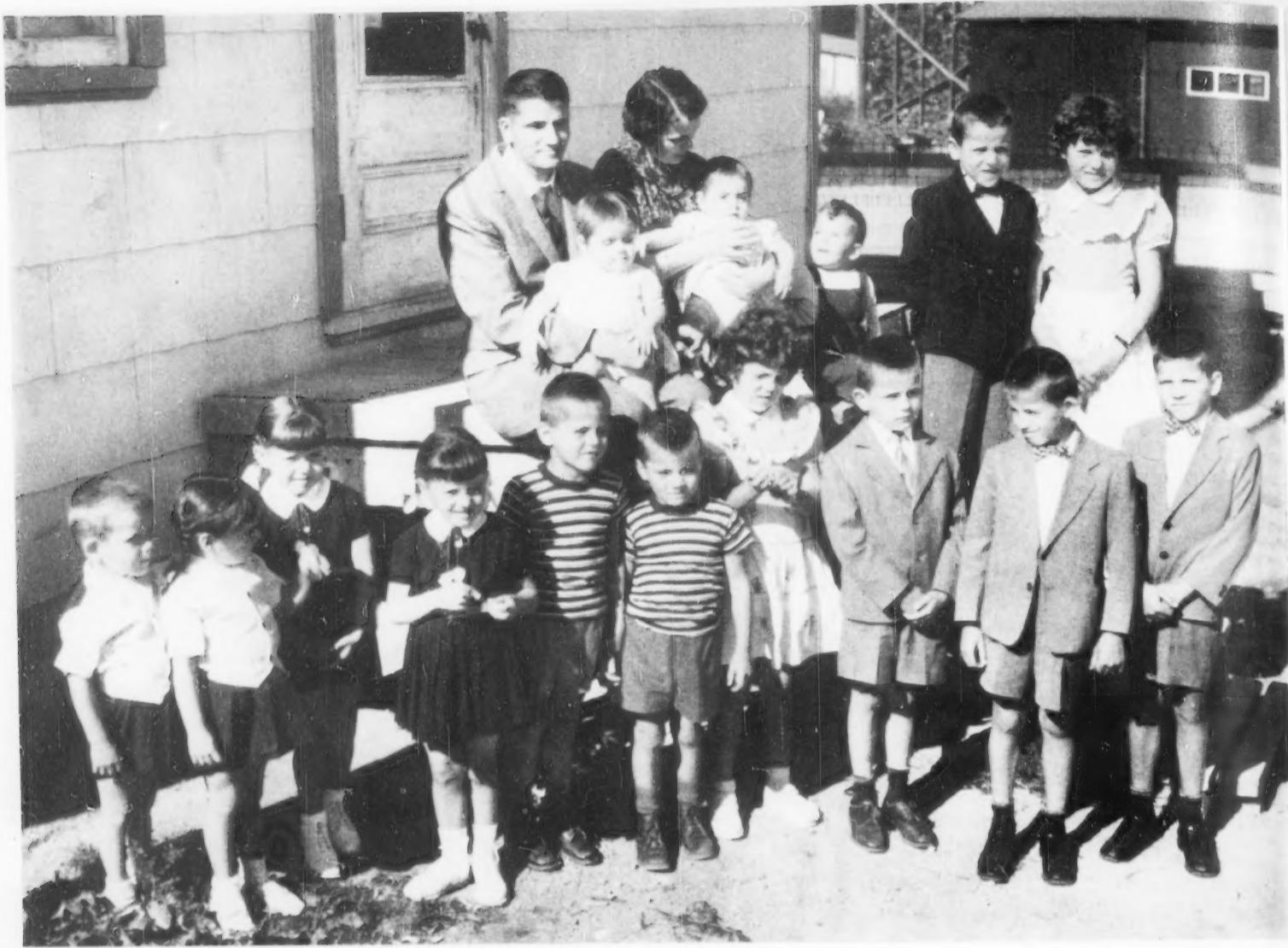
More concerted and official efforts to help the family have failed so far because the provincial government is afraid of exploitation of the Tremblays and wants to avoid any comparison with the case of the Dionne quintuplets. Municipal officials in Alma have been afraid of antagonizing local people by offering help to a family of seventeen while there are many families of twenty-two in town who are just as needy. But the nagging persistence of Dr. J. A. Bergeron, the family physician, has brought some tangible aid, and Alma's mayor, Paul Levasseur, has plans for a small campaign to raise funds for a new house.

Most French Canadians are familiar with large families, though, and they tend to ignore the fact that Rosa's case has made medical history. Because they are used to families of twenty children, they fail to realize that this household's problems come in pairs, and that having eight children under the age of five is almost without precedent. The whole story of the couple's married life, how they balance an impossible budget, feed, clothe and keep their brood in order, hardly raises an eyebrow in a province that tends to raise the largest families in the country.

The Tremblays live simply and quietly in a little box-frame house with three bedrooms and no bath, following a routine that begins at 6:30 every morning and only ends at ten at night. "It isn't easy," says Paul *continued on page 96*



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# THE DANCE OF THE BELLS

In the hush of the carnival tent  
Orizana's golden body swayed the bells to life.  
Whew! She was beautiful!

BY ANN MAUDE HENRY

Illustrated by James Hill

**N**ow that he was nearly at the fair grounds, Osu's courage almost deserted him. What was it Mrs. Oliphant had said?

"You must—come down out of the clouds, Osu! You must not be so serious and go about trying to save the world. Forget your books for a while!" she said. "Have some fun. Go to a movie even. Play tennis, or swim—or better yet, get yourself a girl."

A girl, Osu didn't know any girls. Back home there had been girls, serious young ladies in white cotton dresses, who drank tea with his mother and discussed the new Nigeria. It was funny he hadn't thought of them as—girls—as something to be admired. He hadn't thought of love, for instance—or marriage.

There was his mother, a saintly woman. Not many girls could measure up to her. And in her country she was exceptional, for her education, her courage. She was a leader, one to whom people looked for guidance.

She had pointed to the sign and read, "Colored and dogs not allowed." "My son," she said, "someday you will do something for your country. Someday, when you are grown, you will help to do away with these signs."

When he went away to go to the Cana-

dian university it was to educate himself so he could help his people.

"I will be proud of you," his mother said. But maybe Mrs. Oliphant was right. He had been tired lately and his head ached.

The Canadians were nice and they did not seem to care about his color, which was very black. But they revealed their feelings in other ways.

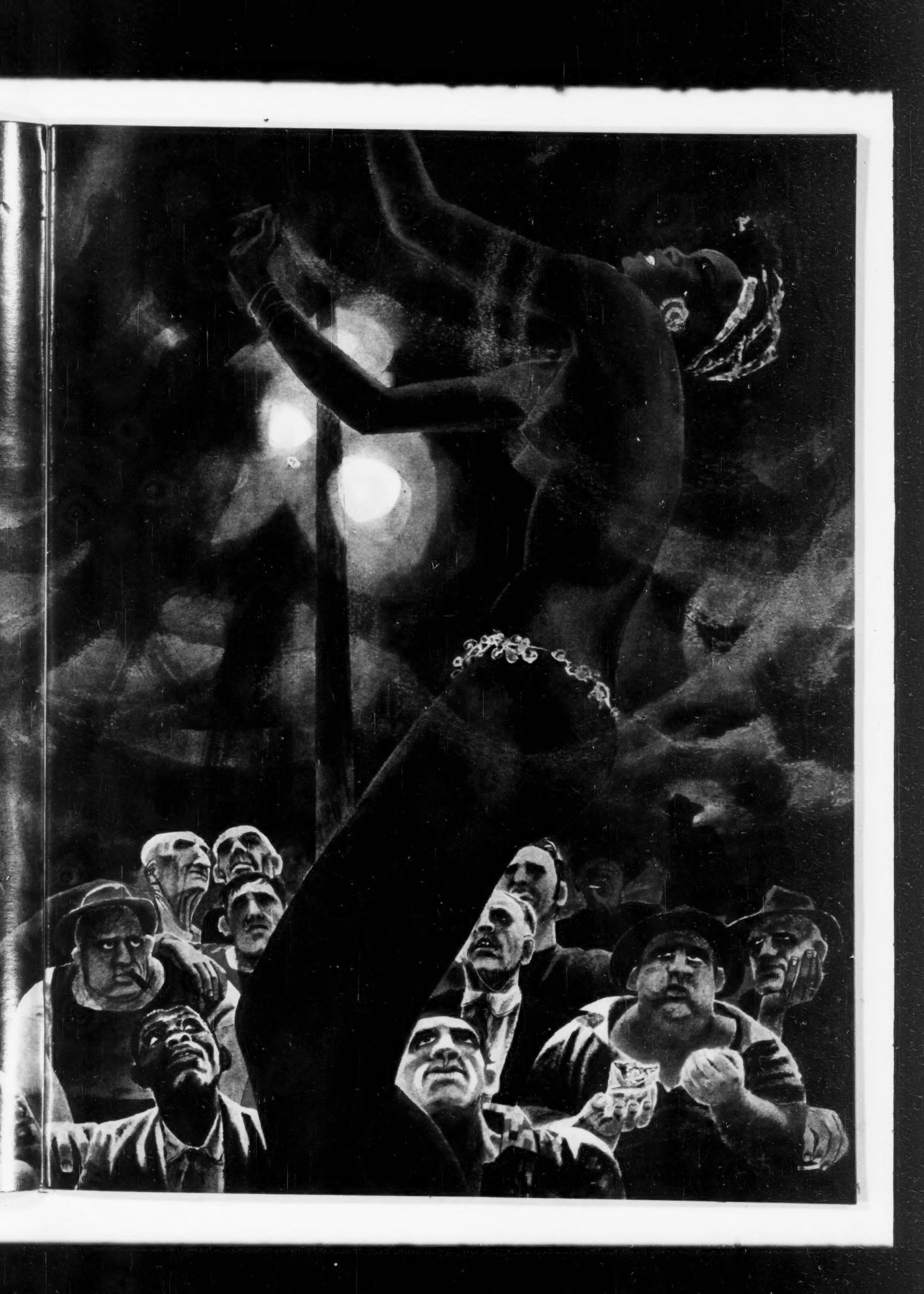
"Some of my best friends are Negroes," they said. A small flame leaped up in Osu at the words and he became . . . not angry—it was wrong to be angry—but tight and resentful.

They did not know, could not know of his feelings, of the need to wipe out the shame of the signs—"Colored and dogs not allowed." They do not know what it is like. As a member of the privileged Negro class Osu had a duty, his mother pointed out, to help those less fortunate.

"How would you feel?" Osu questioned Mrs. Oliphant once, "if you walked down Portage Ave. and saw a sign, 'Dogs and Irish not allowed'?"

"I'd be furious!" Mrs. Oliphant exploded. Mrs. Oliphant was Irish in spite of her name. "The spalpeens! The nerve!" she said, for Mrs. Oliphant had a vivid imagination and she got **continued on page 46**







RESPECTED DIPLOMAT: Herbert Norman (seated with wife Irene) was given warm send-off by staff on leaving New Zealand for Cairo post. A year later he was dead.

## What kind of man was Herbert

Why, though his conscience  
was clear, his friends steadfast and  
his enemies discredited, did  
this brilliant diplomat take his life?  
This careful and penetrating study  
reveals the complex human being  
behind a great human tragedy

BY SIDNEY KATZ

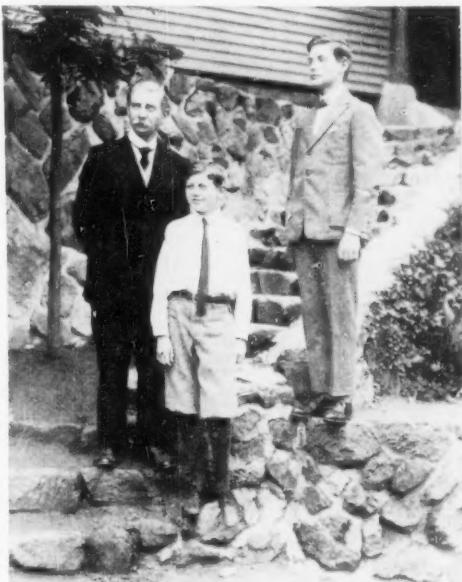
**E**arly on the morning of April 4, 1957, Dr. Herbert Norman, the Canadian Ambassador to Egypt, took his life by jumping from the roof of a Cairo apartment building. Since then there has been wide speculation about why Norman, at the peak of his diplomatic career, should have committed suicide. For the last six years of his life he had been hounded by the accusation that he was a Communist or a Communist sympathizer. Yet there was no such charge ever proven against him. His government defended him and declared him to be loyal; so did his colleagues at the Department of External Affairs. With his friends unwavering, his enemies in the main discredited and his own conscience clear, why did Norman take his own life?

This question has been asked by millions of people throughout the world, including many who knew him well. A Cairo friend observed, "Suicide did not seem to fit into his moral pattern or sense of responsibility." A diplomatic colleague in Ottawa said, "I don't know by what discipline he did it. It's out of character. Herbert Norman was gentle and sensitive; he recoiled from pain, suffering and violence."

What did motivate Norman? What kind of a person was he?

For the past several months I have been searching for the answers to these questions. I have spoken to members of the Norman family, interviewed the people he grew up with in Japan, as well as students and professors who knew him well during his university days. I have been in touch with friends, scholars, newspapermen and diplomats who knew and worked with Norman in Ottawa and Wellington, New Zealand, in New York, Tokyo and Cairo during his eighteen years as a Canadian diplomat. I have also read several of the articles and books he wrote during his lifetime, as well as scores of appreciations of him which appeared in the press of a half a dozen countries after his death. My own conclusion is that there are no simple and clear-cut answers to the questions I've posed. The final answer lies in the kind of person Herbert Norman was—gifted, gentle, sensitive, conscientious and complex.

One could suggest that a combination of forces and influences—some long-standing, some immediate — converged on Norman in April



**MISSIONARY'S SON:** At 13 and attending school in Kobe, Japan, Herbert posed with his father, Rev. Daniel Norman, and brother Howard, now a professor.

"Suicide did not seem to fit into his . . . sense of responsibility"



**SCHOLAR:** He won a PhD at Harvard in Japanese history, could read, write six languages.



**EASTERN EXPERT:** At war's end he headed Canadian mission in Japan. His grasp of Japanese affairs won praise of Gen. Douglas MacArthur (left).



**"LOYAL CITIZEN":** Lester Pearson, then External Affairs Minister, supported Norman wholeheartedly, angrily denied charges he was a Communist.



**PEACEMAKER:** He talked Egypt into admitting UN troops led by General Burns (centre).

## Norman?

1957, to bring about the disaster. Some of these influences are well known to the public; others hardly known at all. The most publicized was the fact that, for the last six years of his life, Norman had been plagued and pursued by charges of being a Communist or Communist sympathizer. The charges were first made before the U. S. Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security in August 1951. Witnesses offered no conclusive proof to support their accusations. After a thorough check and double-check into Norman's conduct, the RCMP established nothing more than that Norman had associated with Communists during his university days and had been interested in Marxist ideas. "Norman is a loyal citizen; a trusted and valuable official of the Department of External Affairs," declared Lester B. Pearson, then External Affairs minister, after the 1951 investigation.

Another person might have been relatively undisturbed by the accusations. But Norman felt that he had become an embarrassment to his government and his colleagues; that his diplomatic career, which he cherished, had been jeopardized. In the **continued on page 83**

What would *really* happen  
in those Hollywood westerns if the stars  
drank all that hooch?

Here's Robert Thomas Allen's script—

## Hangover at the OK corral

**O**ne thing I notice in movie and TV westerns is that everybody is always knocking off straight snorts of whiskey without it having any effect on them. One of the wettest westerns to date is *Gunfight at the OK Corral*, where everybody starts nibbling before breakfast except the horses, yet nobody gets drunk, or even feeling good, except an obscure cowboy and a youth who get plastered without touching a drop as far as I could see.

The rest bash away every time they aren't talking, and if they acted the way I do when I get that much alcohol in me, they'd be stoned by the end of the first reel. Either these guys have a different metabolism than I have, or the movie

needs a new script, for which I suggest a brief synopsis:

The story starts with the meeting in a saloon between the gambler Doc Holliday, who is a deadly gunman and knife thrower, and three riders who arrive at the saloon and order three bourbons. The leader of the group has a Derringer hidden in his boot, and Doc Holliday has a knife hidden in his coat. Doc Holliday tosses off a huge shot of straight bourbon and watches the three men in the mirror behind the bar.

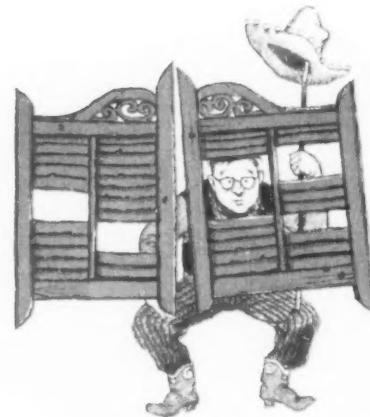
"I hear somebody's looking for me," he says coolly to the bartender, sliding his glass across the bar for another drink and tossing it off straight. He takes a deck of cards from his

pocket and begins working them like an accordion between his hand and the bar, never taking his cold, killer's eyes off the mirror.

The three men at the table all have another round of drinks. At the end of the bar, U.S. Marshal Wyatt Earp, a tall, sombre man in black-brimmed hat and black frock coat, knocks off a straight shot of whiskey, shoves his glass along the bar, tosses off another four ounces and lights a cheroot.

Doc Holliday slides his glass across the bar for another drink, takes it at a gulp, looks in the mirror, smiles, starts scratching his chest and humming *The Campbells Are Coming*.

The owner of the bar explains to Wyatt Earp



that one of the men at the table is out to kill Doc Holliday.

"Oh?" Earp says, not a muscle of his face betraying his thoughts. He pours himself another drink, tosses it back, and says: "You know, I like this place. I mean, it's kind of friendly and warm and cosy."

Doc Holliday has another big slug, starts to shuffle his cards and drops them all over the wet bar.

The men at the table have three more whiskies straight and start talking with great intensity about religion, all speaking at once.

"What I believe is, religion is a personal thing and a man doesn't have to go to church to lead a good life."

"What I think, you take all those early religions, like—well, you take—"

"No, look, here's the way I feel about it—" the third one says, then happens to look up into the mirror, sees Doc Holliday for the first time, lurches to his feet, reaches for his Derringer, loses his balance, does a buck-and-wing, stumbles head down and ends up halfway across a table.

Doc Holliday, cross-eyed, reaches for his knife, gets it out but can't get hold of it properly, gives himself a nasty cut and drops it. Blood

starts dripping to the floor. He grins insanely and says, "Reading the other day that blood is the most amazing substance known to man. Baffles science." He shakes his head in amazement. "When you think of some of the absolutely baffling things we take for granted—"

The bartender says, "Look, why don't you go home and get some sleep?"

The men at the table all order more drinks, one of them yells at the waiter, "Leave the bottle," and the waiter jerks it back from him and asks with flashing eyes if he thinks he's in a grocery store or something and he'll pay for his drinks one at a time like everyone else. They glare at one another. The man at the table asks him if he thinks he's talking to a bum or something and the waiter tells him he'll find him pretty handy with a broken bottle and a billiard cue if he wants to make something out of it and everybody starts saying, "Forget him, Harry," and harmonizing on *Danny Boy*.

Earp takes another drink, lights another cheero, slides his glass across the counter and tosses off a huge drink at a gulp. He smiles ecstatically and carefully sets the glass down. His foot slips off the brass rail, he knocks a bottle to the floor, straightens up and starts very slowly toward Doc Holliday.

Facing Doc Holliday, he struggles briefly to bring his eyes into focus, finally gets them working together by stretching his eyebrows upward a couple of times. He says, "Thersh a shstage out of here for Abilene in th' morning. I wan' you to see I'm on it."

Doc Holliday concentrates on this, swaying and staring into space. Then he says, "You mean you wan' me to see I'm on it."

"That's what I said."

"Le's both go," Holliday says.

"There's a good idea. Let's go to Tombstone."

They unhitch their horses. Earp gets one foot in the stirrup and he and the horse start to go 'round in a slow circle, Earp taking long, determined hops but not getting any higher. He's still trying when Doc Holliday goes and gets a wagon and team. They both lie flat on their backs in the wagon and start across the desert, laughing and throwing empties at the Joshua trees.

When they get to Tombstone, they find their way to the Birdcage Saloon, where they learn that Earp's brothers are going to fight it out at dawn at the OK Corral with the Clantons, the McLowreys and a killer named Ringo, and that they're all drinking at another saloon. Earp and Doc Holliday decide to **continued on page 62**

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON





*Skylark*

## A new album of bird paintings BY FENWICK LANSDOWNE

The soaring skylark shown above, together with the fourteen other outstanding paintings on the following pages, represents the most recent work of Fenwick Lansdowne, the gifted twenty-year-old Victoria artist whose technically flawless and artistically stimulating bird paintings were published for the first time by Maclean's last April. Now we present a second Lansdowne album, accompanied by a report on the growing popularity of bird watching in Canada, by natural-

ist-writer Fred Bodsworth, who also wrote the caption comments for the Lansdowne paintings.

The skylark, eulogized in English folksong and poetry, is not native to Canada, Bodsworth points out, but was finally established, after earlier failures, on southern Vancouver Island, where Lansdowne has painted it in its most characteristic pose—in hovering song-flight that inspired both Shelley and Wordsworth to write well-loved poems they entitled *To a Skylark*.

**FRED BODSWORTH**  
tells about  
the boom in  
bird watching



The fifteen paintings by Fenwick Lansdowne on these and the following pages depict fifteen graphic reasons why bird watching is becoming a booming hobby in Canada. Birds, of course, have always been as beautiful and dynamic as Lansdowne's brush portrays them, but never before have so many people observed the fact for themselves. And one of the reasons for the growing popularity of bird watching is that the identification of birds is no longer the technical museum science it once was, thanks to the skill of such artists as Lansdowne who have made modern field identification guides possible.

Bird watching, which not many years ago was looked upon as a sedate and namby-pamby pursuit for maiden aunts and retired pastors, is now luring all types. For example, on one of the first warm days last April, work at a Montreal coal dock slowed down almost to a halt for several hours as workers scanned the smoky sky for the spring's first tree swallows. About the same time, Alf Bunker, a locomotive engineer on a CPR freight between Leaside and Trenton, Ont., was counting mourning doves along the track and putting a chalk mark on the outside of his cab for every hundred sighted. When he pulled into Trenton he had made his third chalk mark. That morning in different parts of Toronto, Dr. Paul Harrington, a dentist, and R. W. Trowern, a bank manager, heard and duly recorded their first singing white-throated sparrows of the spring. And in Calgary, Derek Beacham, a fishing-tackle distributor, was filling his station wagon with bird-watching friends to **continued on page 75**



*Avocet*

One of the continent's most handsome birds, it nests around prairie lakes. But hunters and the drainage of sloughs for wheatland are sharply reducing its numbers.

**SIX PAGES OF PAINTINGS FOLLOW**



### *Great Blue Heron*

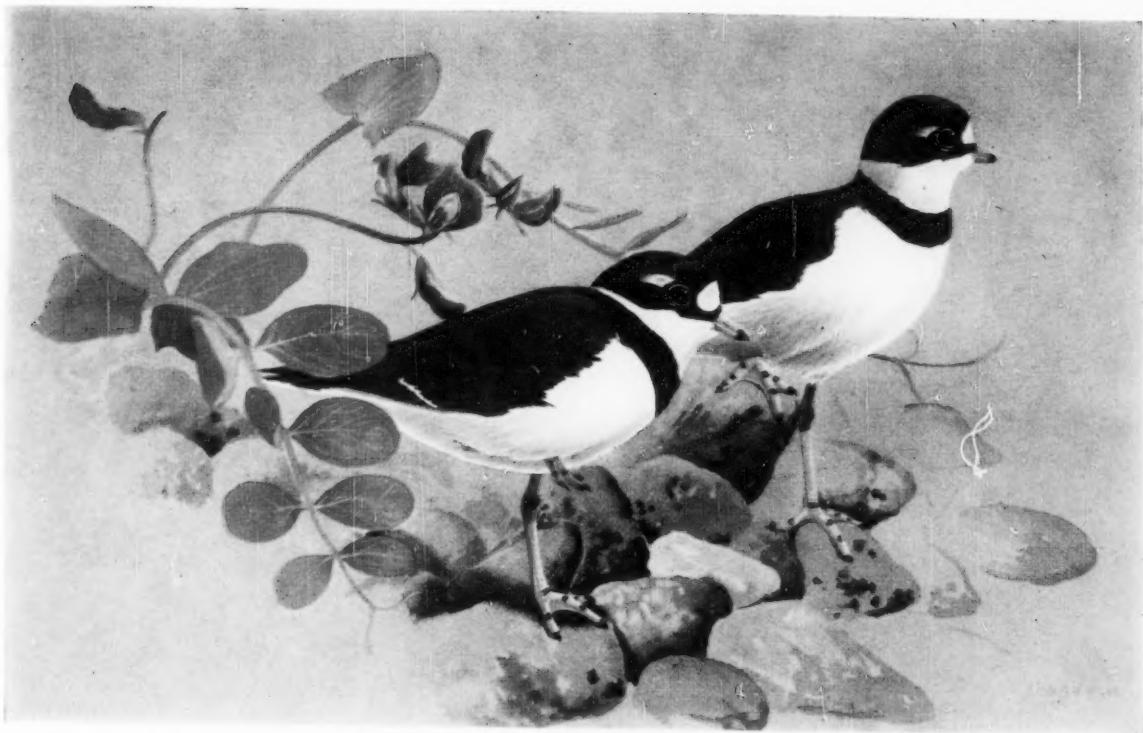
Often wrongly called a crane, it is the commonest of the herons and frequently shot as an enemy of fishermen though, in fact, it rarely takes fish of commercial or sporting value. In spite of its long legs it makes its nest high up in trees.

A NEW ALBUM OF BIRD PAINTINGS BY FENWICK LANSDOWNE  
*continued*



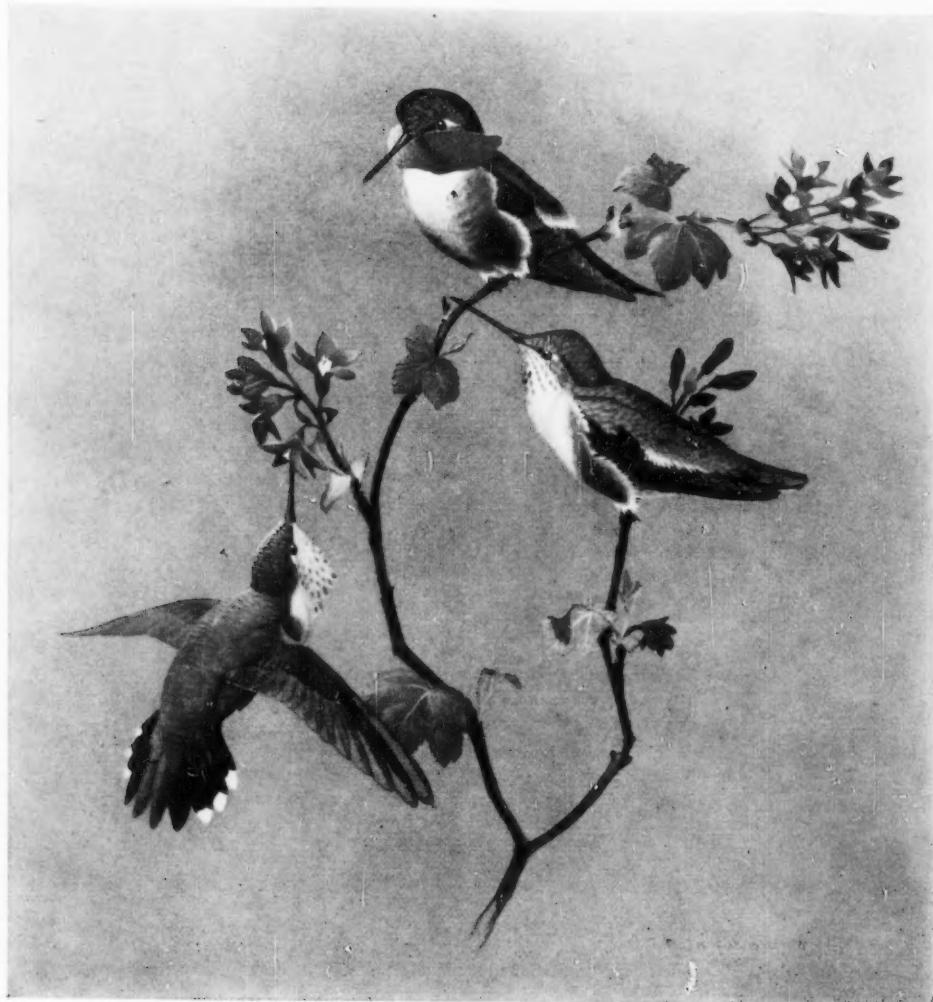
### *Pelagic Cormorants*

This is a Pacific coast species of a fish-eater that propels itself underwater with both wings and feet. The head crest is not usually retained long, and the full beautiful plumage that Lansdowne shows here is not often seen.



*Semipalmated Plover*

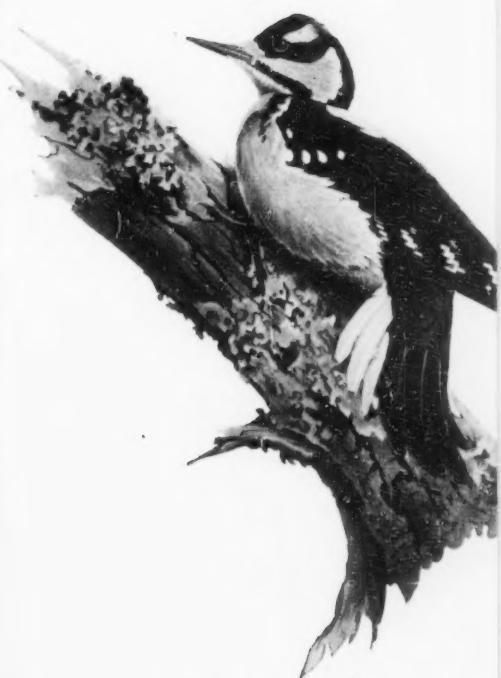
It nests in the far north and migrates through southern Canada in spring and fall. Its black-and-white markings break up its body outline and help hide it. Lansdowne has posed this pair amid purple pea, found on rocky beaches.



*Rufous Humming Bird*

The male is a gay dog at courting but vanishes when work's to be done. Female hovering at flowering currant is beating her wings about 70 times a second.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



*Hairy Woodpecker*

Mainly a forest dweller in summer, it's a farm and town bird in winter. The male woos mate by drumming tom-tom fashion on a hollow tree with his bill.



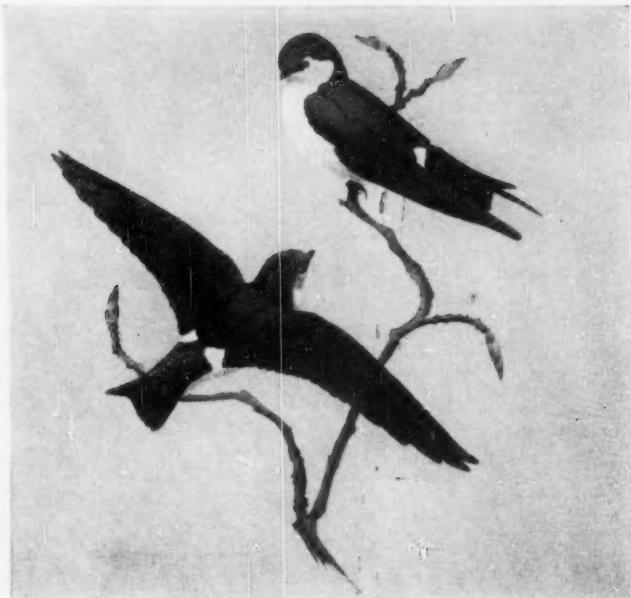
*American Goldfinch*

One of several birds frequently called "wild canary," the male loses his brilliant plumage in autumn, and winters in the drab olive and black colors of his mate. The flower is the Camas, common in the oak woods near Victoria.



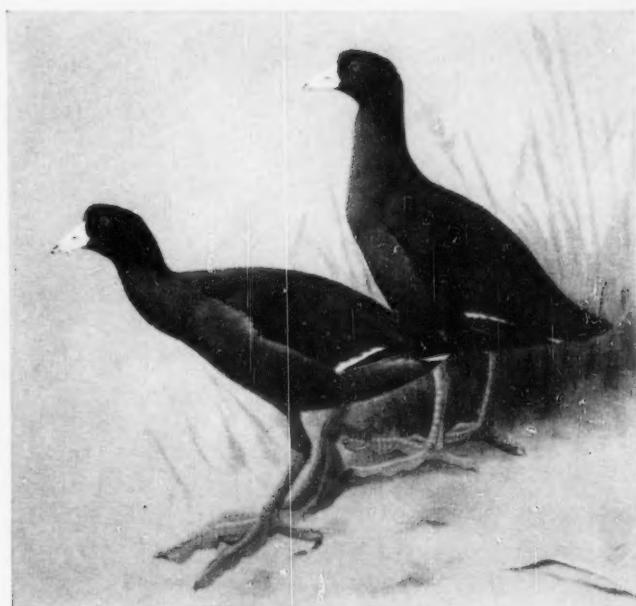
*Northwestern Crow*

Adaptable and intelligent, it has prospered with man's settlement. This bird, here flying off with a rock crab's claw, is a smaller race of the common crow.



*Violet-Green Swallow*

In Canada it is found only in British Columbia and the adjoining portions of the Alberta foothills. Its bright iridescent colors show only in bright sunlight —usually it appears only black and white.



*American Coot*

A common water bird, resembling a duck, it swims with large clumsy feet, its toes padded rather than webbed. Its white bill can be seen for long distances.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



*Surf Scoter*

This is a northern-nesting duck that moves to Atlantic and Pacific seacoasts in winter. It hunts its food underwater; this one is chasing sand lance, but it feeds more commonly on mussels, clams and crustaceans. Its nest has rarely been found.



### *Fox Sparrow*

It's the most brightly colored of the thirty-odd species of native Canadian sparrows, but its clear, carol-like song is a beautiful sound few Canadians hear because it sings only in its northern nesting territory.



### *Killdeer*

Unlike most plovers, this is a southern breeder, common throughout settled Canada except the Maritimes. Lansdowne painted this one in characteristic pose — wing dragging, feigning injury to lure enemy from its nest.

### *Northern Shrike*

Small rodents and birds are its prey. It impales its victim on a thorn to hold it while it tears the meat with its hooked bill. This practice has earned it the name "butcher bird," for it uses thorns, such as the English hawthorn's here, as a butcher's meat hooks.





**KP**

As a military misfit Pratt clowned in *Meet the Navy*, a top World War II service show. His song *You'll Get Used To It* was one of the era's brightest hits.

## The comedian who made

John Pratt was a smash hit in the Navy Show, a moneymaker as an architect, and a "mayor in a million." Now he's an MP and he isn't clowning any more

By Ken Johnstone

**W**ith a number of eminent exceptions the most surprised man in Canada when the federal-election returns were counted last June was probably an architect-musical revue star - theatre manager - small-town mayor and lifelong Liberal named John Pratt, who had just become a Conservative MP.

Six months earlier Pratt had no interest at all in federal politics. A day earlier his chances of filling the Jacques Cartier-Lasalle seat in the Commons wouldn't have sold for a plugged nickel. In a country that likes its politicians hewed to a drab pattern Pratt was the first actor—and a comedian to boot—ever pressed into service as a candidate by a political party. And in a traditionally Liberal riding that had elected an unbroken string of French-speaking members since Confederation, he was bucking an entrenched opponent who had piled up a whopping ten-thousand majority in the last election.

Pratt ran his underdog campaign like the showman he is. He hustled out to the commuter-train platforms before seven in the mornings to pump every hand in sight, and wowed the lady electorate at three coffee klatches a day. Every time he had a captive audience he hit them with a singing commercial in the voice that made him famous during World War II. When fifty thousand voters filed to the polls in Jacques Cartier-Lasalle, Pratt squeaked into parliament by a majority of 143.

This wasn't the first time Pratt had won a losing game. As an architect during the Thirties, when other architects were driving taxis, he laid the foundation of a fortune large enough to give him a lifetime of leisure. But instead of taking it easy he devoted his time to the things he really liked. He followed up an early bent for acting—made movies, wrote, directed and

the

## House of Commons

acted in stage revues, became the comedy star of the wartime service revue, *Meet the Navy* (memorable for Pratt's lugubrious song, *You'll Get Used to It*), turned to television, and even financed and managed a summer theatre at Toronto's Centre Island. He became interested in civic affairs and in 1955 was elected mayor of Dorval, a rapidly growing satellite city just west of Montreal.

Pratt was busy with his summer theatre last year at Centre Island when he got his first hint of a still-unborn interest in federal politics. He read a gossip item in a Toronto tabloid predicting that he would be the Liberal candidate in the next federal election for the Jacques Cartier-Lasalle riding, which embraces Dorval. Pratt got a chuckle. He knew the Liberal incumbent, Edgar Leduc, a professional politician who had won the seat two times and was not likely to step down for a political tyro. He also knew that his own faith in the Liberal party had been lost over the contentious pipeline debate. Pratt dismissed the item as typical tabloid hot air, and went back to counting ticket stubs at his theatre.

But last November Pratt received a series of Tory visitors who apparently had taken the column item more seriously than he did. The visits culminated in an interview with William M. Hamilton, who at that time as member for Notre Dame de Grace enjoyed the distinction of being the only Conservative MP from the Liberal island stronghold of Montreal. By this time Pratt had agreed to run as a Conservative. Hamilton told him, "The only way you can win is to get out to the bus stops and talk to the people on their way to work in the morning."

Jacques Cartier-Lasalle riding embraces roughly the whole western part of the island of Montreal beyond the city itself. It includes the city of Lachine and a group of smaller communities like Dorval, peopled largely by commuters who make their living in Montreal and consequently set out for work in the early hours after dawn. "Bus stops," for Pratt, translated into railway platforms around seven a.m. The hour was better known to him as a time for retiring than one for setting out to work. But Pratt, who had amazed friends by his tenacity when he campaigned for a "clean-up" municipal government in Dorval, proceeded to astound them with the vigor of his campaign in the federal election. A born actor and comedian, he utilized the satirically whimsical tune of *You'll Get Used to It* as his campaign song, with a new verse written for the occasion:

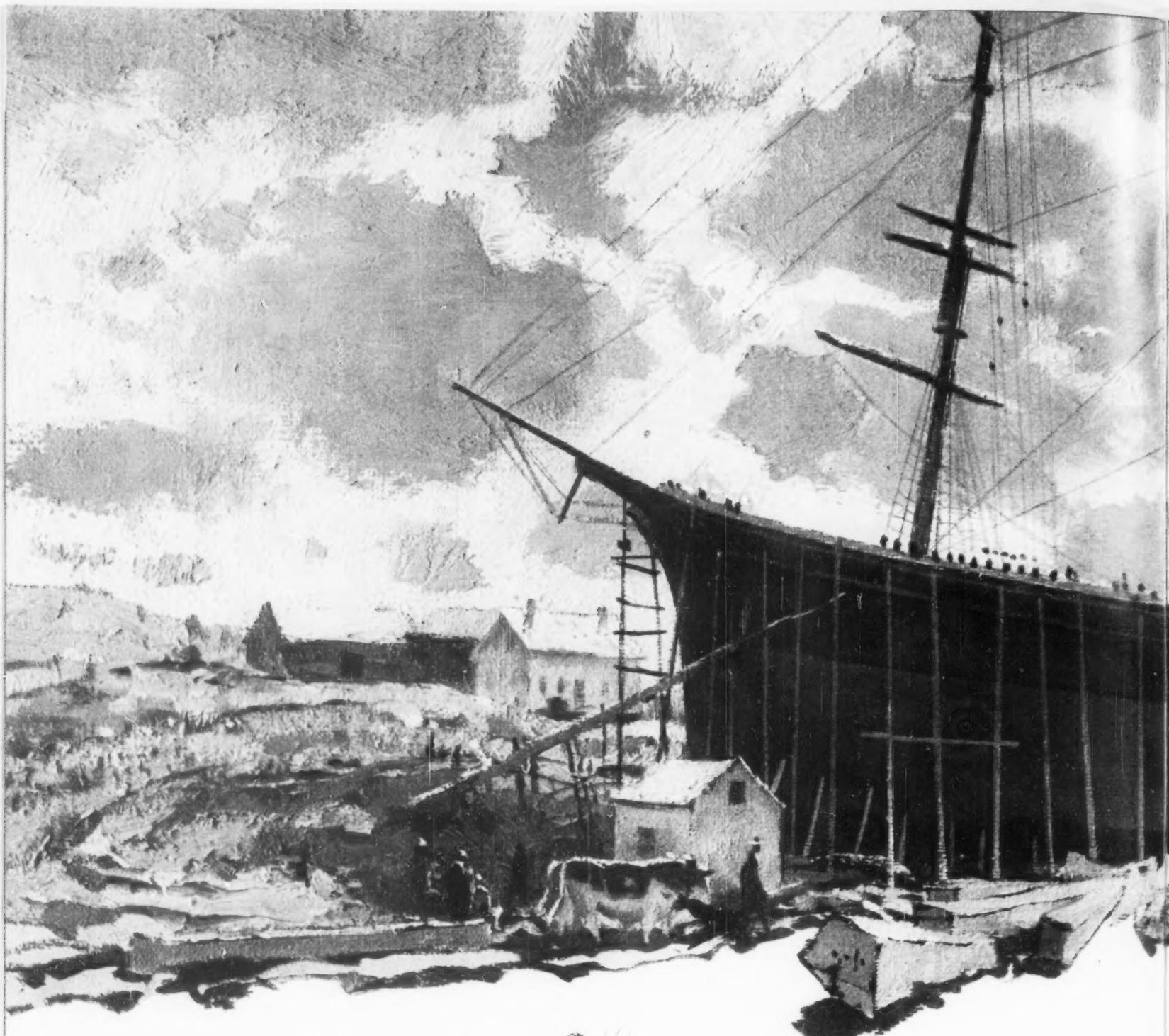
There's something in the spring, but you'll get used to it.  
You'll get used to it, you'll get used to it.  
When your income tax is due, there is nothing you can do.

continued on page 107



MP

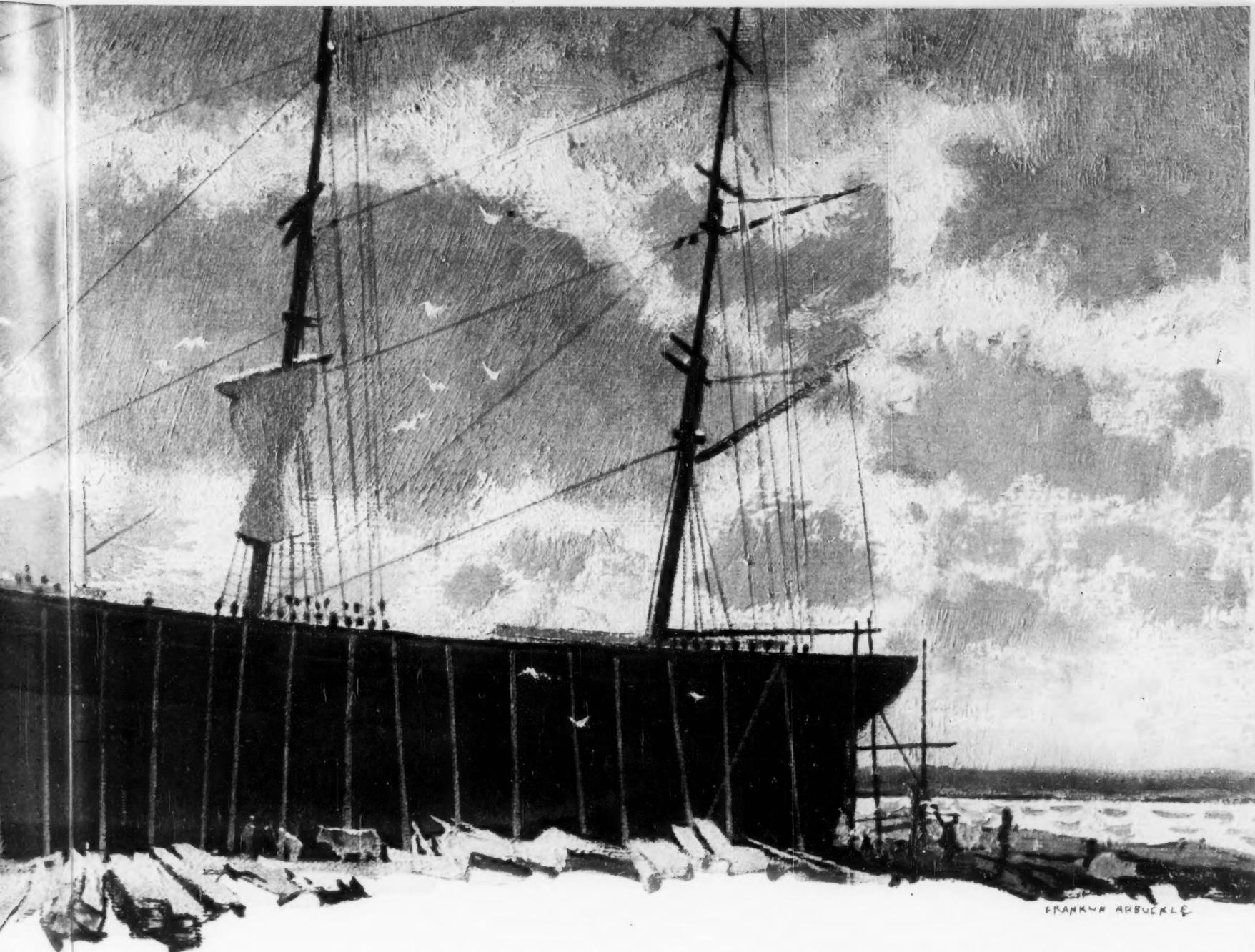
As a freshman member who squeaked into the House by giving a new twist to some of his old comedy turns, Pratt will speak up on Film Board, CBC affairs.



William Lawrence

and his wonderful windjammer

BY JOSEPH SCHULL  
Painting by Franklin Arbuckle



Bluenosers scoffed and debts piled up like leaves in the fall.

But the stubborn Nova Scotian built the world's biggest sailing ship and took her around the world  
on a voyage that's never been equalled

Joseph Schull, Canadian war correspondent, short-story writer and TV dramatist, turns now to recreate the days when the wooden ships of our Atlantic seaboard were known in every port on the high seas. Two breeds of men dominated the era: the visionary gambling ship-owner and the hardbitten resolute ship's captain. This story of the W. D. Lawrence, the biggest wooden sailing ship afloat, brings together two such men in a stirring and captivating saga of Canada's vanished maritime glory. It is excerpted from the book, *The Salt Water Men*, to be published this fall by Macmillan of Canada.

William D. Lawrence had done pretty well in Maitland, Nova Scotia. He was in his middle fifties, he stood six feet three in his boots, and he had lived his life amid the clatter of shipyards. His early years with the broad-axe and the maul had been spent in Dartmouth. Then he had gone south to Boston to learn something of ship design from the famous Donald MacKay, the Shelburne boy who was building clippers for the Americans. After a few years of that he had come north again and settled at Maitland, ready to build his own ships. Somewhere along the road he had learned to play the fiddle.

#### A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

For his first little ship, he had gone into the woods himself, chopped down the trees he wanted and carried out the timber on his shoulders. Soon other men were doing his fetching and carrying. Carpenters' sheds and blacksmith shops and stores of seasoning timber stood beside the Lawrence house along the banks of the Shubenacadie River where it empties into Minas Basin. By 1868 six able vessels had come down his slipways and put to sea.

He was a widower now but his daughter Mary had married Jim Ellis, of Shubenacadie, and there were three young grandchildren. It was a fine little family, prosperous and affectionate. The only trouble was that W.D. didn't see much of them. Jim was captain of the Lawrence ship *Pegasus*, Mary and the *continued on page 64*

# THE UNSEEN WORLD OF Taste & Smell

We're not so smart. Animals can hear with their  
noses, insects sniff with their feet and salmon taste their way home from the seas

BY N. J. BERRILL

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL ROCKETT

**S**mell, and the thought of the taste associated with it, plays a much stronger part in our reactions than we generally recognize. Billboards, magazine advertisements, television and radio may assault our eyes and ears but they rarely make us drool. There is nothing especially appealing to the eye about a hot-dog stand, but one whiff of the aromas from it is enough to start the saliva flowing. The smell of good food, or of perfumes, will do more to make you sit up and take notice than all the sights and sounds human ingenuity can devise. And why not? Taste and smell are as old as life, far older than eyes and ears, and the olfactory nerves that service your sense of smell are virtually an extension of the brain itself. The message of smell is direct and your whole person becomes alerted to whatever comes in, whether it is to whet your appetite, make your blood tingle, ring an alarm (as in the case of smoke), or make you pull back in disgust. Your responses are primarily emotional or downright physiological, rarely a matter of mental consideration.

High-pressure merchandisers are beginning to catch on. Some chain stores are using devices that produce the smell of frying bacon to lure customers to the bacon counter, a cheese smell to give them a desire for cheese, and apple and celery smells to draw them to the fruits and vegetables. Secondhand-car dealers can even buy bottles of new-car smell, which may not really fool the customer but may influence him more than he knows. The shape of things to come is perhaps embodied in a new air-conditioning unit that will fill your house with the scent of pine forest, tall grass or seashore, according to which button you press.

Much, if not most, of what you taste is also

due to smell. You have only to hold your nose and bite into an apple to find that the ordinarily tasty fruit becomes almost as tasteless as a slice of potato. With a stuffy head cold nothing tastes good. We are, in fact, all mixed up between what we taste and what we smell, for flavor depends on both.

You taste mainly with taste buds scattered over the surface of your tongue, although what you taste does not amount to much, in variety. Taste can distinguish merely between bitter, sweet, salt and sour. Yet these four qualities, which by themselves leave food flat-tasting, are of great value to man and other living creatures including fish and insects. These qualities say yes or no to what enters the mouth. The sweet and salty regions respond to the sweet juices of plants and the saltiness of flesh and blood. If they are stimulated they flash a come-on signal to the brain to say this is good food. The bitter-sensitive areas at the back of the mouth on the other hand warn against swallowing anything bitter and possibly poisonous. At least, this is how the system works in the case of natural foods.

Some chemicals however are confusing. Dulcin, a chemical unrelated to sugars, tastes sweet to most people but is tasteless to three or four out of ten. This "taste blindness" apparently is a hereditary deficiency, which started within the Caucasian race and spread to others. Many other examples have been discovered. The common food preservative, sodium benzoate, is tasteless to most people but bitter or sweet to about one in four. There are thousands of distinctive odors, in comparison with four kinds of taste, and many are detectable when present in the merest trace.

You can easily test your relative sensitivities

with a little ethyl alcohol. If you take as a standard the concentration of the alcohol just strong enough to produce a burning sensation on the skin, about one third the strength is needed to stimulate taste but no more than 1/60,000 is necessary for you to smell it. Mercaptan, which is essence of skunk, is apparent to most persons when only one molecule is present per fifty trillion molecules of air. Yet some otherwise normal people cannot smell skunk no matter how strong, and a few even find the smell pleasing.

Investigators have attempted to classify odors, although no really satisfactory scheme has yet been worked out. A typical one divides them into about six types: flowery, fruity, spicy, resinous, putrid and burning, although any particular odor of the thousands that exist may be any combination of these. The scent of thyme, for example, is both flowery and spicy.

The smell situation is complicated both by the vast variety of substances that have odors and by the different sensitivities of people. Women have a more acute sense of smell than men. Children have greater acuity than grownups. If we smell a particular odor for any length of time we become more and more insensitive to it. Coal miners long ago recognized that they could no longer smell coal gas after they had been exposed to it for a while, and they carry canaries or mice with them to give warning. Not that these creatures have a better sense of smell, for they have not, but they show signs of collapse when there is still time for men to get out.

In other circumstances olfactory fatigue or adaptation may be a blessing, as in the case of tannery workers, who must work amid odors outsiders find overpowering. It is surprising what you can get used to **continued on page 73**



### How a TV pitchman pops the question

"Dear, I know I have plenty of rivals for your hand, but I'm going to prove why you should marry me. Let's take the three leading ones—I shan't mention them by name. My salary is five percent larger than Rival A's, eleven percent larger than Rival B's and twenty-seven percent larger than Rival C's! That's right! In annual earnings I stand first.

"Now let's consider looks. This isn't for me to say, but an independent survey was conducted by fifty leading experts in the field. Thirty-eight voted me the most handsome, six voted for Rival B, five for Rival C and one for Rival A. This means I outclassed my combined leading rivals by a mar-

gin of better than three to one!

"Next, take domestic qualifications, including cooking and dishwashing ability and all-around handiness in the house and grounds. Here another panel of experts, including authorities on cooking, gardening and do-it-yourself skills, rated me Excellent in seven out of ten categories, and Good in the other three. My nearest competitor, Rival C, got only three Excellents, and was rated C.U. in five departments . . . That's Completely Useless.

"Now on general culture, including grammar, literary background, musical and . . . What's that? Oh boy! You name the date, dear."★ — PARKE CUMMINGS



"One of those foreign jobs."

## Sweet & sour



" . . . and no starch."



TON SMITS

### CANADIAN HISTORY REVISITED.

By Peter Whalley



INDIANS TELL CARTIER OF GOLD IN CANADA

### Earth-Man — 2189 A.D.

The year is 2189. A scientist sits in a lab, surrounded by strange tubes, flasks and huge electrical devices. He is studying a blackboard on which is written a mass of algebraic symbols. He is trying to work out a formula for liquid fuels that will propel a rocket to the moon. But he isn't getting anywhere. In fact, he doesn't get anywhere. He finds that sending a rocket to the moon is impossible. For one thing, they can't get anything to go fast enough, and they have been trying since 1957.

He turns to a keen young assistant and says, "Look, son, why don't you go in for real estate or something? Science has had it. For two hundred and thirty-two years now we've had a rocket that will go a hundred miles into outer space and no farther, a two-hundred-inch lens that we can't make any bigger. We have the meson and six new elements that we created in 1957 and don't know what to do with. We haven't been able to discover anything else or make anything go farther or faster. We used to always say that science had developed the radio and split the atom and that it would be just a matter of time before we reached the moon. I don't know what made us think this."

He gets up, stretches, yawns and says, "Well, I think I'll get into my Nash Rambler and start battling that traffic. Think I'll watch the 2,031st Pabst Blue Ribbon fight tonight on TV. Although I don't know why. Those fights are getting as bad as wrestling. I think they write scripts for them."★ — ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

"We think we owe you this accuracy—  
a register that figures  
your change!"



... Says this user of the National Change Computing Cash Register!

There's a brand new employee in many of today's most modern markets . . . an employee that is helping both the customer and the checker alike. It's the National Change Computing Cash Register, and in the picture above, it's doing a typically good job. Each step of the sale is clearly shown and correctly handled . . . first the price charged for each item—then the total purchase—then the money given to the checker . . . and finally, *your exact change!*

Mistakes in figuring change are eliminated. Cash shortages at the end of the day have been reduced. Time is saved, and you are faster at the check-out stands. Customer good will is increased. In short, you, the checker and the store manager are happier than ever. Next time you're shopping, make a point of looking at the cash register. If it's a National Change Computing Cash Register, you know that your store is as modern as tomorrow—to give you better service today.

Merchants must see this new time-and-money saver to appreciate its great advantages. Call your nearby National office for a demonstration today.

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

Head Office—Toronto, Ontario. Sales Offices in Principal Cities

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CASH REGISTERS • ADDING MACHINES  
ACCOUNTING MACHINES



#### PINEAPPLE

Five delicious styles, one fabulous *field-fresh* flavor—that's DEL MONTE Pineapple for you! All of them—sliced, crushed, chunks, tidbits and

juice—come from pedigreed Hawaiian pineapples picked at the very moment of perfect flavor balance. Never too tart, never too sweet!

## Now! All this flavor for Canadian families

*—more ease in your kitchen  
—more ways to enjoy Del Monte Quality*



Here's glad news! Now Canadian homemakers can choose from an even wider selection of DEL MONTE Foods than you ever enjoyed before. Because many varieties that grow specially well in Canada are now being raised and packed here—under the same quality control that has made DEL MONTE the world's best-liked brand of canned fruits and vegetables since 1917.

That means you can expect to find a wider variety of many different DEL MONTE Foods at Canadian grocers' today. So from now on—look for the famous green label with the bright red shield, every time.

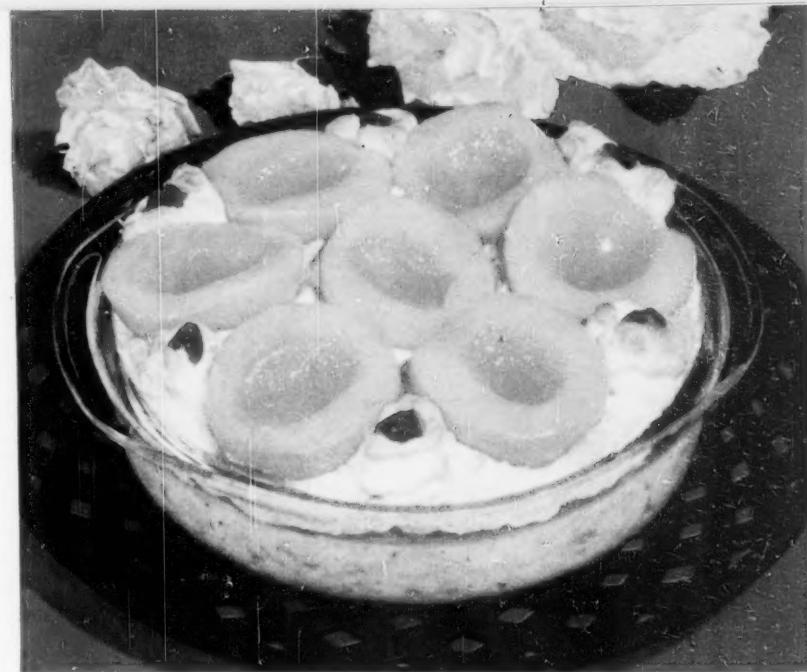
#### CATSUP

For livelier flavor, try DEL MONTE Catsup—made with exciting Pineapple Distilled Vinegar to coax every bit of flavor from ripe tomatoes. Enjoy DEL MONTE Chili Sauce and Tomato Sauce, too.



#### FRUITS

The best-liked peaches in all the world wear the DEL MONTE label! Tree-ripening makes them tender, juicy, mellow. DEL MONTE stands for glorious flavor in all these other fruits, too: Apricots, Fruit Cocktail, Figs, Fruits for Salad, Pears, Stewed Prunes.



#### VEGETABLES

DEL MONTE *Early Garden* Peas—the tenderest, tastiest of the flavorful middle sizes. And DEL MONTE Corn—born sweet and brought up tender—Cream Style and Whole Kernel. Both corn and peas now grown and packed in Canada. Other delicious DEL MONTE Vegetables to look for: Wax Beans, Asparagus, and Spinach.

#### DRIED FRUITS

Bake the happiest raisin cookies with plump, tender DEL MONTE Raisins! Like DEL MONTE Prunes, Dried Apricots and Peaches, they're rich in natural sweetness. And kept so for you in modern protective cartons.



*In Canada and everywhere—  
grown and packed for flavor first*

**Del Monte**

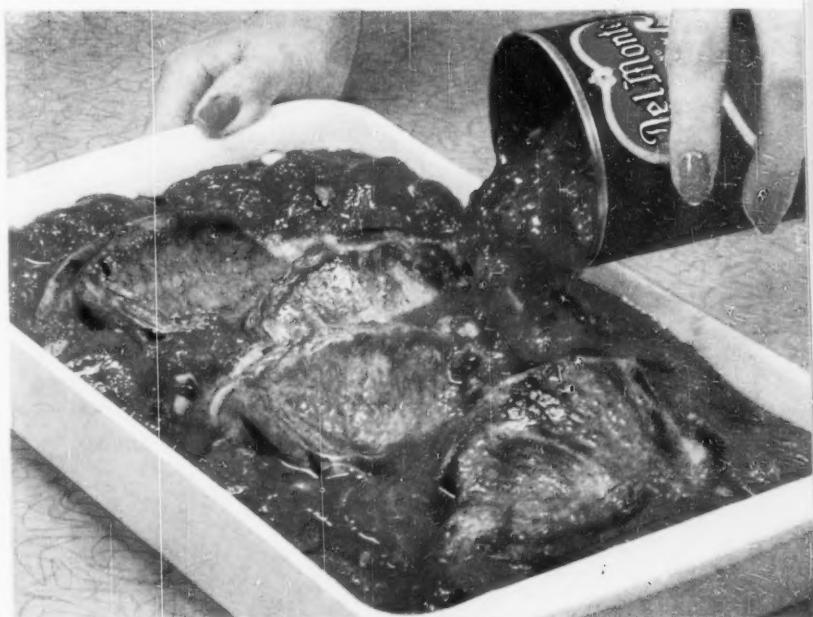
REGISTERED TRADEMARK

#### STEWED TOMATOES

An excitingly different vegetable—ripe tomato chunks ready-seasoned with onion, celery, green pepper. Just heat and serve. *Stewed* Tomatoes are such a handy shortcut to so many recipe uses, too—like casserole dishes, stews, soups, macaroni and spaghetti sauce.

#### AND SO MANY OTHER WONDERFUL FOODS...

New-and-different Del Monte Pineapple-Grapefruit Drink! And all these Juices: Pineapple, Orange, Grapefruit, Prune, and Tomato. Fruit Nectars: Peach, Apricot and Pear. A wide variety of dependable foods—all from DEL MONTE, the brand you *know* puts flavor first!





## ...I relined with Johns-Manville Brake Lining!"

For safety's sake, have your brakes inspected regularly. When they need relining insist upon quality Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Sets. Then you can be sure of dependable high-speed control and safe, straightline stops.

Using selected grades of asbestos fibre, Johns-Manville produces linings that are precision-made for long

life. They are not affected by temperature changes or moisture conditions. Your serviceman can get J-M Linings especially designed to fit your car, including the newly developed PB Sets that are power-built for power brakes. See him soon!

Canadian Johns-Manville, 565 Lakeshore Road East, Port Credit, Ont.



**Johns-Manville**  
The Oldest Name in Brake Lining

T-2043

# Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



Cagney as Hunchback . . .



. . . as an East Indian sailor



. . . in Laugh Clown Laugh



as Chaney without make-up.

BEST BET

**MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES:** James Cagney recreates many of the late Lon Chaney's famous characterizations in this Hollywood biography of the silent-screen master of bizarre make-up. The picture is a bit too long and its sombre tone may irritate those customers who insist on ridiculing all old movies, but its rich sense of period and atmosphere and Cagney's superb performance make it an item worth seeing. With Dorothy Malone, Jane Greer, Jim Backus.

**THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN:** Unaccountably a box-office sensation, this plodding and distasteful horror melodrama from Britain has only a few really eerie moments.

**THE GOLDEN VIRGIN:** A considerably toned-down version of Nicholas Monsarrat's novel, *The Story of Esther Costello*, which tells of a deaf-mute Irish girl who innocently becomes the gimmick in an ugly international racket. Heather Sears is the colleen, and Joan Crawford is the American woman who adopts her. Rating: fair.

**HOUSE OF NUMBERS:** This prison drama is more convincing than usual in its portrayal of life behind bars. Its story, however, is cluttered and confusing. Jack Palance has a dual role as two highstrung brothers—one already in San Quentin, the other plotting to help him get out.

**THE PRIDE AND THE PASSION:** Movie-maker Stanley Kramer's long-ballyhooed "epic" about the defence of Spain against Napoleon in 1810. Its eye-filling assets include a mammoth cannon, which is far more interesting, in the long haul, than the celebrities in the cast (Frank Sinatra, Cary Grant, Sophia Loren).

**TIP ON A DEAD JOCKEY:** A good short story by Irwin Shaw has suffered in its translation to the screen. A war-shattered flier (Robert Taylor) recovers his nerve much too glibly for plausibility while doing an aerial smuggling job for an international crook (Martin Gabel). Rate: fair.

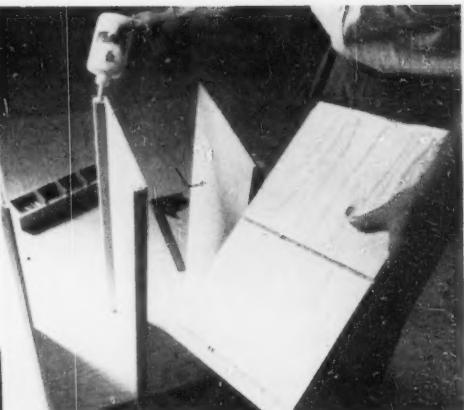
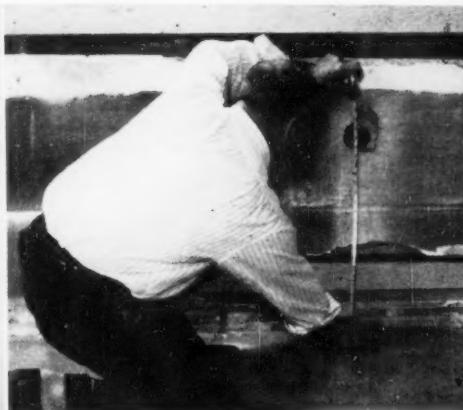
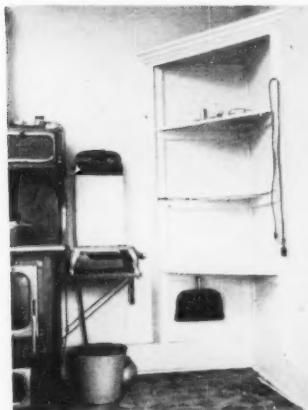
**WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER?** Ad agencies and television, instead of Hollywood, are noisily satirized in Hollywood's rewrite of George Axelrod's Broadway farce. It's a funny show just the same. With Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

**The Admirable Crichton:** Desert-island comedy-drama. Good.  
**An Affair to Remember:** Romance. Fair.  
**Band of Angels:** Drama. Fair.  
**Beau James:** Big comedy-drama. Fair.  
**Brothers in Law:** Comedy. Good.  
**Decision Against Time:** Drama. Good.  
**Dino:** Delinquency drama. Good.  
**Doctor at Large:** Comedy. Good.  
**A Face in the Crowd:** Satire-on-TV drama. Good.  
**Fire Down Below:** Drama. Poor.  
**Funny Face:** Musical. Excellent.  
**Girl in the Kremlin:** Drama. Poor.  
**The Great Man:** Drama. Excellent.  
**Gun Glory:** Western. Fair.  
**The Happy Road:** Comedy. Good.  
**A Hatful of Rain:** Drama. Good.  
**High Tide at Noon:** Drama. Fair.  
**How to Murder a Rich Uncle:** British comedy. Fair.  
**The Incredible Shrinking Man:** Science-fiction thriller. Excellent.  
**Jeanne Eagels:** Big drama. Fair.  
**The Killing:** Crime drama. Excellent.  
**Kronos:** Science fiction. Fair.

**The Little Hut:** Comedy. Poor.  
**The Lonely Man:** Western. Fair.  
**Love in the Afternoon:** Comedy. Good.  
**Man on Fire:** Divorce drama. Fair.  
**The March Hare:** Turf comedy. Fair.  
**The Monte Carlo Story:** Romantic comedy-drama. Fair.  
**Night Passage:** Western. Fair.  
**The Pajama Game:** Musical. Excellent.  
**The Prince and the Showgirl:** British romantic comedy. Good.  
**The Rising of the Moon:** Group of three Irish stories. Fair.  
**Saint Joan:** Historical drama. Fair.  
**Scandal in Sorrento:** Comedy. Fair.  
**The Shiralee:** Adventure and drama in Australia. Excellent.  
**Silk Stockings:** Musical. Good.  
**Stella:** Greek sex-drama. Fair.  
**The Strange One:** Drama. Good.  
**Sweet Smell of Success:** Drama. Good.  
**Tarzan and the Lost Safari:** Jungle adventure in color. Fair.  
**This Could Be the Night:** Romantic-comedy-drama. Good.  
**3:10 to Yuma:** Western. Good.  
**The Unholy Wife:** Melodrama. Poor.

# FIR PLYWOOD



This kitchen was built in 1920. When new owners moved in they planned a bold remodelling project. Ideas were exchanged with a contractor, materials discussed. Fir plywood was chosen because it simplifies construction, lends itself to custom design and is inexpensive.

First, the room was stripped to the walls, and measurements taken. For convenience and economy, most of the new units were prefabricated off the site—

an advantage which fir plywood affords.

The kitchen countertop was sawn from smooth, split-proof, 4' x 8' panels, using a batten as a straight-edge. These light, strong structural panels require less framing and cut construction time.

Fir plywood has excellent nailing properties, so the cabinets were put together with simple nail and glue joints. The frames were made of  $\frac{3}{4}$ " plywood, but for the shelves a thinner 3-ply was used.

## rejuvenates an old kitchen



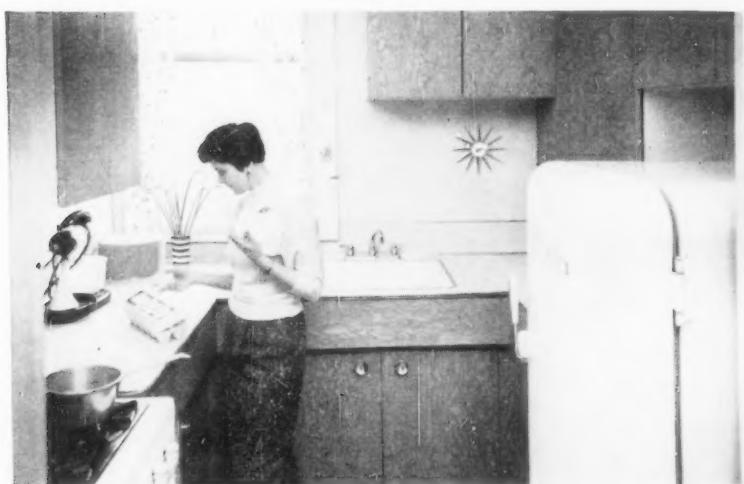
Unevenness in the floor and walls was no problem, because the prefabricated plywood units could be fitted to conform. When the units were assembled in the kitchen, they came out neat and square.

Precise, accurate shapes can be cut from fir plywood. These large discs made the shelves of a lazy Susan, which turned a wasted corner into a valuable cupboard.

The countertop was screwed to the cabinets to form one rigid unit. Warp-resistant, water-proof glue fir plywood makes an ideal base for any type of the popular countertop finishes.

Painting completed the job. Wax paint, stain, varnish take readily to fir plywood's smooth, pre-sanded surface to give a perfect finish.

## ...and increases the value of a home



A new stove and fridge helped matters, but the fir plywood units themselves have created a kitchen that is pleasant and efficient. It's a small kitchen, but every inch is utilized. The fir plywood is a genuine decorative element, the grain forming an attractive contrast to the other surfaces.

Many Canadians are finding the money to remodel through low-cost NHA Home Improvement Loans. Last year, 55,000 home-owners borrowed \$32,000,000. Average loan was \$580, but you can borrow up to \$4,000 with ten years to repay. Most money was spent on remodelling, structural alterations and building extra rooms . . . all jobs well-suited to fir plywood. You can use it for roofing, sheathing, flooring, partitions, panels, screens and fences, cabinets, built-ins and many other improvement jobs. So consider fir plywood's advantages when you discuss your plans with an architect or contractor . . . then see your local bank manager about a loan. You'll find modernizing an old home is an exciting undertaking . . . and a wise investment.

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*It's an Allenby's product.*



**The dance of the bells** continued from page 20

### Lights danced, people laughed and Osu watched with lonely hunger

fighting mad just thinking about it. "Well, that's how I feel," Osu said and looked away, the sadness settling on him.

But Mrs. Oliphant's temper was dissipated as quickly as it came.

"Ach! To the devil with them!" she said. "It doesn't make a wink of difference what they think. It's what you think that counts. They're just ignorant," she said and Osu nodded.

Mrs. Oliphant didn't notice color.

"Come on in!" she yelled at the top of her voice the first time he had met her. He had gone to her house for dinner with another Nigerian student. Mrs. Oliphant often invited students from the university to her home and she made a point of inviting students from foreign lands.

When Osu appeared, warm and sweating in his dark-blue suit, his tie and collar done up neatly, she roared at him from her prone position in the back yard.

"Go and take your clothes off and come out and get a sun tan!" she shouted.

Then, startled, and laughing at what she had said, she hooted, "Omigawd!" and Osu, shy, had smiled uncertainly. Half a dozen young people of all colors surrounded Mrs. Oliphant. They all laughed too. They were dressed in shorts or bathing suits or halters, soaking up the sun in Mrs. Oliphant's back yard.

The idea of Osu, black as the veritable ace of spades, getting a sun tan tickled Mrs. Oliphant and she laughed merrily, with no offense meant whatever, and Osu joined in the laughter. In that moment his awkwardness and loneliness were bridged and he took off his shirt and stretched out in the sun, his glasses striking off lights from the sun, giving him a blinking-owl look, as if he had just come in from the night to the day.

"We're reading poetry," Mrs. Oliphant said. "I listen to this! This one is a lulu!" And she read, her laughter chortling up, her eyes filling with tears of laughter till finally she laughed so hard she held her stomach and lay weakly on the grass.

The poem was sad and sentimental and secretly Osu thought it was rather beautiful, but Mrs. Oliphant nearly rolled on the grass with laughter. Her laughter blew away some of his perpetual anxiety. She was like some gay clown, with her white hair all windblown and her aging but firm skin, tanned to a deep brown, making her strangely young and childlike. She wore a sunsuit she had bought in Hawaii, she said. It was gaudily bright and kind of crazy. But Mrs. Oliphant could wear things like that. They suited her. She laughed like a man, hearty and throaty.

It was a wonderful afternoon and Osu relaxed in the sun for the first time in months. He felt vaguely guilty about it as if he shouldn't be enjoying himself so much with these thoughtless young people.

*While there is a soul in prison I am not free*, he reminded himself. Somewhere Osu had read this. It was true of him, he thought. All these young people were members of the capitalist class, all young people who didn't worry their heads about the downtrodden, especially in Nigeria.

For all Mrs. Oliphant's hearty ways and wild talk, she was a good woman. She was really something like his own

mother, he thought, with high ideals and a real love for people. She understood when he poured out his feelings. She even understood when he timidly confessed his yearning to help free his people.

"But have a heart man," Mrs. Oliphant said. "You can't straighten out Nigeria, let alone the world, in a week. Jesus was pretty good at it and even He hasn't succeeded yet. Don't worry so much. Don't fret about it." He was just confused, she said.

For Osu, when he talked about it, got into an almost dreamlike state, and his voice, never strong, fell to a whisper. He couldn't find the words to express what he felt, the longing to right injustice, the longing for brotherhood. But Mrs. Oliphant didn't laugh. She understood.

"For heaven's sake, lad," she said, "you're making yourself sick. Put it all out of your head for a bit. Forget everything and get away from those books. Get your feet on the ground. Be more—physical—" Mrs. Oliphant groped for a word.

Maybe she is right, Osu thought, and here he was, determined to carry out Mrs. Oliphant's advice.

**T**HE fair ground was dark when he arrived, and its myriad lights and cacophony of sound were exciting. He stood, blinking behind his glasses, and looked around him.

"Go where there is some life, some movement," Mrs. Oliphant had said, and there was plenty of life and movement here.

Throngs of people moved and jostled each other, talked and laughed and stood in groups to watch the people who stood on platforms in front of tents and shouted about the show inside. Girls, with painted faces and long blond hair or long black hair, stood draped in brilliant blue cloaks streaked with silver and looked with unseeing eyes at the crowd.

Osu shuddered.

A man, wearing a canvas apron and a battered hat, held two big balloons and called, "Last chance to get your giant balloon! Absolutely unbreakable! Only way you can break 'em is with a pin!"

And Osu watched as a father bought a balloon for his excited small son. There was a loud "pop" and the balloon man muttered angrily, "Some smart alec with a lighted cigarette," Osu smiled.

Children, holding balls of cotton candy and candied apples and monkeys on a stick and balloons and windmills on a stick, surged past, laughing, on their way to the bumper cars or the pony rides.

Behind the counters of little open boxes stood blondes wearing canvas aprons. They held wooden balls out to him with tanned veined hands glistening with rings and called in raucous voices, "Everybody wins! Everybody gets a prize!" He did not think he would play any games. Gambling was wrong.

Osu stood and watched the crowd for a long moment with a kind of lonely hunger. He wanted to join them. He wanted to plunge into their midst, into the sights and the sounds and be caught up in it. He wanted to enjoy himself as they seemed to be enjoying themselves. Loudspeakers blared and shouted the at-

## JASPER

By Simpkins



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tractions to be seen; voices everywhere shouted, to win a prize, to see, to hear, to hurry, to play a game, to eat, to win a kewpie doll, to see The Flame of Trinidad, the dancing girls, the fat lady, the midgets.

It was very lively, very noisy, certainly very physical, Osu thought. Mrs. Oiphant would be pleased with him if she could see him now. Not serious, not brooding or talking about isms for his country, but a part of a great uncaring crowd of people, thinking only of having a good time, thinking only of himself.

"It is true, my education has been neglected. I know nothing of—life—" he had told Mrs. Oiphant, and he confided to her his feelings about love.

They were very sacred feelings and Mrs. Oiphant had looked at him quizzically for a moment under knit brows and shook her head as if she was worried.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk," she said. "It's very nice to *feel* that way, but one has to—accept the world, after all. The world is here. One cannot whisk it away. One has to live in the world." For a moment Mrs. Oiphant's face took on a small sadness. She shrugged and smiled, but she did not say anything about love.

"You need to meet some girls, that's a fact!" Mrs. Oiphant announced then. And Osu, on the fair ground, felt that almost anything might happen.

I am change my tactek, he told himself. No longer am I to be shy. I will do as Mrs. Oolephant say, for she is a very wise lady, much like my mother.

As he walked slowly about the midway, his brown eyes shining with the sights he saw, Osu's heart lightened and for the first time the tight feeling, the sadness, the heavy burden of pain he habitually felt about injustice and the fight for brotherhood began to slowly lift. He smiled, experimentally. I am too sad, too solemn. She is right! he said to himself, and he smiled at the happy carefree throng and no longer looked on them sadly with bitterness.

**T**HE girl on the platform was beautiful. Her skin was the color of coffee beans and smooth and warm, with golden lights in it. Her costume was scant and suggested the Orient. Little bangles tinkled around her ankles and her wrists and her small brown hands clutched a silken shawl that covered her breasts. But the shawl thrust out, rounded, voluptuous, and one knew when the small hands removed it she would be beautiful. Her body was vital and sinuous. Her small head was held proudly, on a slim brown neck and her hair towered above her head in the style of Africa before the white man. Her eyes were ringed with black and her lashes swept her cheeks. When she looked up she did not look at the crowd of people, but rather through them and around them and over them, as if they were not there. Her face was secretive and her black eyes were stormy.

She was very beautiful and as he watched, she moved, graceful on the soles of bare feet, toward the steps of the bally stand and disappeared, to the accompaniment of little tinkling bells.

Oh! She was very beautiful! Of course, she was not the sort of a girl he could marry. She was a carnival girl and his mother would never approve of such a girl. But Oh whew! Whew! She was beautiful! Her skin. The way those little bells tinkled. It was very fascinating, indeed it was.

Osu was pressed tight in the crowd of humanity, mostly men, as he struggled up the steps into the tent. A man at a turnstile looked frantically right and left as he checked tickets, took them and

tore them in half and allowed people through the little moving gate, one at a time. The men jostled and pushed in their eagerness to enter the tent. Then, down some more steps and there was a large tent, its doorway gaping open to reveal row upon row of benches, painted blue and at the far end, a stage, with a shabby curtain. An electric organ was playing, something fast and rhythmic, and Osu's heart beat faster.

With a crowd of hurrying, jostling young men he went forward and found a seat in the front row, almost directly under the stage. He would be able to see the girl with the bells from here very well.

It was very gay and the young men pressed close on both sides of Osu on the seat and laughed and cracked jokes and whistled. Osu looked at them and then back to the stage, where brown girls were gyrating madly to rhumba music. Feathers, all colors of the rainbow, attached to the rear of their costumes, shook madly as they danced, and one small muscled girl, all shining teeth and black eyes and flailing arms and legs, came forward and was greeted with a roaring shout by the crowd.

It was like the roar of the sea. She bent down, her hips swaying and her mouth laughing, her eyes laughing. Faster and faster went the music and faster and faster the dancer rolled and gyrated her hips and louder and louder the men screamed, until the throbbing drum, the screaming sounds in the tent and the madly wiggling girl on the stage were all welded into one gigantic pulse. The whole tent breathed as one animal and the white teeth of the black people on the stage shone in the colored lights—shone and laughed with a kind of triumphant glee.

Cymbals crashed and the young men in the front row leaned forward and screamed, "Yeah!" and "Go!" and "Man!" and the girl, still dancing savagely, began to shout and the men shouted with her. The excitement mounted and Osu, vaguely embarrassed, watched the small thin body of the girl and wondered. She must be a very bad girl, he thought, very very bad. But, she could dance! Whew! could she dance! And despite his misgivings, he felt happy and excited.

It is good to come down out of the clouds and be physical. Mrs. Oiphant said so, he told himself, and watched, fascinated.

There was a pause then and a man went through the aisle in the tent, selling booklets and shouting to the people how they could get wrist watches and pens and pencils absolutely free if they would buy a booklet. Osu listened. He wondered where the beautiful girl with the bells was and if she would make an appearance soon. If she did, would he have enough courage to smile at her?

I will smile at her, he thought. I will smile at her and I will even speak to her if I get the opportunity.

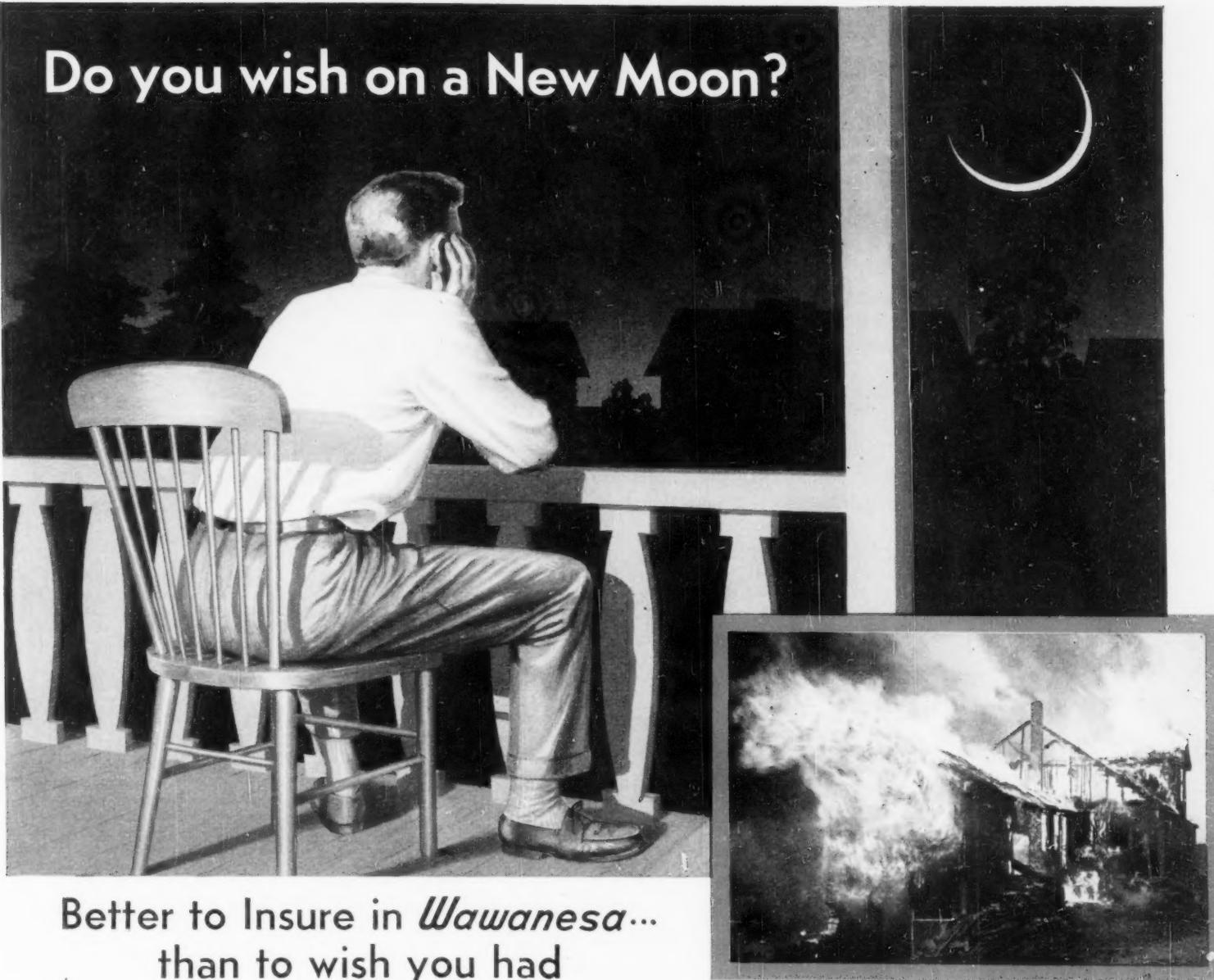
He bought a program and quickly thumbed through it, looking for a picture of the girl with the bells.

There she was, Orizana, it said. Her name was Orizana.

Orizana. It suited her. It sounded kind of Mexican, kind of tumultuous and exciting and it suited her. Orizana. What a pretty name. She would, the program said, do the Dance of the Bells, and Osu waited with a great impatience to see her.

Then a stout black man came out of stage and made the announcement. Every he was quieter than before and hushed his voice as if the announcement he made was an important one and the

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was a reshuffling on stage of musicians and dancers and the lights went down very low.

A curtain in the back of the musicians parted slowly, lifting itself up at the corners as if picked by invisible hands, and in a reddish glow was a figure.

It was the girl of the bells.

She had changed into some kind of a diaphanous yellow-and-white garment and it drifted around her like clouds, as she stood, barely moving, in the centre of the stage and waited for the applause to subside. Her skin shone golden in the lights of the stage and her hair was a proud tower of blue-black ivory. Her brows were blackbird wings, so black, so straight, so intense a curve that they gave her eyes a look of pain, and her face had a small suggestion of pain as if the music and the lights and the mood were too much and she could not quite bear it.

Very slowly she moved forward, the little hands like birds, fluttering about her head and her breasts and her hips, and in the distance, small bells tinkled and blew small sweet notes. Then Osu realized the bells were on her body and as she got closer and he kept his eyes, unmoving as an owl's, on her willowy figure, he saws the bells.

Her hips, rounded, golden brown and satin smooth, were encased in a single girdle of gold, a girdle so thin and so small it had the thickness of a wire hoop that goes around a wooden barrel.

The little bells, so small, all colors, were the size of the bells on a child's play harness or the little bells sometimes seen at Christmas and tinkled for charity's sake. But they were daintier, and their music was sweet. Golden bells, blue, a faint pink, green, and silver, they tinkled softly, slowly as she moved.

Osu swallowed and clutched his program tighter. Orizana moved toward the footlights and now she was directly above him and he looked up. She was a bronze goddess and his feeling for her was worshipful. Her proud look was contemptuous, even angry, and she looked as if she might spit or claw to show her displeasure. Nobody would want to displease her the way she looked now.

Then she stood a moment, not moving, and all the bells were stilled and in the tent there was only the breathing of the men and the soft muted conversation of a pink palm on a drumhead. Even the drum's voice was soft now, as if it were waiting too. And Orizana smiled slowly suddenly, as if her mood had changed, and lifted one of the winged eyebrows and looked directly at Osu.

His heart beat loudly. And as she looked at him, her eyes catching fire and mischievous now, her mouth faintly smiling and open, her round hips and buttocks moved slowly out in an arc and

the bells began to tinkle again, first one at a time, and then all together. She moved so slowly that she scarcely seemed to move and if it weren't for the bells, tinkling faintly, Osu could not have been sure she moved at all.

Her body described an arc and her eyes closed and she looked away from him and into the eyes of another in the front row. Osu was upset. He did not want her to look with that smile into the eyes of the other men. She had looked directly at him and she had smiled and he had blinked, looking up at the beautiful face, and his heart had thumped, hearing the tinkling of the bells.

Whew! She was beautiful! And the dance of the bells was a very beautiful dance!

Osu put a hand to the tight woollen cap that was his hair and thought of his appearance. Small he was, and daintily built, with hands and wrists of the delicacy of a girl's. He was immaculately, even richly dressed, but he was not a man to excite admiration from women.

He was conscious of himself as never before. He seemed to have a new identity. The world of Orizana was beautiful and exciting and he was glad now he had come to the carnival and had determined to come out of the clouds and "be more physical." Mrs. Oliphant was right. There were other things in the world besides causes and the brotherhood of man. There was beauty—and love. He had never seen a girl like Orizana before.

THEN the show was over and the crowd began to move slowly out. Osu remained in his seat. He looked around him as all the excitement of the performance ended suddenly and the heat of the day that still remained in the tent settled on him. He was warm, and so thirsty. He would get a drink. But first he would find Orizana and speak to her. He would tell her how much he enjoyed her performance and how beautiful she was. His heart beat quickly at the thought, and before he could change his mind he was up and had darted under the canvas doorway that led to the back of the stage. No one tried to stop him. No one knew who he was and he walked so directly and with such authority that perhaps they thought he belonged with the show.

There were a great many people backstage, walking back and forth, on the floor of fresh wood shavings, carrying costumes and musical instruments, smoking and eating and talking together. Osu stood uncertainly looking at them, his eyes searching for Orizana.

"Where would—I find Orizana—please?" he asked politely of a stout white man in a soiled shirt and a wrinkled Panama suit.

The stout white man pointed without speaking and Osu, following his pointing finger, walked with a beating heart out

# TOURAIN...

## the new hand-made look in broadloom by Harding

Touraine is a single-toned broadloom, textured with heavy 3-ply all wool yarn to give a hand-made effect, at home with traditional or modern...resists crushing and shading, retains its resilience and deep, rich beauty through years of happy use.

For all this comfort and beauty the price is modest...and there's no need to wait, with a Budget Plan for buying available through Harding dealers. See Touraine...and the many other modern-living broadlooms from Harding...with quality and value built right in.

Send 10¢ for Harding's booklet  
"Care of Your Carpets and Rugs".

it pays to  
plan with **Harding**

LOOMED BY CANADIAN CRAFTSMEN AT HARDING CARPETS LIMITED, BRANTFORD, ONTARIO. ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF HARDING YARNS FOR FINE HAND KNITTING

SIX MODERN-LIVING SHADES IN TOURAIN  
ALL CHOSEN BY LEADING DECORATORS





## What a DIFFERENCE with a **HOOVER POLISHER**

Try it. You can even *feel* the difference as the Hoover Polisher glides along. No annoying bounce, no wandering. Floors take on new sparkle with far less work. Compare Hoover too, with other polishers: Headlamp . . . ease of control . . . furniture guard . . . triple-purpose brushes that wax, clean and polish. These are the features that make Hoover tops in value and performance!



**HOOVER**  
IT CLEANS  
IT WAXES  
IT POLISHES

"It is very nice to kiss, no?" she said. Brown arms twined around Osu's neck, and he was lost

the back of the tent and found himself among the guy ropes and stakes of the tents in the dark and quiet velvet night of the summer.

A smaller tent was pitched there and from the doorway he saw a light and, through the canvas, a figure moving. He bent down and for want of somewhere to knock, called out. "Can you tell me please . . . ?"

It was Orizana who stood looking at him, her face expressionless. She was wrapped in a dark-brown coat or kimono and on her head, around the blue-black crown of hair, she still wore the silver bands that had glittered in the lights of the stage. Sparkling earrings shone beside her golden cheeks and her eyes, darker than the night, shone brighter than the earrings.

"What do you want?" she asked and her voice was not sharp.

"My name is Osu—Osu Epe Otsuola," Osu said politely. "I am a student here at the university. I—I am from Nigeria. I—have seen you dance—and—I wish to—compliment you. You are—very—beautiful."

She smiled and her eyebrows went up, as if in a little surprise. Her eyes looked him up and down from the soles of his good brown shoes to his flowing striped tie, his shining earnest face, rather handsome now in its pleasure and happiness.

"Osu," she said. "That's a funny name. And you are from Nigeria? My name is Orizana. I am named for a volcano."

"Osu is a very common name in Kaduna, where I am from," said Osu, and smiled uncertainly. He could not think of anything else to say.

"I—will not keep you," he said, shy now and realizing his boldness at entering the tent and speaking to her.

"It's all right," she said. "Sit down. Have a cigarette. I'll be changed in a minute."

Osu, who did not smoke, sat down and waited nervously while she changed behind a screen.

"You liked the show, eh?" she called from behind the screen, and Osu nodded, forgetting she could not see him.

"What's the matter? Cat got your tongue, Osu?" she called.

"Oh! What! Oh no! Yes, I said, yes, I liked the show very much. You—it is a—very wonderful dance."

He heard her laughter behind the screen.

"I'll be out in a moment," she called and then she reappeared, dressed now in a form-fitting street dress. She was as beautiful as before and he was conscious, as she moved to the door of the tent before him, that there were no bells tinkling.

"Take this, will you?" she asked and handed him a small case, which held, she said, her costumes "and my pretty bells. Did you like my bells?"

Osu nodded, wordless. He took the case from her.

"Would you—I would—be very happy if I could escort you—home," he said, and felt pleased and relieved at her answer.

"You would, eh?" she teased and smiled then, a broad smile that might turn into a laugh at any moment, and she looked up at him with her black eyes looking right through him so that suddenly he wanted to look away.

She took his arm then and they walked away together. Orizana was living in a room, she said. It was cheaper than a

hotel and very nice. Very clean and nice, she said. "You come up. We'll have a drink," she offered, and Osu, letting himself be carried along now by the events and not thinking, just letting the new feeling of excitement and freedom course through him, nodded.

**T**HE room was a small bedroom, furnished with a bed and a dresser and one chair, and in the corner an open wardrobe spilled out Orizana's bright clothes. The light from the street streamed in the window and the night sounds from the street soared up to the room.

He had never had a drink before, but he took the drink eagerly. His hands were shaking and there was fear in his throat and in his stomach. The whisky scalded his throat and warmed his stomach and gave him courage. She leaned forward and kissed him and he became lost and dissipated into a million tiny fragments of light, and then she laughed and threw back her head and walked away from him, across the room.

He worried.

Whew! She was beautiful! But . . . "It is very nice to kiss, no?" she said, and moved toward him again, her hands on his chest, her lips drawing closer. The brown arms twined around his neck. Gently she removed his glasses and gently, tenderly, she kissed him on his eyes, on his nose, his cheeks, his lips.

Ah whew! She is so beautiful. She is too much for me. His heart beat a tattoo and he held her tightly in his arms and kissed her hard on the mouth.

Orizana held him at arm's length then and looked into his face.

"My little babee," she said tenderly and opened her arms wide. Osu looked away.

"You—don't understand," he said. How could he explain to her? It would not be right.

"You see—you see—" he stumbled. She was so beautiful and so exciting. He did not want to hurt her feelings.

"You—are not—are not—the kind of girl I could take home to my mother. I could never marry you."

"Marry? What is the matter with you, babee? Who's talking about marriage? What's the matter? Don't you like me?"

She pouted prettily at him and coaxed him to kiss her, begging him to tell her what was the matter.

"Don't cry, sweet babee, I will comfort you," she said and held him in her arms and rocked him.

"I could not take you—home to my mother," Osu repeated.

"But don't you like me?" she asked again, puzzled. "I will make you like me, babee," she said and she ran to the chair and opened her case and took out the little silver bells on the thin wire hoop.

"Look, babee, I will dance for you," she said. And she dressed herself in the thin wire hoop with the little bells.

"Just for you, babee, I will dance," she said and she leaped into the middle of the room, exultant and proud, and her eyes flashed and her mouth curved in a smile.

"Listen, babee!" she said. "Listen! I will dance for you!"

And Osu lay, with his face to the wall, and cried, as the little bells, all golden, and silver and blue and green and red, tinkled their sweet music, first one at a time, and then all together. ★



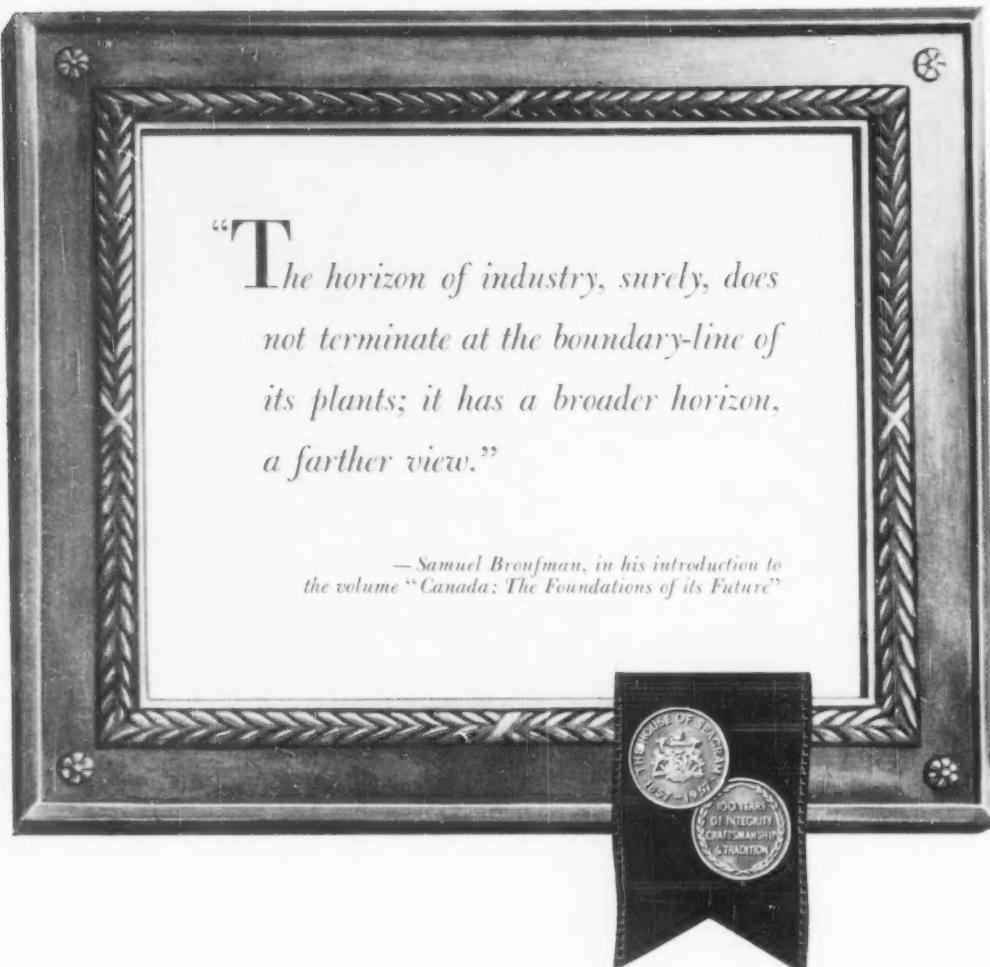
ON THE OCCASION OF ITS

*100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary*

THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM ONCE AGAIN  
IS PROUD TO REAFFIRM ITS FAITH IN  
THE STATURE OF ALL THINGS CANADIAN

“*The horizon of industry, surely, does not terminate at the boundary-line of its plants; it has a broader horizon, a farther view.*”

—Samuel Bronfman, in his introduction to the volume “*Canada: The Foundations of its Future*”



## FROM WATERLOO, ONTARIO, TO WORLD LEADERSHIP

1857-1957



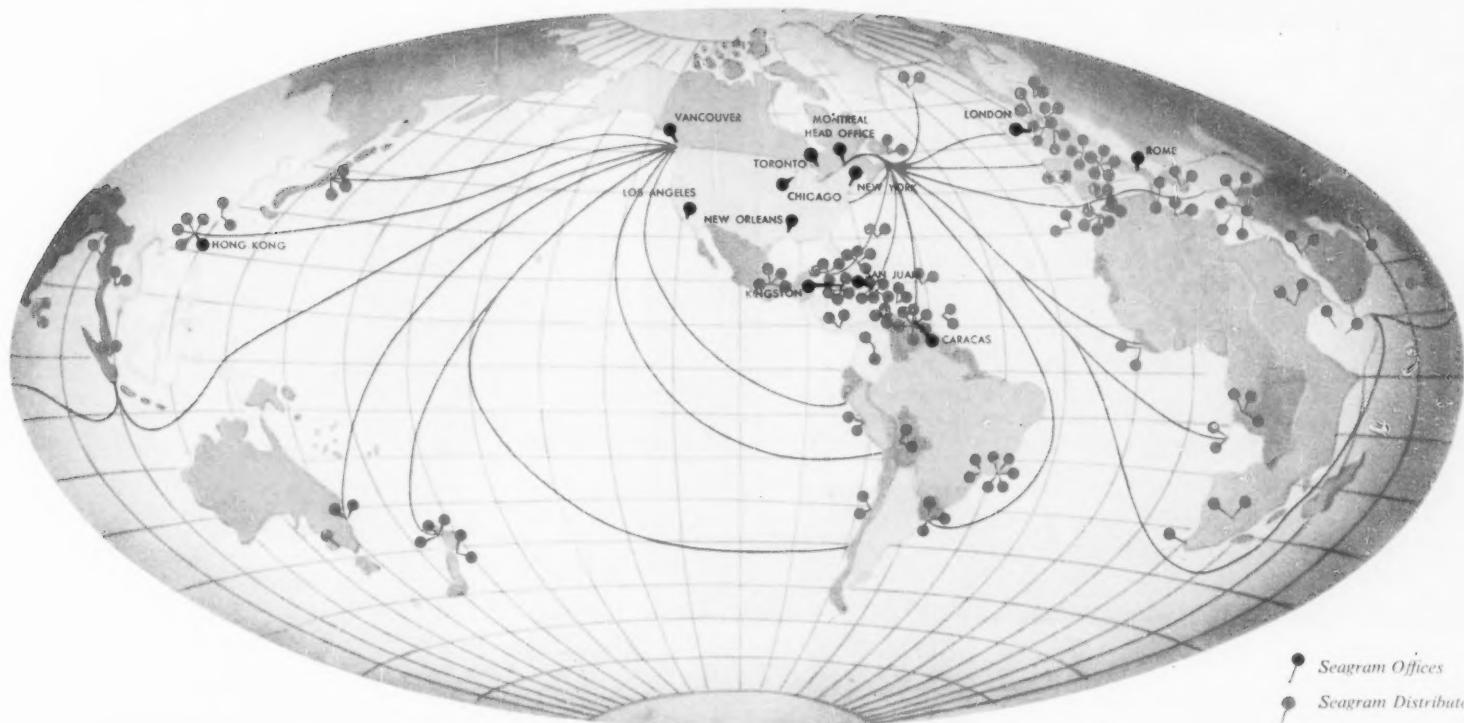
ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, in a little grist mill in the Ontario village of Waterloo, The House of Seagram was born. Today, this Canadian company is the world's largest distiller. From a modest beginning, ten years before Confed-

eration, Joseph E. Seagram's small Ontario grist mill has grown into a company with world-wide operations and a world-community of subsidiaries and distributors, a company whose tremendous development is one of the truly great romances in the history of Canadian enterprise.

Waterloo is now a thriving city and the company's original location is now a greatly-expanded, highly-productive plant. However, it is no

longer the only Seagram distillery; today, in addition to six distilleries in Canada, there are more than twice that number in the United States, and still others in Scotland, Jamaica and Puerto Rico.

Today, this Canadian company has an investment in plants and inventories of over \$300 million outside of Canada. And, Seagram sales outside of Canada exceed \$700 million, well over 90 per cent of the company's total volume.



● Seagram Offices  
● Seagram Distributors\*

**151 DISTRIBUTORS IN 114 COUNTRIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD** — Aden, Antigua, Argentina, Aruba, Australia, Austria, Bahamas, Bahrain, Barbados, Belgian Congo, Belgium, Bermuda, Bolivia, Borneo, Brazil, British Guiana, British Honduras, Burma, Ceylon, Chile, China, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Curaçao, Cyprus, Denmark, Dominica, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Egypt, Eritrea, Ethiopia, Fiji, Finland, Formosa, France, French Equatorial Africa, French Morocco, Germany, Gibraltar, Greece, Grenada, Guam, Guatemala, Haiti, Holland, Honduras, Hong Kong, Iceland, India, Indonesia, Iran, Iraq, Ireland, Israel, Italy, Jamaica, Japan,

Kenya, Kuwait, Laos, Lebanon, Liberia, Libya, Luxembourg, Madeira, Malaya, Malta, Mauritius, Montserrat, Mexico, New Caledonia, New Hebrides, New Zealand, Nicaragua, Northern and Southern Rhodesia, Norway, Nyasaland, Panama, Pakistan, Papua, Peru, Philippines, Portugal, Portuguese East Africa, Portuguese West Africa, Puerto Rico, Salvador, Samoa, Saudi Arabia, South Africa, Spain, St. Kitts, St. Lucia, St. Maarten, St. Vincent, Sudan, Surinam, Sweden, Switzerland, Syria, Tanganyika, Tangier and Spanish Morocco, Thailand, Tonga, Transjordan, Trinidad, Uganda, United Kingdom, Uruguay, Venezuela, Virgin Islands, Zanzibar.

\* In addition to the above, there are 161 Seagram distributors in the United States of America.



HEAD OFFICE  
1430 Peel Street, Montreal

Over the past quarter-century, in addition to becoming the established leader of its industry in Canada, Seagram has won a commanding lead in the vast United States market. From Canada, Seagram products are exported to 114 countries. In fact, of all whiskies exported throughout the world from any country, more Seagram's V.O. is sold than any other brand.

The famed Seagram tradition of quality and determination to make whiskies finer have resulted in this position of unchallenged leader-

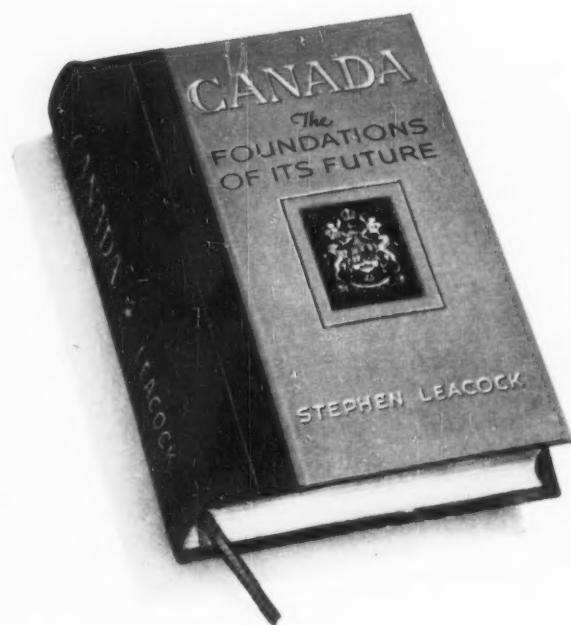
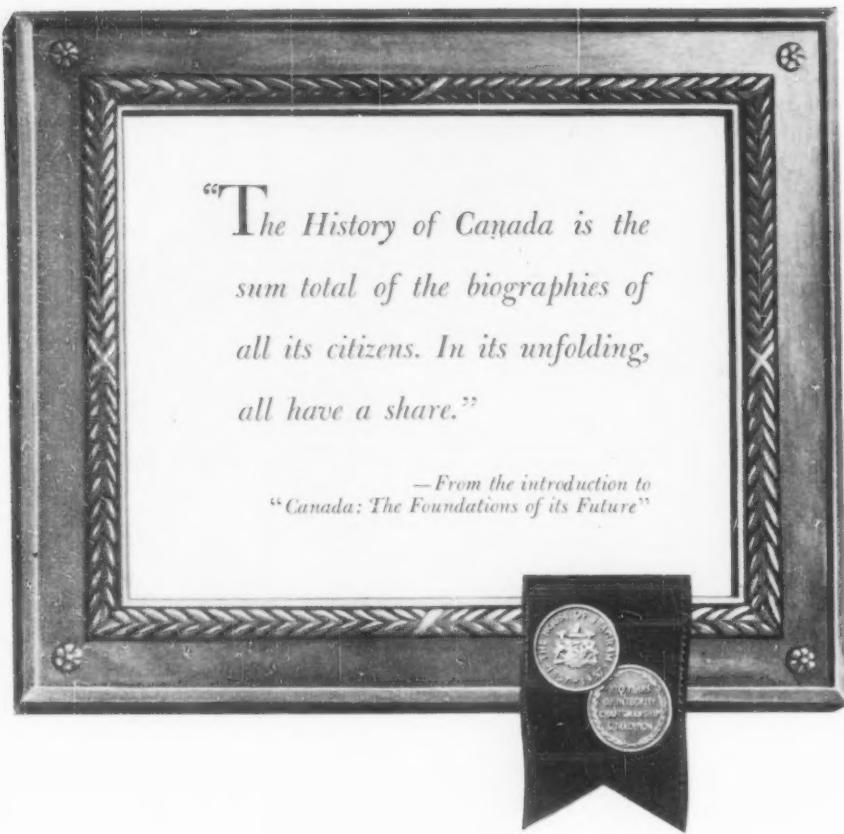
ship. It is a matter of pride to every employee that this eminence has been achieved by a company completely Canadian in origin . . . that within a century a Canadian-owned company has grown to be the world's largest distiller . . . and that the term "Canadian Whisky", featured through the years by Seagram, is today honoured the world over.

Indeed, The House of Seagram is proud to be Canadian. Nearly 80% of its shareholders live in all the Provinces of Canada.

*On the following pages are reviewed some of Seagram's efforts over the years to express this pride and faith in all things Canadian.*



375 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK. The new House of Seagram building is the world's first bronze skyscraper. Towering 38 stories high, it stands as a fitting symbol of Canada's growing prestige.



## "CANADA: THE FOUNDATIONS OF ITS FUTURE"

Written by Stephen Leacock and Published by The House of Seagram

*"That The House of Seagram issued Professor Leacock's history of our country is the result of an appreciation of the timeliness of the subject, and of a consciousness of the wider civic interests of industry. For Canadian business, it seems to us, is not merely availing itself of a privilege, but is also fulfilling a duty, when it lifts its eyes from the narrow confines of its 'powers' as described in its charters, to regard the wider panorama of that country to which it contributes its record of achievement."*

THESE WORDS, from the book's introduction, were written

in 1941, when this volume was published. They were written in the sincere hope that this endeavour would fill the existing need for a comprehensive history of Canada. Thus motivated, The House of Seagram commissioned the writing of this work and has distributed it to Canadians from coast to coast and to people abroad.

While the book pays tribute to the forerunners of Canadian history, it suggests a farther view: that we

can best appreciate our heritage by reflecting on our history; that we can best understand the present in the light of the past, and in the same light realize the measure of our duty and obligation towards the future of this great land.

The House of Seagram is proud to have initiated this project. The book's success over the years in broadening the appreciation of Canada and Canadian achievements is indeed reward in itself.



# Seagram TELLS THE WORLD ABOUT CANADA

THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM has always believed that, in addition to promoting its own products in foreign markets, promoting the sale of *all* Canadian products is in the best interests of every Canadian; indeed, in the best interests of the company itself... for, without doubt, the more the peoples of other lands know about our country and its wealth of resources, the greater will be their interest in Canada and in every Canadian product.

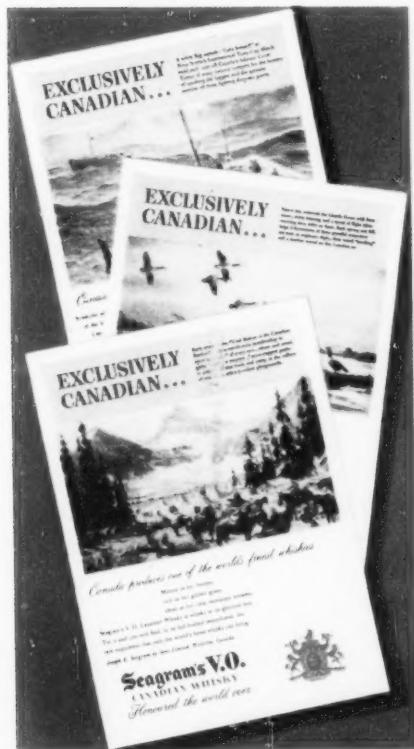
Over the years, through its adver-

tising abroad, The House of Seagram has continually told the people of other lands not only about Seagram products but also about our country, her traditions and customs and her many distinctively Canadian products.

This Seagram advertising is published in magazines and newspapers printed in many languages, and is circulated throughout the world—in Latin America, Asia, Europe and Africa. Not only do such advertisements help make Canada better known throughout the world, they

also assist our Government's efforts to attract tourists and trade to this great land; and by helping to acquaint the peoples of other countries with the prestige and quality of Canadian products, serve to help all Canadian industries.

Through these full-colour worldwide advertising campaigns, The House of Seagram helps unfold the story of the Canadian people and their use of the rich and varied natural resources of this favoured land... an inspiring narrative of our great and growing nation.



**"EXCLUSIVELY CANADIAN"** This series of advertisements featured distinctively Canadian scenes, customs and traditions such as Ice Hockey, International Tuna Cup Matches and Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies.



**"CANADA PRODUCES"** In addition to promoting its own product, The House of Seagram publicized abroad many other fine Canadian products, such as aluminum, gold, nickel, pulp and paper, radium, furs and wheat.



**"CLEAN TASTE"** These Seagram advertisements featured Canadian food specialties and were designed to help attract tourists to this great land. Reproduced in full colour, they captured the attention of readers the world over.



Among the notables present at the inauguration in Ottawa of the International Tour of the Seagram Collection were: A. Y. Jackson, C.M.G., LL.D.; the late B. K. Sandwell; Robert W. Pilot, then President of the Royal Canadian Academy; Samuel Bronfman, President of Distillers Corporation-Seagrams Limited, and A. J. Casson, R.C.A., O.S.A.



## *The Seagram Collection of Paintings*

### CANADIAN AMBASSADORS OF GOODWILL

**I**N 1953, A UNIQUE COLLECTION of 56 paintings of 26 Canadian cities took to the air for an unprecedented 30,000-mile international goodwill tour.

Painted especially for The House of Seagram by Canada's distinguished artists, these original canvases were on an unusual mission—to earn increased friendliness and understanding for Canada.

First stop was San Juan. Then came Havana, Mexico City, Caracas, Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo, Buenos Aires, Montevideo. Then

on to Rome, London, Paris, Geneva, Stockholm, The Hague, Madrid and a visit to the Canadian Armed Forces in Soest, West Germany. Across two continents they flew, these ambassadors of goodwill, to fifteen countries where they were exhibited at brilliant previews attended by governmental, industrial and cultural leaders . . . and where they were enjoyed by more than 250,000 people at one-to-two-week public showings which earned headline news for Canada.

And accompanying this airborne art gallery were 48-page, full-colour

booklets printed in five languages, containing reproductions of the paintings. Hundreds of thousands of these booklets were taken home by people who visited the exhibition.

Thus, once again, The House of Seagram told the story of Canada abroad—told it as perhaps no other living nation's story has ever been told . . . told only as art, the universal language, *can tell it . . .* and told by private enterprise in a manner that has never before been attempted by any industrial organization anywhere.



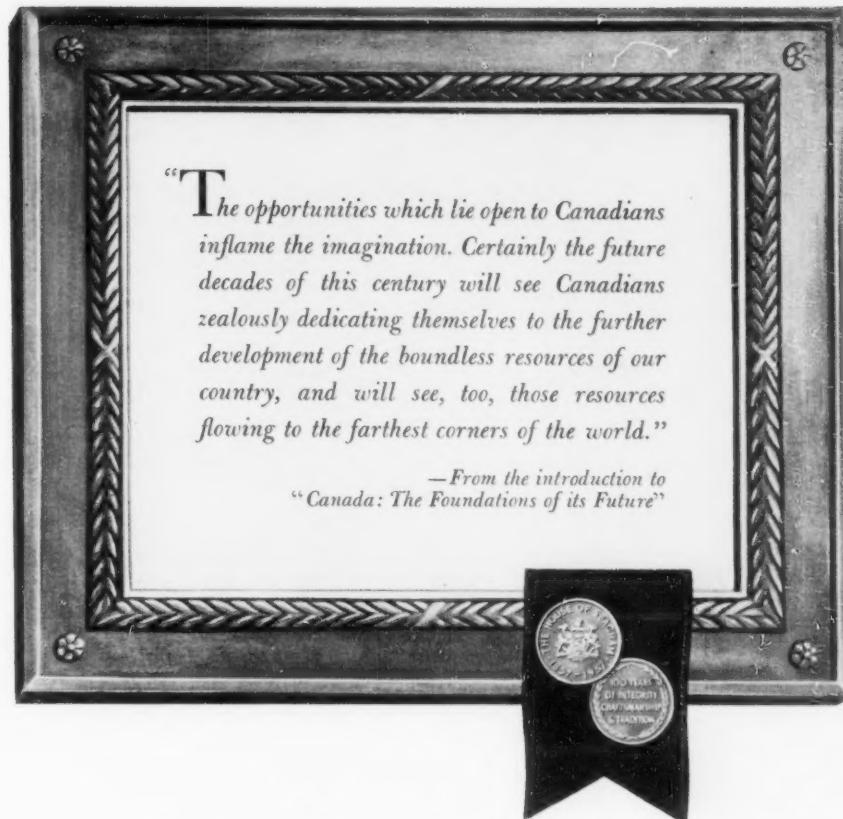
Montreal



Toronto



Vancouver



## EACH YEAR SEAGRAM PUBLISHES A STUDY OF CANADA'S SIGNIFICANCE TO THE WORLD

EACH YEAR The House of Seagram supplements its Annual Report with an illustrated study in full colour of some significant development or some new aspect of Canada's rapidly-expanding horizon. These commentaries highlight the important role Canada is playing in the world today.

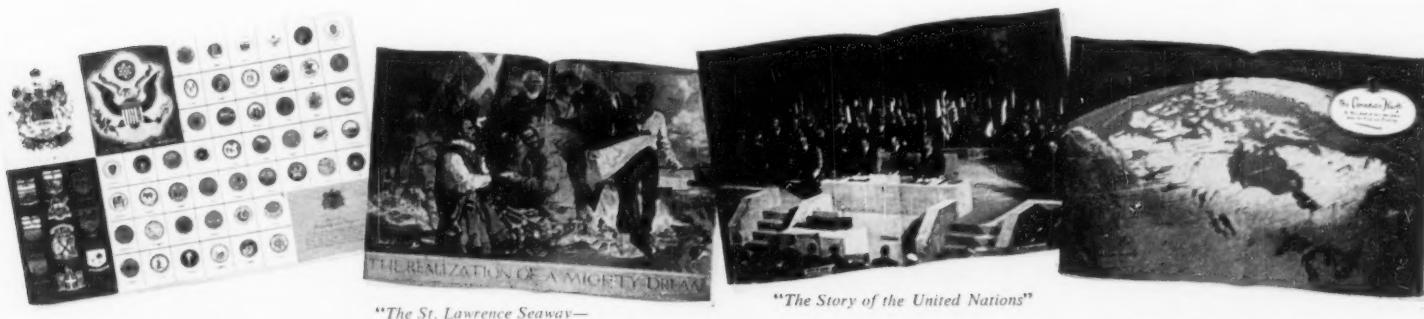
These supplements are widely dis-

tributed—not only to shareholders but also, in reprint form, to other Canadians and people prominent in the fields of government, education and industry in the United States of America and in many parts of the world.

Like every Seagram endeavour, these Annual Reports embrace the "farther view," and are designed to reflect not only the

activities of the company but of Canadians as a whole.

Proud as it is to be the world's largest distiller, The House of Seagram is prouder still of its dedication to its belief that "*The horizon of industry does not terminate at the boundary-line of its plants; it has a broader horizon, a farther view—a view dedicated to the development of Canada's stature in every land of the globe.*"



"Canada and the U.S.—  
Partners in World Affairs"

"The St. Lawrence Seaway—  
The Realization of a Mighty Dream"

"The Story of the United Nations"

"The Awakening North"

“They are high objectives which the future holds for Canada. To encompass them the vision of the early pioneers must be with us still, for where there is no vision, the people perish. We must work together in harmonious unison, each making his own contribution to the completed achievement which is the Canadian mosaic.”

—Samuel Bronfman, in  
his introduction to the volume  
“Canada: The Foundations of its Future”

*Samuel Bronfman*



The House of Seagram

My most memorable meal: No. 30

Eva-Lis Wuorio

tells about



## Smorgasbord and black magic

I could write a series on memorable meals—my weight attests to that—but I recalled this particular one because we've been exorcising a witch in the Spanish village where I live.

It happened some years ago. I was coming south from Finland to Holland en route to France. The dog, the car and I had boarded a little Finnish boat in the town of Kotka. We made a good enough crossing in the Gulf of Finland and the Baltic and came crisply through the mists and lighted beacons of the Kiel Canal, to emerge into a furious North Sea gale. And that was the night of the captain's sixtieth birthday.

Lulla, the tall angular stewardess, native of Rovaniemi where Lapland begins, had briefed us on this. It was to be a gala occasion and we were expected to dress. I remember her standing in my cabin, her black cat as always on her shoulder, fixing me with a stern eye. "The dinner is at eight. Do you want a dress pressed?"

"Is anyone else up?" I got the words out with difficulty. The North Sea stormed at the porthole; the boat heaved, rocked and shook.

"No," she had to admit.

"Do you think anyone's going to be able to eat?" I got out between the pitch and toss, "in this weather, in an hour?"

"It's the captain's birthday," she snapped. "We are having his favorite lion steak. The first mate bought kilos of caviar."

I caught sight of my greenish face in the mirror and stammered. "If you want a party tonight you'd better do something about this weather."

She snorted. "I suppose so. But it's my last shoe."

With this cryptic remark she disappeared. In a few moments I saw her pass, the cat on her shoulder, carrying a worn old boot. My curiosity triumphed over my stomach. I followed her.

I was there to see her spit into the wind, mutter to herself, turn her back to the rail, and toss the boot over her left shoulder into the sea. The cat hissed evilly.

I crawled back to my bunk, certain that not even a miracle could get me out of it again. In ten minutes the ship's motion slackened; in twenty all the heaving and shaking had ceased; in half an hour we were running in calm waters. I got up and dressed and joined the

other passengers and crew in the combined lounge-bar-dining room. The babble was about the sudden cessation of the gale, but soon the smorgasbord table took all our attention.

You must know about the vast Scandinavian smorgasbord buffet of hors d'oeuvres, which alone make a gargantuan meal. And this one was extra special. There was a wide variety of Finnish, Swedish and Norwegian delicacies—spiced and pickled herrings, anchovies, sardines, smoked eel, raw and cured salmon, meat pies, cabbage rolls filled with meat, tiny sausages and meat balls, relishes and salads. There was dried red reindeer meat and cured deer meat. There were slices and slices of appetizing sausages and cheeses from Denmark.

Then came the *pièce de résistance*—the captain's "lion steak." This was a round, very thin slice of dark peasant bread, spread inch-high with black Russian caviar. On top of the caviar was another inch of steak *tartare* (ground raw meat). It was ruby red, the best of beef, all fat and veins removed, put through the mincer at least four times and garnished with finely chopped onion. I can barely bear to think of it, it was so fabulously good.

After that the dessert was an anticlimax, although it was one of those yard-wide, five-layer Danish birthday cakes, which the cook had soaked in aquavit so that the sweetness had an edge to it.

We ate for hours, sang and caused a lot of aquavit and champagne to disappear.

A day or so later we docked in Rotterdam, and I, possibly because of that meal, landed in a hospital with an emergency appendectomy. Mika Waltari, the Finnish author of *The Egyptian*, passing through, visited me there.

"Oh, Lulla," he said, when I came to that part of my story. "She's a very well-known witch. But that's an old trick, throwing a shoe in the sea to still a storm. Not worthy of the traditions in her family. Now I'll tell you . . ."

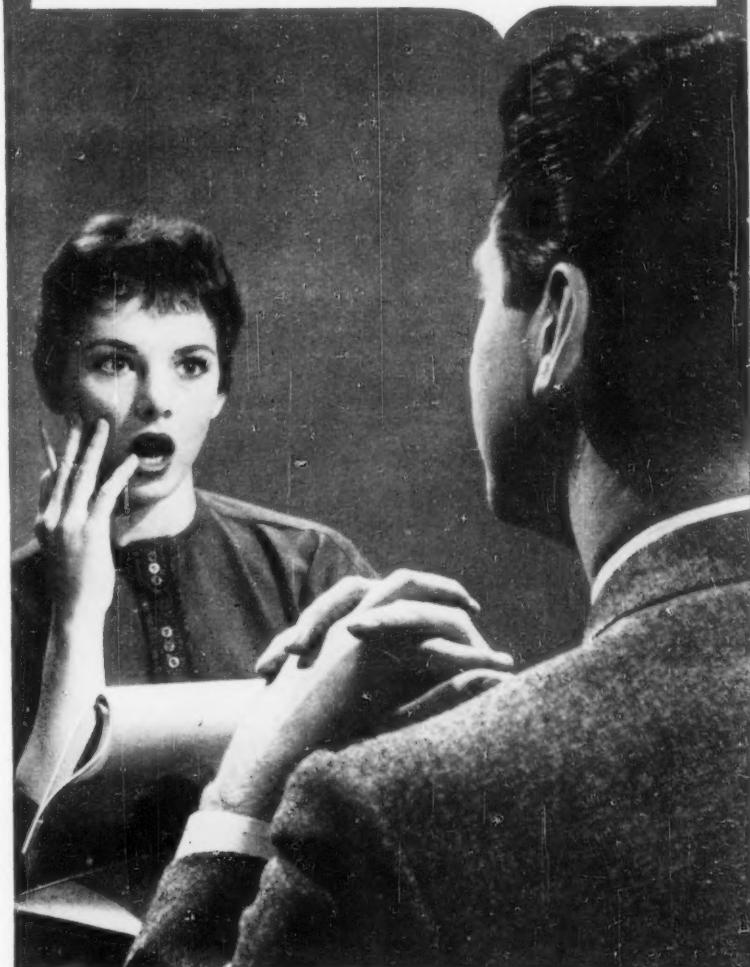
But I wasn't listening. I was remembering that when I was packing to leave, Lulla, with the cat on her shoulder, had appeared in my cabin to ask if I happened to have any worn-out shoes. I'd given her an old pair of sandals and some scuffed pumps.

I wonder if they worked as well as the old boot.

And in aid of what! ★

A FINNISH-BORN CANADIAN, MISS WUORIO NOW WRITES FROM SPAIN.

*"...and to the Government  
I bequeath the sum of..."*



### How much will succession duties be on your estate?

Are you guessing at the amount? Do you know exactly the effect Succession Duties will have on the provisions you are making for your beneficiaries?

You can find out by having one of our Trust Officers study the terms of your Will in relation to the value of your estate.

It is possible that we may be able to lessen the impact of Succession Duties by suggesting a re-arrangement of the plan of your Will.

Write for our Succession Duty Booklets and after you have studied them come in and discuss the whole problem of Succession Duties with one of our experienced Trust Officers.

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*You will like Dettol as your personal antiseptic, too. It's the antiseptic of choice in leading Canadian Hospitals.*

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**by**  
**Henry Perkins**

*A pleasure to give...  
a pleasure to receive!*

Write for descriptive folder

Division of R & H PRODUCTS LIMITED, MONTREAL



### Hangover at the OK Corral

Continued from page 25

"They decide it's too late to go to bed and they might as well go on an all-night binge"

join the fight at the OK Corral but that it's too late to go to bed now and they might as well make a night of it. They each have a drambuie, a vodka, some tomato juice, three martinis, a sidecar, some sherry and a beer chaser. At dawn they leave the saloon, walking carefully on their heels and asking directions to the OK Corral from cowboys who are on their way to work.

Both sides appear at opposite sides of the OK Corral at about sunup, walking spread out, silhouetted against the dawn light.

Doc Holliday swings his bottle, waves with it, spills part of it over his head and yells, "Let's get some women!"

There are whoops and yells from all the men. Wyatt Earp clasps his hands at arm's length and does a slow waltz around the corral, peering into an imaginary partner's face. He falls and lies there laughing.

Doc Holliday stumbles around the horses saying, "Wanna Rhinegold."

Ma Clanton hears him and says, "His name is Ringo, young man. He's a killer."

"Don't wanna Ringo," Doc says. "He's a nice fella. Wanna Rhinegold. Wanna Rhinegold and a Old Forester and a Old Granddad and a Johnny Walker and a Hankie Bannister . . . Whooooo! Wheeeeeee! Man, am I riding the magic carpet and it isn't eight o'clock yet."

"I think I'll just nip in and have a thimbleful of boisenberry wine myself," Ma Clanton says.

Ringo staggers up to Doc Holliday, gradually remembers that Doc has been living with his girl Kate, and throws a glass of whiskey in Doc's face. Doc throws a glass of whiskey in Ringo's

face. Both burst out laughing and stand there catching the drops on their tongues. They both throw whiskey in Wyatt Earp's face.

Earp tells Ringo a man is lucky if he has just one friend like him, confesses that he never told anybody this before but he always wanted to be a guitar player. Ike Clanton comes up and tells them a man is lucky if he's got three good friends in the world and Ringo and Earp put their hands on his shoulders and tell him they hope whoever he's talking about has him for one of his friends. Earp swears Ringo and Clanton to secrecy and tells them that his fiancée wants him to go to New York and that she says everybody is always taking advantage of him and that he doesn't stand up for his rights and will never make any money. Clanton says he's lucky, most women don't want to travel, and Ringo says she's a lovely, lovely little woman and tells Earp he's a real pal, and that it was a funny thing but when he first met him he thought his name was Jerk and isn't it funny how a guy you don't like at first can become a real friend you can trust when you get to know him. Earp says it's life, that's what it is, and goes into a vague, rambling monologue about Mohammedanism, Buddhism and that what he believes is that there is a power or a force or a spirit or something, rolls over on his back, makes a sound that sounds like "Earp!" and passes out.

The picture ends with the ones who are still conscious harmonizing on Holy Night, Doc Holliday and Ringo with their heads almost touching, looking earnestly into one another's eyes as they search for just the right, rich chords. ★



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automobiles...



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#### William Lawrence and his windjammer

Continued from page 37

Slowly her mighty ribs climbed high over the house, her hull running 250 feet to the river

children sailed with him, and Grandfather was left at home. There were the shipyards to occupy him in the daytime, and the fiddle to console him at night, but neither was quite enough. In the evenings when W.D. sat alone in his study scraping the bow across the strings, with the housekeeper wincing in the kitchen, he did a lot of thinking.

He thought about ships, he thought about the sea, and he thought about Jim and Mary and the children. It occurred to him that he wasn't, perhaps, taking as much advantage as he should of the chances offered to a man by the carrying trade. Most of his ships had been safe but small. It occurred to him that the children were growing up hardly knowing their grandfather. It also occurred to him that he had seen very little of the sea. He was growing no younger, and still his life was lived among chips and shavings, tar and hemp and tackle, on the banks of the Shubenacadie. Six times in his life he had stood by watching a hull he had built move out toward the oceans. And still the far places of the earth were nothing to him but names on bills of lading.

#### A dream of bigger ships

In the summer of 1868 the seagoing Ellises were home for a spell, and Captain Jim found his father-in-law preoccupied. There was no vessel building outside this year, but there were a lot of papers and drawings cluttering up the study. W.D. would shuffle them around and talk a little evasively of the need for bigger ships, ships that would carry twice the cargo of the little ones with the same crew. When he walked with Jim in the woods and talk turned to the next voyage of Pegasus he seemed more concerned than usual about the profits that might be made. It wasn't that he was hard up for money, he protested, but money might come in handy in a year or so. His son-in-law looked at the empty yards and thought of the plans in the study. By the time he gathered up Mary and the children and left to join Pegasus again, he had a pretty good idea of what was in W.D.'s mind.

Pegasus sailed from Saint John in September 1868. She carried a cargo of timber to Liverpool and went on to Cardiff for coal. She carried the coal to Yokohama. From Yokohama she went in ballast to the Chincha Islands off the west coast of South America, and waited her turn in the roadstead among scores of other ships. At last she moved in under the chutes running out from the cliffs and opened her hatches to load guano. For days she lay amid clouds of evil-smelling dust while coolies shoveled thousands of tons of the ancient rock into her hold. At last she sealed her hatches, scrubbed her decks, and rolled away around the Horn for Antwerp, another in the long train of guano-carriers enriching the farms of Europe. From Antwerp she cleared for Cardiff, went out to Montevideo with coal, and on to the Chincha Islands again. This time she carried the guano to Hamburg, returned

to Cardiff for her third cargo of coal, and swayed off for Hong Kong. The next leg was Hong Kong to the Philippines in ballast, and from the Philippines she sailed deep-laden with a cargo of sugar for Boston. There, in December 1872, her voyage ended, with a profit to her owners of \$82,716.

The Ellises came from Boston to Halifax by the coastal steamer, with the captain wearing his darkest, grimmest sea face as he lounged about the hated "steam pot." They changed at Halifax for the Windsor train, and at last they were in Maitland again, four years and three months from the time they had set out, with youngsters who had rounded the Horn half a dozen times, were familiar with the north and south Atlantic, the north and south Pacific, the China Sea and the Sea of Japan, but had yet to find their way through the woods to the little schoolhouse.

Jim Ellis had known he would see a ship building when he got back. Bluenose captains had come into Hamburg, Calcutta, San Francisco and Manila with rumors of it. Bluenose ships had hailed him on the high seas to retell the gossip that was running through the Maritime ports and out around the world. But even with all that, he hadn't quite realized what his father-in-law was up to. The mighty thing towering beside the house had been an unlikely ghost, a wraith in W.D.'s mind four years ago.

The bow overshadowed the chimney tops. The hull frame ran like a wall down the length of the lawn to the edge of the Shubenacadie two hundred and fifty feet away. Seventy-five workmen swarmed about the stocks. The whole neighborhood, from the river bank to the far woods, echoed to the whine of handsaws, the clink of caulking mallets, and the thud of mauls driving home bolts in timber.

She was going to be the largest wooden sailing ship afloat. Ellis and W.D. passed under the loom of the bows and looked up. Her stem rose forty-seven feet from keel to rail. The two men climbed the bow-stage scaffolding and paced off the two hundred and seventy-five feet of her deck length. As Ellis measured her forty-eight-foot beam, his grinning father-in-law supplied some other statistics. The deck timbers were eighteen inches through, and beneath them ran the timbers of two more decks, all as huge, all braced and supported by iron knees. Ellis walked to the side and looked out over the roof of the house toward the woods where the timber had grown. He ran his hand along the inner wall of the hull. The broad spruce planks were each a foot thick, cunningly curved, aligned and fitted together; and they were bolted to the frames with black iron bolts, each as thick through as a man's two thumbs. The massive vertical ribwork of the frame was spaced so closely that it was almost another wall, and bolted to the outside of the frame was the still heavier timber of the planking. Jim Ellis reached across from the inner hull and tried to touch the outer edge of the planking. He couldn't make it. The length

  
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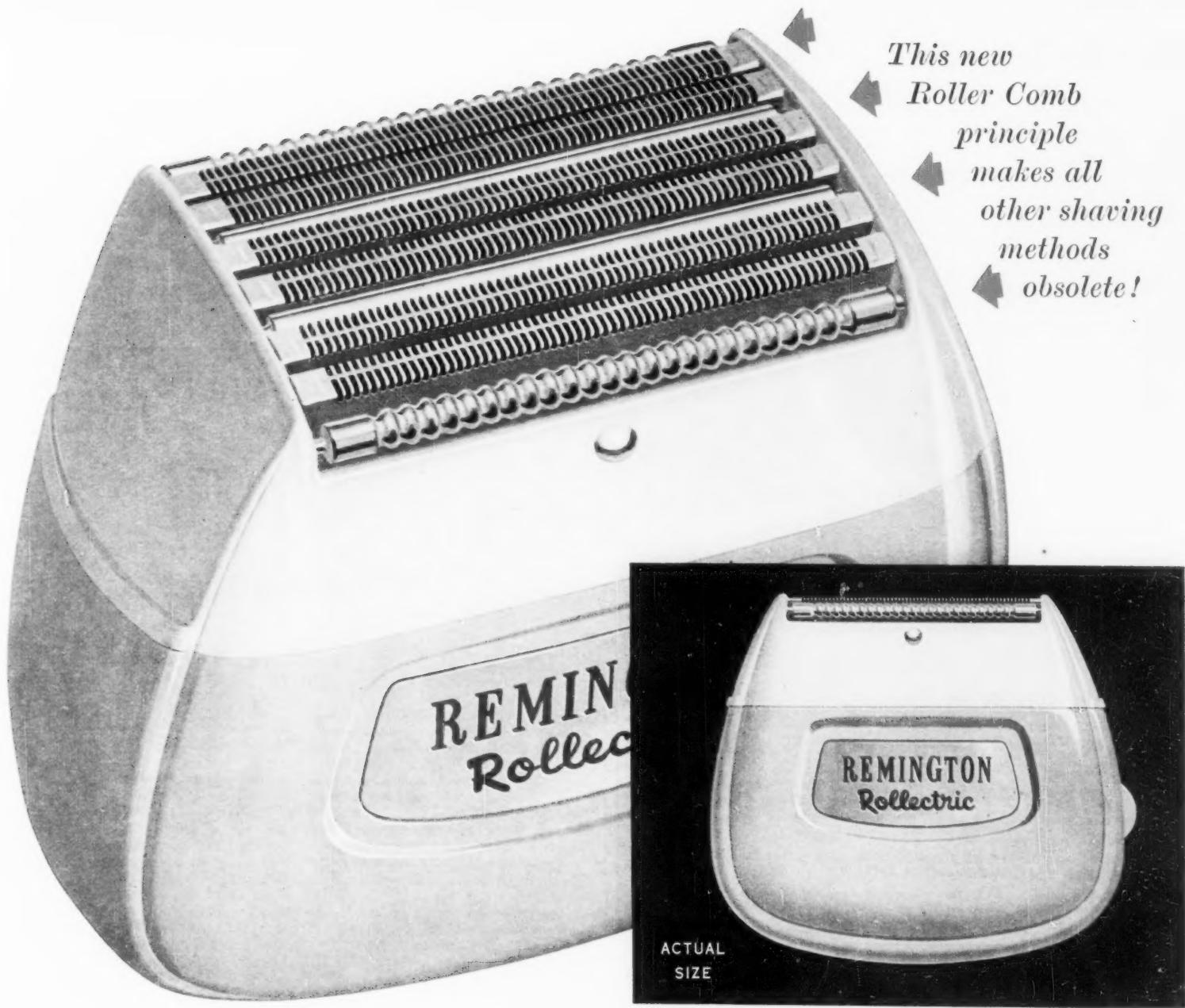
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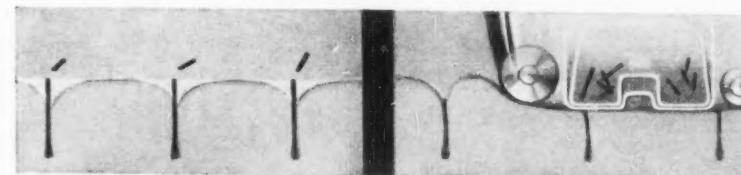
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of a man's arm and the upper half of his body could not span the thickness of that mighty triple bulwark.

The ship was still only half built. There would be two years of work yet, and it would be work by fits and starts as the money came in and ran out. She gulped down the eighty-two thousand dollars earned by Pegasus, she swallowed most of W.D.'s savings and she put a mortgage on the house. She kept Jim Ellis at home for twenty-four months, hurrying off to Halifax for supplies and gear and tackle, hurrying home to figure out how to pay the bills. And always with the sickening refrain in his ears, humming from the wharves of Halifax to the riverside at Maitland: "she'll never sail," "she'll be too big to handle," "she'll flounder round like a bull playing a fiddle."

W.D. was always around the ship, and not concerned, it seemed, either about the bills or the gossip. He had walked one of the noisiest sceptics out of the yards, but the ranting of most drew nothing but a smile and a shrug from him. For the worried Ellis it was a relief sometimes to talk with Isaac Douglas in the smithy where the old man was forging the last of the ship's ironwork. Isaac thought she'd sail. So did Shaw, the wood-carver, tranquilly at work on the bearded, forward-looking gentleman who was to be the figurehead, draped in a flowing cloak and carrying a scroll with the motto, God Defend the Right.

It began to seem, by the summer of 1874, that the ship would at least take to the water. The hull was finished. Seams had been caulked, water had been pumped in and out again, and leaks recaulked. Hatch coamings had been fitted, and a village of deck-houses, all as massively built as the ship, stood clustered fore and aft. The built spars of her lower masts, each forty-one inches through, had been stepped, and the three of them stood now supported by the five-and-a-half-inch wire of the lower shrouds. Topmasts and topgallant masts had grown above the lower masts, and finally it was time for the yards to go up and the riggers to come aboard.

The ninety-five-foot fore and main yards swung up into the blue and settled across the masts with their trusses, lifts and braces anchoring them home. The topsail, topgallant and royal yards climbed above them, and still beyond them went the skysail yards. The forms of the riggers dwindled and their voices grew faint as they rode them up, a hundred feet, a hundred and fifty, two hundred feet above the watchers. The maze of her standing and running gear climbed about the spars. The canvas followed—eight thousand yards of it, all on credit. She was an imposing sight, Jim Ellis reflected as he watched, almost as imposing as that pile of bills in W.D.'s study.

The old man had insisted that she have the best of everything. The people who visited her did not exclaim only about her size. Their eyes grew wide as they looked at her seven-ton rudder, at her steam-operated windlass, her patent double-action pumps, and her palatial quarters fore and aft. Nothing that going man had yet thought of was lacking in the big ship, and more than enough of it was still to be paid for.

As the launching day neared, W.D. seemed to be spending a great deal of time in his study, fiddling in solitude. The family were grateful to have a closed door separating them from that music, but fiddling with W.D. always meant thoughtfulness, and perhaps worry. A bit late for worrying now, reflected his son-in-law, but he felt a sense of relief the night W.D. opened the door and called him in. It was always best to know how

bad a situation was, and face up to it.

W.D. didn't appear to know that any situation existed. The bills lay in a neat pile, untouched beside his fiddle. His eyes were tranquil, with a little gleam in them, as he looked out the window at the shadow cast by the ship in the moonlight. He'd made a few decisions, he said, and it was time for Jim to know about them. The vessel was going to be called the W.D. Lawrence. Jim was going to sail her, of course, and the children would go with them, so that would mean shipping a tutor. Also, he added, clearing his throat slightly, this time Grandfather was going along.

Ellis, weary and harassed by two anxious years ashore, was inclined to explode. Was this what all the fiddling had been about? Every cent they had was sunk in that hull outside, and W.D. was talking about tutors and pleasure trips. What if the ship turned out to be a bad sailor, as everyone expected? And what if they couldn't find the huge cargoes they'd need to make money with her?

W.D. smiled and produced a letter which had come heavily marked with foreign postage a few days before. It was a charter from Dreyfus Frères & Company of France for a cargo of guano. The Lawrence would go to Liverpool with timber, and then take on an outward cargo of coal. After delivering the coal she would go to Pabellon de Pica on the west coast of South America and load guano for France. The cargoes would pay the bills, there wasn't any worry about that. This wasn't a pleasure trip, it was a business trip. And business or pleasure, he concluded with that inflexible gleam in his eye, it was a trip around the world and he was going to make it in his own ship.

**A cider send-off for a giant**

Tuesday, Oct. 27, 1874, was launching day. For an hour or so in the morning W.D. Lawrence was not among the crowd that filled the yard. In company with the Presbyterian minister and his friend and fellow giant, Alfred Putnam, he was walking toward the Truro ferry dock with two dejected strangers trundling a large keg of whiskey in a wheelbarrow. The strangers with their keg had got off the ferry brisk and beaming, looking forward to a large business in the shipyard. They were now homeward bound with their wares unsold, escorted by three of the most determined teetotalers in Nova Scotia.

The liquor question settled, W.D. returned for the launching. A bottle of innocuous cider smashed against the bow, the keel blocks were split, and at two o'clock in the afternoon the hull began to move down the ways carrying her four hundred tons of stone ballast. The shadow of the bow drew away from the house, the sunny fields and woods that had lain so long out of view on the other side began to reappear, and the ship rode easily out onto the red waters of the Shubenacadie.

Two months later, with her holds full stowed and her deck piled to the rail with timber, she moved out of Saint John harbor for Liverpool. Mary Ellis was below with the children, readying the pine-paneled afterquarters for sea. The big saloon was airy and spacious as her drawing-room at home, with the dining table at one end and the bronze lamp swinging in its gimbals overhead. W.D.'s big cabin and bathroom opened off from one side of the saloon, her own and Jim's from the other, and there was an adjoining cabin for the children. The quarters of Mr. Johnson, the tutor, came next, and beyond them were the cabins of the offi-



HIGHWAY 1E TODAY

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HIGHWAY 1E IN 1929

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Even more highway improvement is in Winnipeg's future. Work has started on a perimeter route that will eventually encircle the metropolitan area, eliminating the frustrations of stop-and-go for through traffic.

Elsewhere in the province, the emphasis is on extending roads into established produc-

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All told, the province's forward-looking roads program will mean an expenditure of some \$150 million during the next five years. But the benefits will far exceed the expense. For here, as throughout Canada, good roads save far more than they cost—in lives, time and money.

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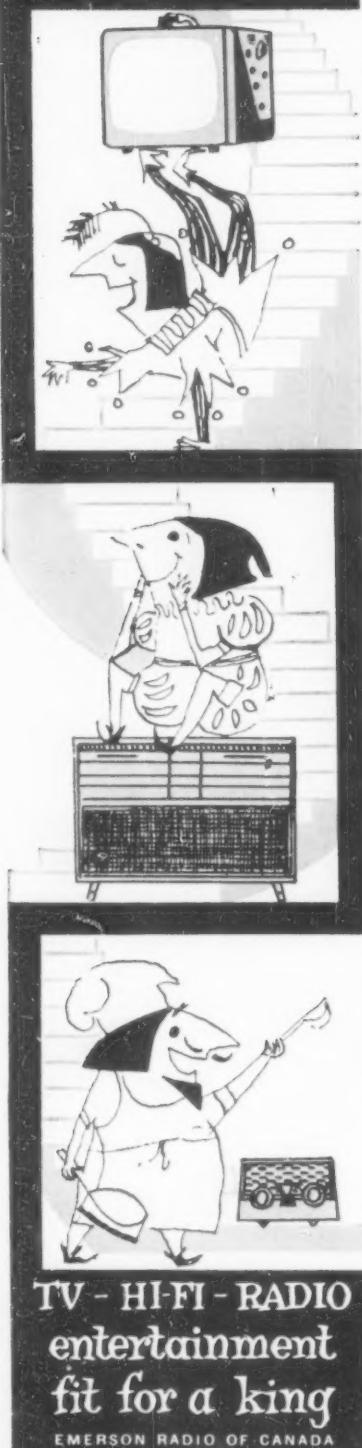
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# Emerson ROYALTY LINE



She moaned as the wind punched into her sails. Could she stand the strain?

ers. The cook moved about in his white-tiled galley, and Evans, the steward from Pegasus, was his old chipper self. The noise overhead told of the usual difficulties with the crew, and a snatch of drunken song floated in through the heavy doors:

Who's been here since I been gone?  
Oh a big buck nigger with his sea boots on,  
A hog-eye railroad nigger with his hog-eye.  
Row de boat ashore with a hog-eye-o!  
She wants a hog-eye man.

Mary shuddered, and hoped the children wouldn't hear. Jim was worried, and W.D. fretted him with his enthusiasm and his everlasting questions. There was still no knowing how the ship would sail. And yet he could not deny the happy excitement stirring in her. There had been no hard parting this time; they were all together. After two years ashore there was stout timber under their feet again, lifting to the scend of the sea.

In the pilothouse on the poop, Jim Ellis stood with W.D. beside the helmsman. The tug had cast off, and they were clearing Partridge Island under lower topsails. Ellis' face began to clear a little as he got the feel of the vessel, and he gave a course to the helmsman that caused W.D. to look at him with surprise. The wider channel lay down the bay off Digby Neck and Brier Island. Ellis was taking her between Grand Manan and the Maine shore. It was a shorter route but a narrower channel, and only a master who was sure of his ship would risk it. W.D. said nothing, but a small complacent gleam came into his eye.

The gleam was a glow by the time they reached Liverpool, and the enthusiasm of the builder was shared by the master. For all her size, the Lawrence handled like a yacht. She would never be a fast ship, but she hadn't been designed for speed. She would travel any sea comfortably and surely, and she would probably earn her keep. Her bottom still required copper sheathing for a voyage to southern waters, but the freight on her enormous timber cargo would pay for that.

W.D. left his son-in-law in Liverpool to supervise the sheathing. He was off with Mary and the children to see the wonders of London. He was still away as the ship left drydock and the black torrents of coal came tumbling into her hold. The decks, the sides, the rigging and even the captain himself were covered with greasy soot, but W.D. in immaculate linen and broadcloth was inspecting art galleries and museums and concert halls. Hatch covers had gone on again, holds were sealed, tarpaulins battened down, and the Lawrence sliced up, scrubbed, dusted and painted before he returned.

The ship had her papers for Aden, and everything about her except the monstrous, money-making cargo holds, was fresh and sparkling on the night of the farewell party. Twenty Bluenose ships were in harbor in Liverpool, and all the captains and their wives had come on board to say good-by. They had dined regally, sung songs around the piano in the cabin, and W.D. was scraping his fiddle for them when a knock came at the door. An urgent letter had arrived for Lawrence from Dreyfus Frères & Compagnie.

It was necessary, the letter said, to cancel the charter for the cargo of guano. The firm had a surplus on hand, and new synthetic fertilizers had appeared which

threatened to destroy the market for guano altogether. Dreyfus Frères regretted the necessity of their action, but Mr. Lawrence would certainly understand.

Lawrence understood. The guano charter was the backbone of his voyage, the only source from which he could pay the debts on his ship. He also understood another thing. The charter had been signed before the Lawrence was launched, and a charter is a binding contract. There would be no reply to the letter, said W.D. The ship would sail as planned, and she would return with a cargo of guano.

They moved out of the Mersey next morning, bound for Aden. W.D. had nothing more to say about the charter. He was concerned only with the voyage ahead and with the sailing qualities of his ship. Jim Ellis found it hard to concentrate on either. Charters had been broken before, he knew, and luckless carriers had been left to hold the bag.

Her course lay south through the two Atlantics, around the Cape of Good Hope, and up through the Indian Ocean to blistering Aden near the mouth of the Red Sea. As the links with shore parted, the tangle of debt and worry retreated little by little into the back of the captain's mind. His vessel shouldered cleanly into the long rollers. With thousands of tons of coal settled in her belly, comfortable and secure, she was a giant in her element, a contented ship. The weather held fine. The crew had smartened up quickly under the hands of the mates. The deck watch gathered at the rail now, smirking complacently as passing vessels hailed and admired the mighty product of the Maitland yards. A man forgot about business as he stood on the poop under the sighing cloud of the canvas and read those admiring hoists. He became a seaman again, and a proud one.

#### What'll she do with her clothes on?

W.D. had forgotten about business before they cleared the Mersey, and he was becoming almost too much of a seaman. His pride in the Lawrence was open and unblushing now, and day by day his questions and suggestions about the sailing of her came in an unending stream. W.D. was everywhere about his vessel, chatting with the men, absorbing sea lore, returning to the poop with bright ideas. It was amusing and it was delightful to see the old man getting such fun from his ship. But after a while Ellis began to wish he'd spend a little of his time below. The children were struggling with arithmetic there, reluctant prisoners in the hands of Mr. Johnson. W.D.'s authority and his head for figures would be handy in the cabin. On the poop, two captains was one too many.

W.D. was always properly deferential to his son-in-law. Ellis was master of the ship, and Ellis gave the orders. The suggestions from the owner continued, however, and one in particular grew more urgent as they rolled down out of the North Atlantic. It became a constant refrain in the captain's ears, continuing at mealtimes and off-hours in the cabin: "Let's see what she'll do with all her clothes on." It irritated Ellis, partly because he was a sober and responsible master who saw no point in driving the ship to its limit, and more because he wanted to know as badly as W.D. He postponed and evaded as a sop to his conscience, but in his heart he was only waiting for the right day.

When it came it was a day for sou'westers and seaboots and oilskins, a day

for a seaman to forget the charters and bills and balance sheets and all the tangle of paper that governed his comings and goings about the world. It was the great boisterous South Atlantic weather that lifted a man's heart. It made him a bit reckless, filled him with exuberant confidence in the mighty teamwork of wind and sea and ship. From early morning, with a guilty throb of excitement under his calm sea mask, Ellis had begun to pile sail on the Lawrence.

By noon all the kites were set. They climbed to the mastheads, from the huge bellying squares of the courses to the skysails dwindling into foggy shadows amid the low scud at the trucks. The great hull which had seemed so monstrous and unwieldy on the stocks at Maitland lifted cunningly with the crested surges, clove them away in graceful furrows. The white smother at the forecastle was climbing and washing back over the forecastle head. With each lunging roll the lee rail dipped until it was racing almost level with the foaming backwash. The timbers grown beside the Shubenacadie were earning their shillings now, carrying the coal for Aden through the long grey swells at a speed of fourteen knots.

W.D. shouted with excitement as he read off the log. Ellis was grinning in spite of himself. For three hours he held the Lawrence to it. Fifteen knots came up on the log count, and he knew it was time to rein in. You could hear the old girl "talking to herself." The high-pitched moan in the rigging told of enormous strain. You could almost see the great fist of the wind driving into that mass of canvas overhead. The mate was eyeing the captain, and the look in those eyes said, "shorten down."

Ellis gave the order, and the mate started for the deck; but W.D. was beyond the proprieties now. He grabbed the mate's arm and turned to the captain, pleading like a boy. Let her run for half an hour—fifteen minutes—she'd go to sixteen, he knew she would. Ellis looked up at the rigging again, shrugged with hypocritical reluctance, and told the mate to stand by. He was pretty sure she could make sixteen himself.

She came up to sixteen knots, passed it and began to edge toward seventeen. W.D. was sure she'd reach it, but beads of sweat were standing on the mate's forehead, and Ellis had had enough. He was already turning to call in skysails and royals when there was a warning shout from the deck. The ship had fetched up on the back of a huge surge. It paused for an instant, quivering in every timber at the sudden check. Then the great spars towering to the cloud-rack whipped like match sticks, splintered far above, and the whole head of her upper canvas was sheared away at a stroke. Yards, spars and sails, the three topmasts and the three top-gallant masts came thundering down onto the lower shrouds and backstays, bounced off them and plunged over the sides. A vast, fouled-up mess of rope, wire, timber and canvas spread out around the ship, tangling and battering her with the heave of the sea.

It wasn't a disaster. Three days of back-breaking work salvaged most of the gear and sent the Lawrence on her way. But she went around the Cape and up through the Indian Ocean a limping jury-rigged cripple, faced with a repair bill that would eat up most of her coal freight. The dreary bunkers of Aden came in sight at last, and the ship dropped anchor in the port on Aug. 1, 1875.

The captain had been aloof and irritable since the accident, and the owner sub-



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dued and contrite, W.D. knew that the thing had been a sore blow to a master's pride, and it had been the owner's fault. But he judged that the air was clear enough now to make another suggestion. They were going to need new spars, and they couldn't get them at Aden. Somebody would have to go to Bombay for them, and it might as well be W.D.—with Mary and the children, of course.

Ellis looked at him and laughed, the first good laugh in quite a while. A spot of sea air was turning a sharp old businessman into a boy and a tourist. But it would be good to have Mary and the children away from the heat and coal dust, and it might be nice to ready the ship for her new spars without W.D. forever at his elbow. He forbore from mentioning the cost of repairs and the fact that they had no outward cargo. The family went off to Bombay, and the captain was left to unload his coal.

The holds were opened and the yard-arm tackle broken out. The great buckets went down into the hold, the crew shoveled them full, and the groaning donkey winch hoisted them to the dock. For days the ship sweltered at the heart of a greasy black cloud. Then, as she rose in the water, high and empty, the scrubbing-down and painting parties went to work. The riggers followed the painters, bringing new and costly tackle to replace the damaged gear. The spars arrived from Bombay at last, just ahead of the family. They were roused up and ready by the time W.D. had finished his tales of India, and on Sept. 13 the Lawrence put out again for Callao, Peru.

She was a sound ship once more, but there had been no cargo to be found in Aden. She was sailing with profitless ballast in her hold, and nothing but a dubious guano charter ahead. This time it was harder for Ellis to shake himself free of his worries. W.D. had forgotten about Bombay, but he still wouldn't talk about business. The spell of new lands and waters claimed him as they nosed down through the Indian Ocean and turned into the Timor Sea. It was hard to get him away from the poop for meals. He stood more watches than the captain as they passed along the northern coast of Australia, steered through Torres Strait and the Coral Sea and reached away across the endless breadth of the South Pacific. Callao lifted on the horizon in the first days of December, and as they neared the Peruvian coast W.D. seemed to grow a little more thoughtful. Ellis hoped he was brooding on guano. But when he spoke at last it was of Lima, a lovely city eight miles from Callao. He'd heard of its wonders, and he and Mary and the children ought to see it.

Now at last the captain exploded. They'd come to Callao to get a permit from the Peruvian government to load guano. Had W.D. forgotten about that charter? No, W.D. hadn't forgotten. He'd arrange for the permit all right, but first he'd see Lima.

There was a great festival in Lima, with dancing and bright costumes and lovely women. W.D. came back to Callao enchanted with his visit. He talked about it all the way to the government offices, but his son-in-law was not listening. He had already called at those offices, and he had talked to other masters around the docks. He knew what they would hear. So far as the Peruvian government was concerned, said the officials, it was quite in order for the W. D. Lawrence to go down the coast to Pabellon de Pica. She could take guano if she could get it. But twenty ships were already waiting in the roadstead there, and the agents of the guano importers, who held a monopoly, refused to load them. It appeared that

there was little market for guano in Europe at the moment. And the thought of paying long ocean freights on an unsaleable cargo was most repugnant to such companies as Dreyfus Frères.

As they listened to the polite official, Jim Ellis saw a change come over his father-in-law. All at once the eager tourist was a businessman again. His face wasn't exactly hard, but it wasn't soft either. The official would kindly complete the permit. The W. D. Lawrence was sailing for Pabellon de Pica tomorrow.

The Lawrence sailed, and at long last the desolate grey-white headland of Pabellon de Pica lifted on the southern horizon. The ship rounded into the open roadstead. Twenty or thirty ships lay anchored in careful order ahead of her. Their barnacled sides and blistered paint-work told of a long stay. The grim faces of the men idly watching from their decks told that it was a hopeless one.

**France wouldn't budge**

Above the harbor with its rocky, sun-baked shores there were swooping clouds of sea-birds—gulls, pelicans, penguins, gannets, terns and cormorants. In the breathless air stirred only by the wild crying of the birds, the headland stood out waterless, treeless, cheerless. A few miserable shacks clustered on the slopes, and near them were half a dozen tumble-down sheds. Officials of the guano monopoly lived in the shacks, and the larger buildings were the bunkhouses of Chinese coolies, brought here to labor till they dropped. Large wooden chutes reached out over the water from the steep brows of the hill. Down these chutes in past years had come a billion dollars' worth of ancient evil-smelling rock and powder. It had circled the world in thousands of ships, and even at this moment it was bringing new life to the hungry soil of Europe. But there was no life here. From the deck you could see a few coolies moving about aimlessly or sprawled in front of the bunkhouses. The chutes were idle.

The bored clerks in the huts ashore had one reply for every captain who

came to them. They gave it to Ellis and W.D. There was no guano to load. The grey mountain towering outside their door gave them the lie. Ellis gave them the lie. Weren't they weary of that idiotic story? Very weary, they agreed, but their instructions from France were definite.

Many of the ships in Pabellon were Bluenose ships, and their masters came aboard the Lawrence that evening. Some of them had been waiting for a month and were ready to give up. Nothing could be done if the French refused to load them, and the French seemed determined to starve them out. W.D. listened with polite interest, and announced that he would stay.

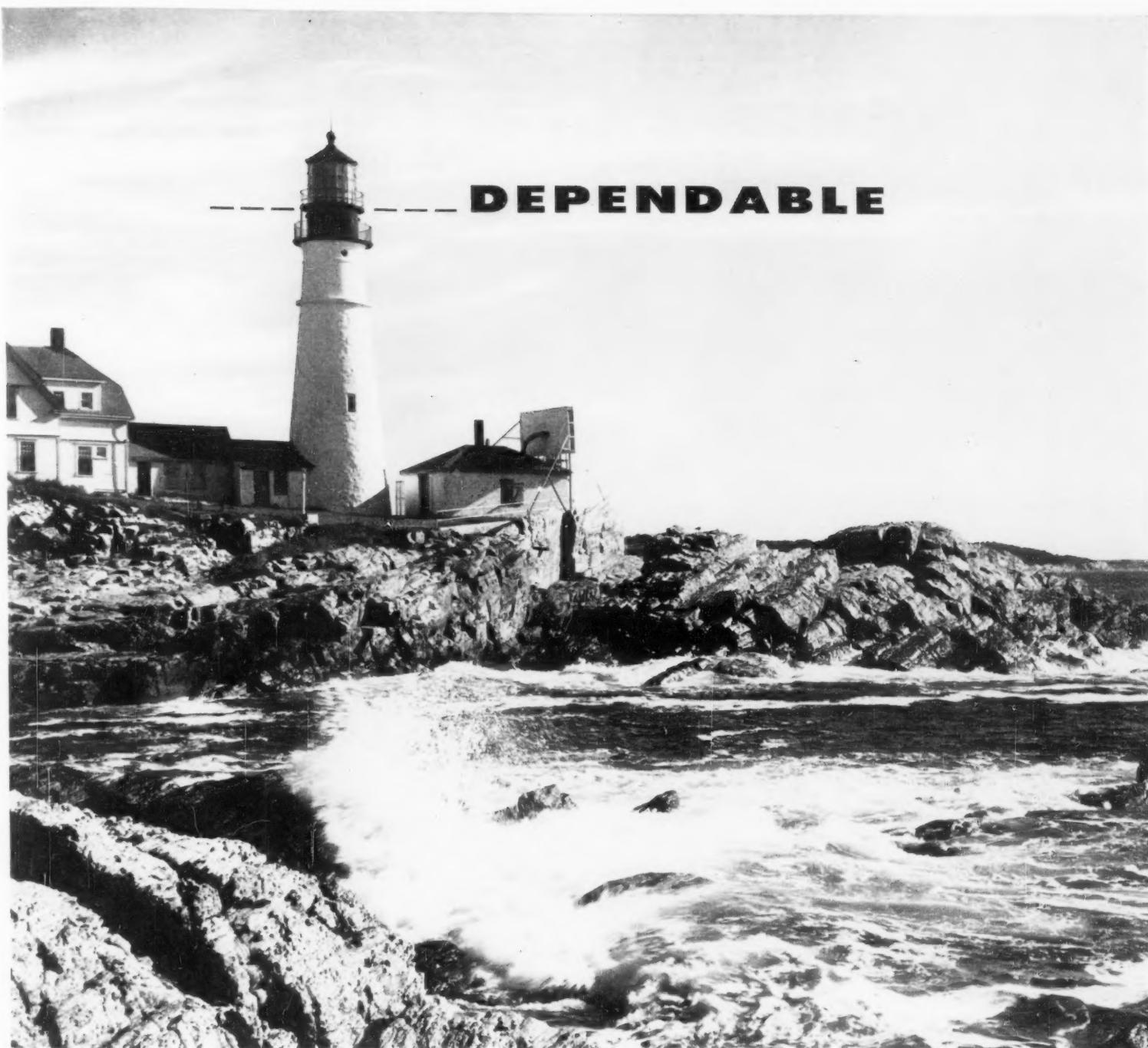
A month went by, and the Lawrence swung to her anchor with the other ships in the roadstead. A second month passed, and five of the ships gave up and sailed. Four later arrivals looked into the roadstead, sized up the situation, and turned away. Barnacles began to grow on the clean sides of the Lawrence. Her paint cracked in the heat. The crew leaned on the rails, muttering, as the screaming swarms of the birds crossed and recrossed the grey mountain. A steamer came up the coast bringing fresh provisions, and Ellis eyed his crew dourly. He would have to keep a sharp watch on the men. Some of them were already ripe to jump ship.

He was looking in the wrong direction. The famous port of Mollendo was only a little way up the coast, and from there a railway led into the Andes. Mary and the children were looking a bit pale, and W.D. was of no particular use at the moment in Pabellon. He thought he'd take the trip. Ellis looked at his father-in-law unbelievably, shrugged and turned away.

The railway led from Mollendo to the city of Arequipa, eight thousand feet above sea level. From there another line climbed seven thousand feet higher to Pizarro's Lake Titicaca. W.D. returned to Pabellon refreshed by mountain air, lyrical over sunsets in the high valleys, and aglow with tales of Pizarro. The tired man waiting on the hot deck in Pabellon found it hard to appreciate them.

His father-in-law seemed to have for-





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gotten, he suggested, that they had come for guano and were not likely to get any. He seemed to have forgotten the bills in Maitland, and the new bills that were growing around the ship every day along with the barnacles. W.D. had not forgotten the bills, he replied mildly, but there was perhaps one thing that the captain had overlooked. A ship kept waiting through no fault of her own was entitled to demurrage charges of a hundred and fifty dollars a day. Demurrage had now been accruing to the Lawrence for about three months. He thought per-

haps he'd go fishing with the sailors.

The fourth month went by and the steamer came again. There was a great holiday at hand in Valparaiso—the festival of Chilean independence was to be celebrated. A sight like that shouldn't be missed when a man was so near. W.D. went off for Valparaiso.

By the time he returned the fifth month was wearing away. The sixth, seventh and eighth passed. Twelve of the ships had gone now. The barnacles were a thick crust on the Lawrence's sides and bottom, the crew were growling openly. De-

parting captains had laughed sourly at W.D.'s talk of demurrage charges. A ship that couldn't get a cargo under her charter would certainly not be able to collect demurrage. Ellis believed them. Mary's cheerfulness was failing at last, and the children were dull and listless. In Maitland, half a world away, debts mounted while the ship lay decaying here. The family was already bankrupt and it was time to go home and face the music. Instead there was music to be faced in Pabellon. W.D., immovable as rock, had turned to his fiddle again.

He pointed out that there was a condition attached to the guano monopoly at Pabellon. The company was compelled by the Peruvian government to load at least one ship a year. He would stay that year, if necessary, and he would collect demurrage for the wait.

The ninth, tenth and eleventh month went by. The crew's sulky fury had begun to change to a kind of dull amusement. They were sorry for Mary and the children, and they didn't blame the captain. He was as hopeless as they were, and as bored with the heat and smell and the everlasting clamor of the birds. They'd even stopped blaming the old man. It was interesting in a gruesome sort of way to find out just how stubborn he was.

The ships ahead of the Lawrence had given up and departed now, except for one. She was Antoinette, a ship with a stubborn master too, and a Bluenose. On the night of Dec. 1, 1876, Antoinette's master climbed into a boat and went ashore. It was a night like any other of the three hundred and thirty-odd that had gone before, hot and airless, with the men of the two crews trading bored grumblings across the water. But in the morning there was a change.

Shouts from the deck brought Ellis tumbling out of the cabin. He looked toward the shore, the way the men were pointing. Antoinette had moved under the chutes, there were coolies on the hill above, and guano was charging down into her hold.

W.D. took in the scene with a quick glance and ordered out a boat. In half an hour he and Ellis were in the office ashore. The Antoinette was being loaded, the clerk agreed, but she would be the only ship. His instructions were definite. W.D.'s reply was equally definite. The operation proceeding outside had demonstrated first that there was guano to be had, and, second, that the loading gear was in order. Lawrence would be under the chutes within an hour of Antoinette's departure, and she would be loaded—either by the staff at Pabellon or by the Lawrence's crew.

A week later the big ship, deep in the water with all the guano she could carry, was swinging off for the Horn. She rounded it with all sail up, because that was the way W.D. wanted to make the famous journey. With her bottom fouled by a year in tropic waters she made a slow passage through the South Pacific and the two Atlantics, but it was quite fast enough for the unwelcoming Dreyfus Frères in Le Havre. They had cancelled the charter, they protested, they did not wish the cargo, and they refused to pay demurrage.

In the law courts of France the suit of W. D. Lawrence versus Dreyfus Frères & Compagnie dragged on interminably, but the time did not drag for W.D. He saw the opera, the circus, the masked balls, Versailles, and the lovely countryside. He stored his memories of France with all the other pictures of the wide world living in his mind, and brought them home at last when the weary mutterings of the lawyers reached their conclusion.

To W. D. Lawrence, of Maitland, Nova Scotia, Canada, was awarded the sum of £12,380 sterling in freight, plus demurrage charges in the sum of £10,620 sterling for delay caused his ship through no fault of the operators.

On a memorable day in Maitland the old man stood with Ellis surveying a great pile of golden sovereigns heaped on his study table. Then he swept them all into a huge bandanna handkerchief, and walked down the street in his shirtsleeves to pay the debts on his ship. ★



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## The unseen world of taste and smell continued from page 38

### For animals a smell may stake a claim, warn a foe or woo a mate

to, although if you go away or outside and breathe fresh air for awhile, the impact of city smog, for instance, or cat smell in the house, may be overpowering when you return. Then you become adapted once again and put up with what you should be doing something about. For similar reasons we shouldn't eat raw onions unless our companions-to-be are similarly contaminated. As long as we smell together, even to high heaven, no one knows the difference and no one cares.

To a human, as we have seen, an odor may be more emotionally disturbing than anything he can see or hear, and it may stir long-forgotten memories. But what do odors mean to the animals and plants that produce them? In the case of mammals they mean almost everything of importance—sex, friend or foe, this property is mine, keep away. When a dog lifts a leg against a tree it is to add a little scent of his own to what has gone before, as if to say, "I'm one of the gang and I'm here too—hope you'll know me when next we meet!" It keeps the tribe together in a loose and friendly way.

In the wild, however, many creatures use their scented secretions for staking claims. Certain antelopes have scent glands placed on each side of the head between the eye and nose, and each pair of animals marks out its feeding territory by putting drops of the gland's secretion on twigs of saplings or bushes along the boundary, though always depositing some urine and dung close by to clinch the matter. Several kinds of deer mark their boundaries in much the same way. Beavers deposit their musk-gland secretions on hillocks of mud or projecting stumps.

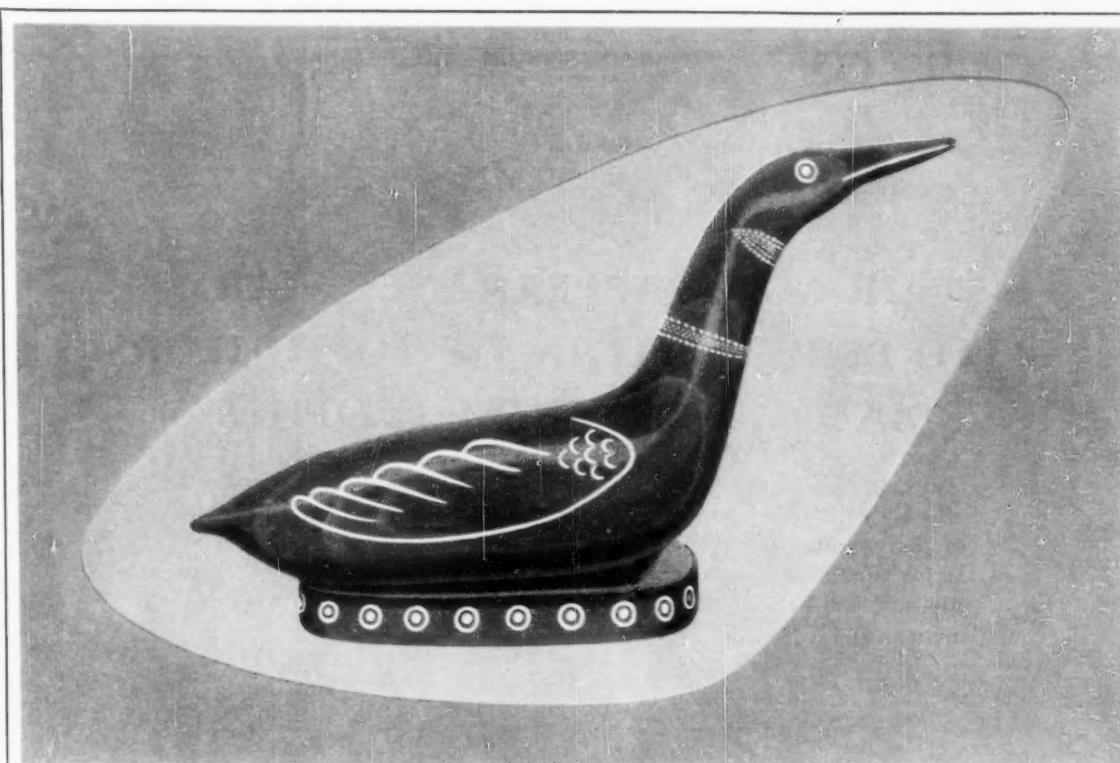
#### A skunk doesn't have to fight

Each animal presumably knows its own family smell and recognizes that of others as different, so that under normally good circumstances there is a sort of gentleman's agreement to respect one another's property.

The same smell in greater strength may, however, be used for actual offense. Not only by skunks but civets, mongooses and others possess an armament of smell. Few animals desire to fight for the sake of fighting and an effective threat is better than force. And to make such warnings unmistakable, civets and skunks have striking black-and-white coats that announce clearly who they are. Yet musk glands are often discharged in flight by less pugnacious creatures, such as the peccary, a wild relative of the pig, and the smell of fear is a very real thing in the animal kingdom. The mammalian animal undoubtedly changes its smell according to its emotional state, whether of fear, rage or sexual phase.

What odors are important to an animal can be determined in the laboratory as well as by observing nature. Using delicate wire electrodes such as neurosurgeons use in exploring the surface of the human brain during operations, Dr. Adrian, of Cambridge University, has recently explored the olfactory part of the brain of a number of creatures, while at the same time presenting various aromatic substances to the nose. Whenever a particular odor registered, the nerve stimulus was picked up, amplified and recorded.

soup of decayed alligator head! Flavors can be a matter of life or death to some fish, particularly to bottom feeders such as cod, hake and catfish—fish that feed where there is little or no light. Taste and touch assume great importance and it is no coincidence that these are for all practical purposes naked-skinned fish—so much so that it is little exaggeration to say that they have become almost all face and tongue. Taste buds are scattered on the lips, the barbel, the pectoral and pelvic fins and the whole body of cod. Catfish are like the cod



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and the barbels hanging down from the chin are as sensitive to taste as is the top of the tongue. Food held at the flank or near the base of the tail will cause the fish to turn and snap at it. Internally, most fish also have large taste organs on their palates and in their gill passages, in order to check the quality of the water as well as the volume of food.

Their sense of smell, too, is well developed, although unlike that of taste, it remains where it properly belongs, in the nasal pits. Water streams in and out of them without entering the mouth and

throat, so that the kind of confusion between taste and smell that we have to contend with is hardly possible.

Yet the two senses do act together and many fish rely upon their combined chemical senses for finding their way during their long migrations. The eels that leave the rivers on either side of the Atlantic for their distant destiny in the ocean depth manage to find their way by the taste of the ocean currents, so far as we know, for there appear to be no other signposts at the depth at which they journey.

Pacific salmon return to spawn in the stream in which they themselves were spawned, after several years of feeding far out in the ocean, showing that they have both the capacity and memory for selecting the right route. What used to seem such an uncanny mystery, perhaps even a sixth sense, now appears to be a memory of taste and smell—in other words, a flavor they run to its source like a dog trailing a scent. The smell and taste of rivers flow far out from the coast. There the salmon pick up their home flavor and head in the direction

where the flavor grows stronger. And so they proceed upstream, at every junction choosing the branch of the river that offers the familiar taste, until finally they are back where they were born. Experiments conducted at the University of Washington, in Seattle, demonstrate that fish can even find their way back to artificial ponds where they were raised.

Insects exploit the senses of smell and taste even more than fish or mammals do. Caterpillars, for instance, make spitting movements in response to salt, acid or bitter substances, and bees reject honey treated with quinine or salt. But insects are more generously equipped with taste organs than are humans. In addition to having a sense of taste in the mouth, a great many insects, such as butterflies, fruit flies, and honeybees, also possess taste organs at the lower ends of their forelegs. When their feet touch sweetened water their tongues extend to a considerable distance, unrolling like the coiled paper horns you see at children's parties.

This is particularly well seen in the butterfly and you can test the matter for yourself by placing a butterfly on the back of your hand moistened with a little sugar water. The greater the concentration of sugar the farther the tongue unrolls.

All sweetness however is not necessarily sweet to all creatures. Out of thirty-four different kinds of sugars, for instance, thirty taste sweet to humans but only nine are sweet to bees.

The sense of smell in insects is for the most part located in the antennae or feelers. Cockroaches can locate cheese from a distance by moving their antennae about to get the direction. Bees can be trained to distinguish essence of orange from forty-three other scented oils, and both bees and ants distinguish members of their own community by their smell. Ants follow trails of scent to and from the nest and their whole sense of whereabouts is based on smell rather than sight.

Male insects moreover are generally better equipped to detect odors than the females. The reason is that in the search for mates the males as usual must do most of the searching, although also as usual the female does her gentle best to show the male the way. Moths, being night fliers, rely especially on their remarkable sense of smell for bringing the sexes together.

In one test made with Chinese silk moths, a female was placed in a gauze cage and a number of males were released at different points. Forty percent found their way to her from a distance of two and a half miles and more than twenty-five percent from seven miles. The scent of the female reached that far and could be detected by the males.

Over shorter distances males can even find their way to a place on which a female has recently settled, although she is no longer there. Even a dog, and most certainly a man, smells in a crude and clumsy way compared with this.

However, having attracted her suitor from a long way off, should the lady no longer be in the mood, what can a male insect do? One butterfly, at least, has found the answer. Both before and during courtship he sweeps his own scent glands, which are carried on the wings, and shakes a perfumed dust over the female in a shower of exciting masculinity.

So throughout the living kingdom the senses of smell and taste unite us in a common feeling, making distinctions between good food and bad, between friend and foe, and above all, perhaps, the presence and purpose of the opposite sex. \*

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## The boom in bird watching continued from page 27

### "It's a game, sport or study — and sometimes all three at once"

rush out and see three hundred swans that had landed on a slough five miles east of the city.

At a time when shorter working hours and increasing leisure are boosting interest in all forms of recreation it is impossible to say what hobby is growing fastest; but bird watchers who have taken time off from their bird watching to bring together a few statistics on their cult are sure that their hobby, if not leading in growth, is certainly among the leaders.

Five years ago there were about thirty natural-history clubs in Canada, with about three thousand members. Today these figures are double — fifty-eight clubs and about six thousand members. Such clubs include people interested in botany, insects and mammalogy, but the bulk of their members are bird watchers because this is the branch of the natural sciences most attractive to amateurs. One group, the Federation of Ontario Naturalists, is growing at the rate of about a thousand members a year. The Toronto Field Naturalists' Club, with eight hundred members now, is signing up new members at a rate of about one hundred a year.

And no one can guess how many thousands more bird watchers there are who are "lone scouts," having no affiliation with clubs or societies. One clue to the number is the sale of bird books. Roger Tory Peterson's Field Guide to the Birds so far has sold about fifty thousand copies in Canada — by any standards a thriving best seller—and it continues to sell three to four thousand a year. (U.S. sales to date total three hundred thousand.) Peterson's is the most popular bird guide, but there are several others, among them Chester Reed's Land Birds East of the Rockies, which has also sold about fifty thousand copies in Canada over a longer period of years.

#### Swallows in a coal yard

Even persons linked closely with this growth in the popularity of bird watching frequently find themselves bewildered by it, as was John Livingston, executive director of the Audubon Society of Canada, when he visited the Montreal coal dock mentioned above. During lunch hours for the past couple of years laborers at the dock have been building and putting up birdhouses. Last year the birdhouses attracted their first tenants—several tree swallows, graceful beautiful birds with iridescent blue backs and snow-white breasts. On the day last April that Livingston visited the dock, the first swallow had just returned and was twittering gaily from the top of a birdhouse blackened by the winter's accumulation of coal dust.

"The bird itself looked strange enough in those bleak grimy surroundings," Livingston said, "but it was stranger still to see the reactions of the men. There they were, black as the ace of spades, stopping work every few seconds and searching the sky because they didn't want to miss the arrival of the rest of their swallows."

And there were no reprimands, because their employer was as excited as they were, which is not surprising either, because he is Brigadier James Hill, a bird watcher and an Audubon director.

The coalmen, locomotive engineer,

dentist, bank manager and fishing-tackle distributor, if you rounded them up, might have several different definitions for bird watching because bird watching has its "schools," a sort of congenial caste system, and the pursuit has differ-

ent methods and goals for each. It is a game, a rugged sport or a scientific study, depending on your school, although for some individuals it is all three of these at once.

For the majority it is a game, with

the competition element strong. With binoculars, identification guide and notebook or check list you simply go out and identify all the birds you can. You compete with your own previous record and you compete with your friends. You look for rarities, you strive for big lists — a day's list, a year's list and a lifetime's list. Most birds adhere to a fairly constant annual migration cycle, so you look for birds that are present out of their normal season, early arrival dates in spring and late departures in autumn. Followers of this bird-watching



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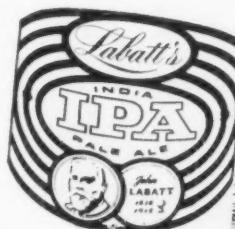
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school have been dubbed the "listers."

Whether you make it a gentle game or a rugged sport depends on the energy you put into it. Some bird watchers are content to stay in their own back yards. Others roam widely, rising at dawn and spending a couple of hours birding before going to work, hiking or driving miles every week end, and planning vacations for a time and a distant region that will let them see birds they cannot see at home.

A Toronto psychiatrist, Dr. Donald Gunn, rarely misses getting in an hour or two of birding before going to his office each morning. His explanation for being out when most people are still soundly sleeping: "I do it for relaxation."

A few years ago four Toronto youths drove eleven thousand miles in three weeks on a furious birding expedition that shattered all records and almost shattered them. They traveled nights and spent the days bird watching. The first two-thousand-mile leg—Toronto to Montana—they stopped only for food and gas. Three weeks later, on a Saturday morning, they were in Mexico and due back at work in Toronto the following Monday morning. They drove the more than two thousand miles non-stop and arrived at work one hour late. Their bird score: two hundred and eighty-one species.

There is a minority school of bird watchers who regard the frantic scurrying around of the listers as a purposeless misdirection of effort. These are the scientifically minded who watch birds to study their way of life and, if possible, to contribute something new to science's understanding of birds. Instead of quickly identifying a bird, ticking it off the check list and dashing on to find another, they are more likely to spend their time watching one species, conducting a life history study of it. Or they may study such things as the effect of weather and air-pressure patterns on migration, the causes of fluctuation in bird populations, habitat preferences, nesting behavior; or they may trap and mark birds with numbered leg bands to study such things as how long birds live, their mating habits, migration routes and speed of travel. Members of this school argue that one day spent carefully watching a robin in the back yard may produce more valuable information than the discovery and listing of a dozen rarities.

The people who pooh-pooh the bird listers and engage in these more serious forms of bird watching are often the professional biologists of museum and university staffs, but many amateurs too have graduated from the listing school and made important contributions to scientific knowledge. One of the most famous is Mrs. Margaret Nice, an Ohio housewife who began banding and watching song sparrows in her yard while raising four children. When she began publishing results of her study, its scientific calibre won her world-wide recognition as an ornithologist.

A similar example is Mrs. Margaret Mitchell, of Toronto, who, between her bird-watching junkets, collected information on the extinct passenger pigeon by interviewing old-timers who saw it, and by searching old records. Her book, *The Passenger Pigeon in Ontario*, is recognized as the best life-history study of this vanished bird. And Charles Broley, a retired Winnipeg bank manager and lifelong bird watcher, amassed much hitherto unknown information on the bald eagle by banding them in their nests in Florida. Broley also proved that bird watchers are not all softies, because to catch his eagles he has to climb nest-

ing trees often more than a hundred feet high. Broley, seventy-five now, is still at it.

But in spite of their scoffing, most of the experts yield periodically to the lure of the list and go out on listing sprees like any amateur. As a game or sport and nothing more, listing has a peculiar attraction, hard to analyze or define. It is a healthy, relaxing, outdoor exercise, because leisurely walking is all it requires, although if you wish you can make every bird-watching day a rugged, dawn-to-dark marathon. It has an aesthetic appeal, both visual and auditory, and the spring's first wood thrush song or the first glimpse of the brilliantly plumaged Blackburnian warbler brings a thrill to the most unresponsive bird-watching veteran. Some have claimed that bird watching satisfies man's instinctive love of the hunt while catering to his civilized refinement by having eliminated the kill.

### Century run for a birder

One of bird watching's biggest attractions is the mental challenge it poses, for it is a game of skill as demanding as chess, with the exercise of golf thrown in. There are about three hundred species of birds that might appear in most regions of southern Canada, and in many of these the male, female and young have different plumages, so the bird watcher has many hundreds of possibilities to consider every time he sees an unfamiliar bird. Complicate this with the fact that the bird may be viewed fleetingly, and from any angle, and the challenge of bird identification begins to appear. But experienced birders see two hundred to two hundred and fifty species a year in Canada and once or twice each year manage to score a "century run," the bird watcher's term for listing a hundred or more in one day. Some U.S. veterans with time and money for extensive traveling have piled up lists of more than five hundred species for a single year within the North American continent.

Roger Tory Peterson, the field-guide author, has suggested that the basic lure of bird watching may be hidden in the mists of symbolism. Birds, he says, are nature's most spectacular symbol of freedom and escape. To the amateur at least, they appear free to fly when and wherever they wish, and they symbolize

the escape from modern life's regimentation that so many of us yearn.

Whatever its lure, bird watching has grown with an explosive speed in recent years. Only a decade ago bird watchers were looked upon by most people as, at the least, bizarre eccentrics, and when traveling to a birding spot many of us carried our binoculars in lunch pails to avoid attracting attention. Police especially were the bane of bird watchers—they were convinced that anyone wandering around out-of-the-way places with binoculars was a Peeping Tom at least, and maybe a spy.

Dr. R. M. Saunders, a University of Toronto history professor, was picked up during the war by Toronto police while he was studying ducks at the Toronto waterfront. He was grilled for several hours at headquarters before he could convince police he wasn't a Nazi spy. But today police don't give bird watchers a second glance. In fact, the following incident, said to have occurred in Montreal, is an indication of modern relations between police and bird watchers. A small group of bird watchers was standing by a marsh. A police cruiser stopped beside them.

"What are you doing?" asked the officer.

"We're bird watchers," one of them said with a little embarrassment. "We're listening to the birds calling in there."

"Having any trouble?" the policeman asked.

"Yes, one of them we can't identify."

"Which one?" And the officer listened carefully while the bird watchers indicated the puzzling call.

"It's a Virginia rail," the policeman told them. He was a bird watcher too, and a good one.

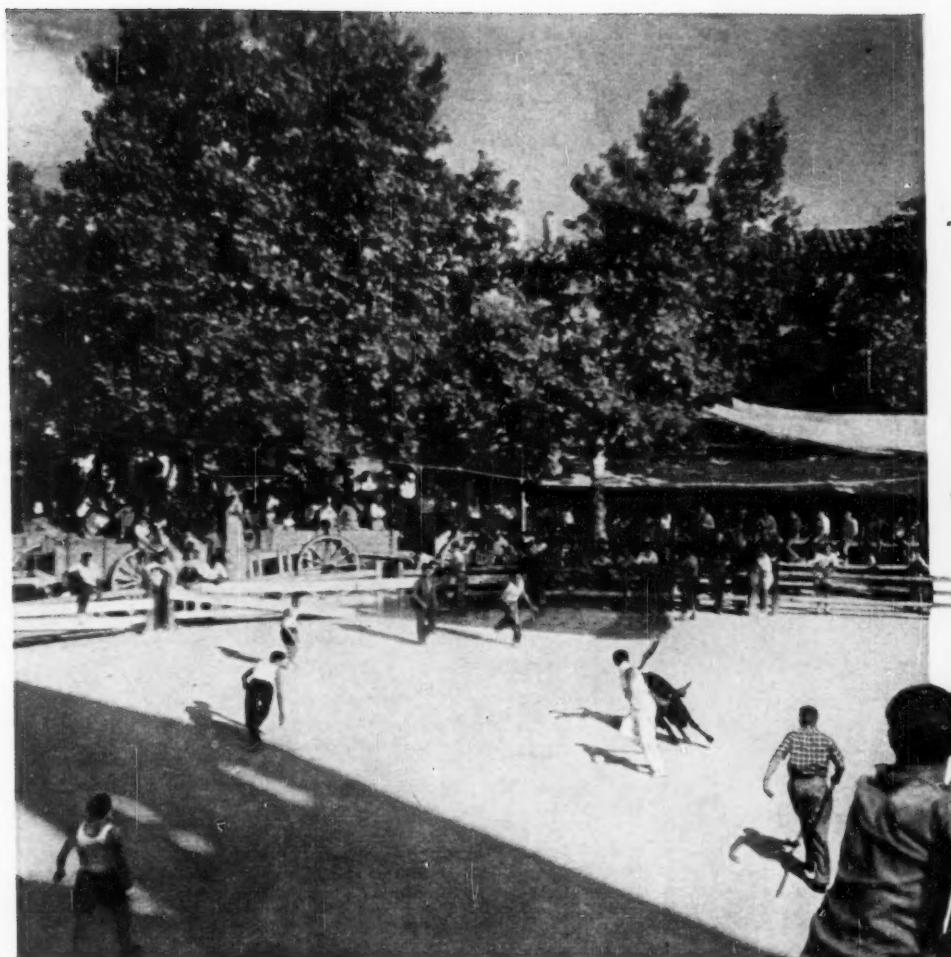
The mushrooming interest in birds is illustrated too by the success of Audubon Screen Tours, a program of bird lectures by famous ornithologists illustrated with color movies. They were introduced in Toronto about ten years ago. Their popularity spread rapidly and this winter they will be shown in thirty-two Canadian communities to a total audience of about a hundred and twenty thousand. Besides going to all major cities, they are also screened in many small towns, from Truro, Wolfville and Digby in Nova Scotia to Nanaimo on Vancouver Island.

Toronto, with five different bird and nature clubs in addition to headquarters



Portrait of the artist as a bird watcher

Fenwick Lansdowne, sketch pad in hand, scans Victoria's Oak Bay area on a bird-watching expedition to gather material for new paintings.



**2** "Raised to be ornery, the bull had acted up when we'd fastened the rosette to his forelock. When I saw Charles fall, I ignored my fear. Seeing me, the bull charged. I had to run for it..."

**3** "Taking bigger risks than any Spanish matador, Charles had really earned his prize. He'd reached right between the vicious horns to seize the 'rose'—but it became my souvenir. 'Going into that ring took bravery,' Charles said, and he handed the hard-won rose to me..."

*Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best in the House."*

**T**he 'Rose'  
whose thorns are  
the horns of a bull

**1** "A raging bull is a tough customer. I know—I faced bulls myself with natives I met in the south of France. But snatching a rosette of ribbon from between the horns of a bull is no sport for beginners," writes an adventurous friend of Canadian Club. "At Saliers I watched my bullfighter friend, Charles Fidani, attempt this daring maneuver. Suddenly he fell. As he regained his feet, I rushed out to distract the snorting bull . . ."



**4** "At a nearby cafe I repaid Charles' gallant compliment—with a round of Canadian Club. The Ribbon Game is little known outside France, unlike the fame of Canadian Club which is a favourite everywhere."

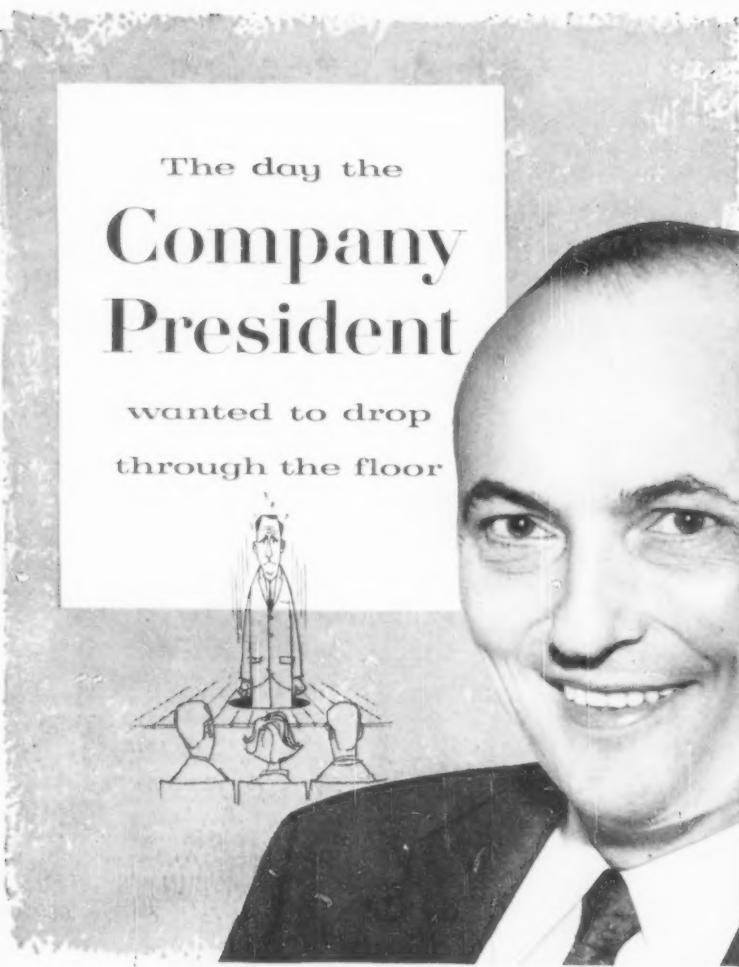
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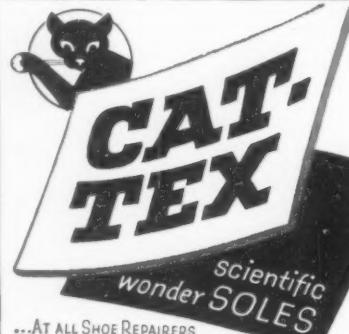
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of both the Audubon Society of Canada and the Federation of Ontario Naturalists, is one of the most highly organized bird-watching cities on the continent. But it was proven recently that even this abundance of clubs and societies is reaching only a small part of the Torontonians interested in birds.

The Toronto Field Naturalists' Club for several years has been sponsoring bird hikes in which expert leaders instruct less-experienced members in bird finding and identification. Attendance varies from fifty to a hundred. John Livingston, Audubon Society executive director, wondered if the TFNC hikes might not be missing many potential bird watchers who had an interest but knew nothing about birds and hadn't progressed to the club-joining stage. He obtained the co-operation of the Toronto Telegram, and the Audubon Society and Telegram jointly sponsored an instructional hike, advertising it as an outing for the greenest greenhorns, interested in making a start by watching the commonest birds. Veteran birders were warned they wouldn't find it much fun.

The hike was planned for the Sunnyside section of Toronto's waterfront and adjacent High Park. But it was January 1956, and when the day came the weather could not have been more unfavorable. The temperature was around zero and there was a biting wind blowing off Lake Ontario. Livingston and Telegram bird columnist Jim Baillie headed for Sunnyside to lead the hike, but each felt that the trip would be a waste of time—only the most ardent bird watcher would venture out on a day like this, they felt, and they expected to find no one waiting for them. But when they reached Sunnyside at 8:30 a.m. there were a hundred and seventy people there, eighty-five percent of whom were novices who had never turned out to an organized bird hike before.

After this response, fourteen more Audubon-Tely bird hikes were held, with attendance increasing each time. The most recent one was held last June near Don Mills, a Toronto suburb. Nearly seven hundred people turned out and the resultant traffic jam made Livingston half an hour late.

One of the reasons for this boom in bird watching is that bird identification, in spite of its complexities, is no longer the difficult science it was. Old-time ornithologists depended heavily in their bird identification on features that could be observed only after the bird was shot and in the hand. But by the 1930s binoculars were becoming commoner, making it possible to see birds in life much more clearly. And simultaneously the "field mark" technique for identifying birds began to be developed. When ornithologists began watching birds through binoculars instead of shooting them, it was found that practically every species had a trademark or "field mark" that distinguished it in life from other similarly plumaged species. And the science of field identification, as opposed to hand identification, was born.

Such species as the lesser and greater scaup ducks, once regarded as indistinguishable in the field, are now separated easily by experienced bird watchers by slight differences in head shapes, a distinction the early ornithologists overlooked. Fall-plumaged blackpoll and Blackburnian warblers are now separated accurately by leg colors. In fact few birds remain that cannot be identified in life. Some groups that are identical in appearance can be separated only by their songs.

How can you get on the bird-watching bandwagon?

Many veteran bird watchers started out with only bird cards from cigarette packages to help them identify their birds, but the modern beginner has access to a wide variety of good books to get him off to a fast easy start, and he can gain in a few years the skill and experience that old-timers spent half a lifetime acquiring. Such books as Peterson's Field Guide to the Birds and Pough's Audubon Bird Guide (there are eastern and western editions for both of these) and Hickey's A Guide to Bird Watching—to list them all would fill a page of this magazine.

Binoculars are practically indispensable. Good ones can be obtained now for under fifty dollars. Best for bird watching are the following types: 6 x 30, 7 x 35, 7 x 50 or 8 x 50. The first figure in each case is the power of magnification; the second figure indicates the diameter in millimetres of the outer lens.

With an identification guide and binoculars you are ready to get started. At this stage don't get the idea that you are too rank an amateur to join your nearest natural-history club. The veterans



**Who is it?**

Thirty years later this fair-haired boy is still facing a camera. Turn to page 84 to see who he grew up to be.

will welcome and help you; in fact, they need you. Naturalists throughout Canada are crusading strongly today for more parks, for the preservation of such natural habitats as marshes and woodlands, which are being sacrificed at an alarming rate, and for the correction of weaknesses and inconsistencies in laws dealing with wildlife. Dr. J. R. Dymond, president of the Federation of Ontario Naturalists, said recently, "When enough people appreciate nature and join together to make their voices heard, we shall get more action in nature preservation."

If you join a club, you will pick up your birding know-how faster and you will be adding your support to the many causes that fellow-naturalists are fighting for. The two major groups representing naturalists in Canada are the Federation of Ontario Naturalists, 187 Highbourne Road, Toronto 7, and the Audubon Society of Canada, 181 Jarvis Street, Toronto 2, the former covering only Ontario, the latter representing affiliated clubs and individual members throughout Canada, mostly outside Ontario.

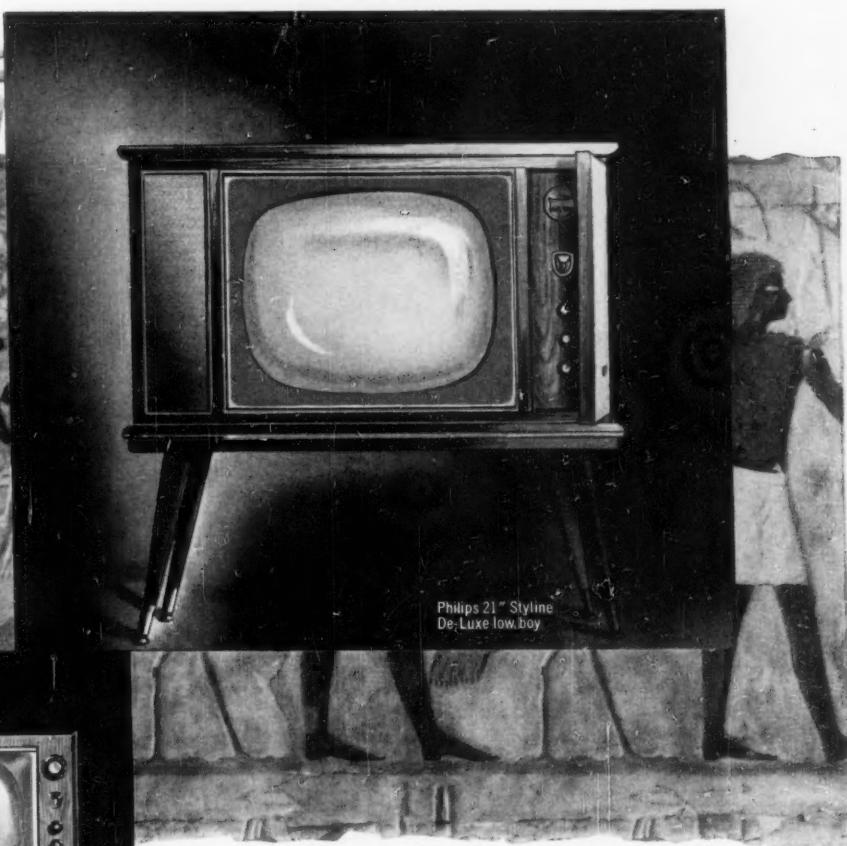
And if the birding bug bites you, don't waste time getting started. There are at least twelve billion birds in North America—seven birds for every person—and they include some six hundred and fifty species. So you have a lot of bird watching to do. ★



## with the accent on elegance

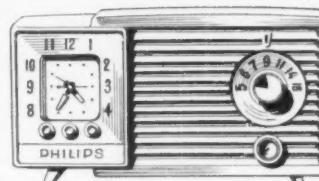
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER 28, 1957

# Something about that man...



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FOR BETTER SHAVES — SHAVE WITH

# WILLIAMS



For the sake of argument continued from page 10

"We're constantly listening to music most of us don't like, because we think it's our favorite"

it works its way up to the point where it is the sole authority on the preferred music of adults as well as adolescents. And it is a virtually unchallenged authority. This means simply that we are constantly listening to music most of us don't like, because we *think* it's our favorite music.

Of course, a music survey is limited by its very nature. A new song can rocket to popularity in a week, and fall out of favor just as fast. It's impossible for the polls to keep up with this trend since it takes time for ballots to come in and be tabulated. At their best the listings are a week late. An extreme example of this inadequacy can be found in the fact that an American music publication once listed *White Christmas* among the top ten tunes two weeks after Christmas.

There is no doubt in my mind that the majority of listeners are not happy with what they are hearing. The staff of station CJON in St. John's, Nfld., are convinced of this too. CJON solicited three thousand musical requests from housewives in a single week, and not more than a dozen hit-parade tunes were asked for. This was an isolated case of one radio station making an effort to establish a sound music policy. But are radio people generally doing all they can to find out what people want to hear? I agree with Lyman Potts, the manager of CKSL in London, Ont. At a meeting of broadcasters, Mr. Potts decried the policy of airing music merely because it appeared on the hit parade, and added that many station managers leave the important task of selecting the day's music to announcers still "wet behind the ears"—and this in spite of the high percentage of broadcast time devoted to records.

Conversely, there are a few radio-station staffs who, after assessing the situation, deliberately program hit-parade material almost exclusively, for effect. They recognize that the listings have value, mostly as a guide to teen listening. They feel that adolescents control the radio dial in the home; and if they play to the youngsters an increase in listenership will result.

One Toronto station, CHUM, unsatisfied with the public's reaction from a policy of playing show tunes and semiclassics, has done a complete reversal and now plays nothing but the fifty top tunes. A second Toronto station, CKEY, has recently followed suit. Well, there's no law against it.

Some broadcasters, however, ignore the popularity lists entirely and program a variety of selections to try to appeal to all age groups. To do this they have to choose by the "seat of their pants," using as a yardstick the type of music that has made the all-time hit parade. They know that melodies of the quality of *Begin the Beguine*, *Stardust*, and *September Song* have appeal for most people. Therefore they conclude that such newer show songs as *On the Street Where You Live* should enjoy a similar popularity even though not appearing on the hit parade. (On the Street Where

*You Live* made only a brief showing on some listings.)

On the surface it looks as if television makes its contribution in support of the surveys with its well-known hit-parade shows, both here and in the U.S. But these programs are merely variety shows, with a list of the week's top titles used as a gimmick. Their great appeal lies in the cute—sometimes—situations and sets, as well as pretty girls and dancing. They have neither the arrangements nor the artists that made the songs famous.

Local dance orchestras generally are not taken in by the hit lists. They are almost unanimous in their refusal to use published popularity polls even as a guide. Mind you, they are close to their audience, and can see their efforts being reacted to on the spot. Young working people and married couples who go to dances are satisfied with the Guy Lombardo formula of a pleasant tune with a reasonable beat. Except as a novelty, the dancer will shun rock 'n' roll and calypso and any facsimiles thereof. There is good reason to believe that this holds for listening as well as dancing.

The record companies then — surely they can be held responsible for the high quantity of low-quality music released today. But can they? They put out fine music as well as trash. But it's the trash that brings in the money, and who will be the first to cast a stone at the policy of promoting the goose that lays the golden record? Not I.

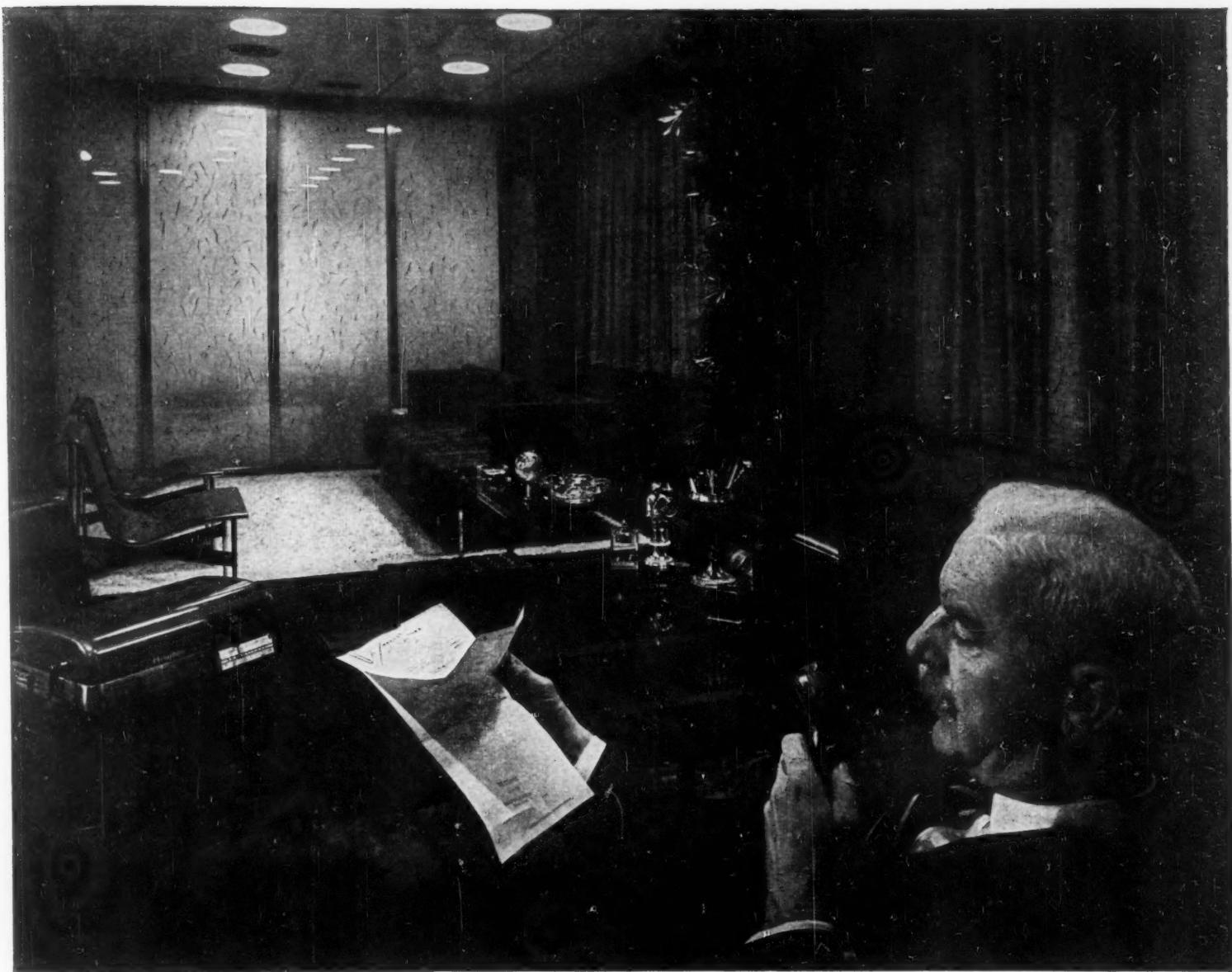
#### How did we get into rock 'n' roll?

Record stores, though pulling in their share of the loot from the "top fifty," are not entirely happy. One fair-sized record bar in Guelph, Ont., is doing away with its record-listening booths, except one for long-play records. It seems that teenagers spend too much time just listening.

This is indicative of the manner in which rock-'n'-roll tunes are pushed by teenagers. The youngsters mob the record stores; they write letters to radio stations; they listen to juke boxes by the hour; they form fan clubs. In short, they give the impression that all the world likes the type of music they like. Their enthusiasm is overwhelming. But that is exactly what puts the rest of mankind in a state of rock-'n'-roll frustration.

As the saying goes, some of my best friends are teen-agers. And before I'm mobbed by youths wearing boogie haircuts, I'd better say that I have no particular quarrel with them. They have a right to choose their own music. And by the same token, I am free to reject their choice. Which I do.

Take rock 'n' roll, for instance. What is it? I felt I couldn't find out by merely listening, so I went to see. I visited a rock-'n'-roll dance, and I saw. It was the beat that got the participants—nothing but the beat. Frankly, I was unimpressed, for what I witnessed was of much different—except for the policemen—from many dances I attended in high school during the war era of the jitterbug. We didn't wear strides or white bucks, but we did roll up our



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legs a couple of inches, and we thought jazz bow ties were okay. But the music was better then. We had Glen Miller's String of Pearls, and Tommy Dorsey's Boogie Woogie, which has a fair beat of its own. Just to be sure I wasn't looking at the past with rose-colored glasses, I decided to dig into the station record library and listen to those tunes. One selection I found was typical of the swing period. It was Honeydripper by Randy Brooks' orchestra, and it has a beat that would put rock 'n' roll to shame. And what's more, it has melody and harmony and catchy lyrics—all of which rock 'n' roll does not have.

It's hard to imagine that teen-agers during the war years were more intelligent and discriminating than those today. But if you use musical taste as a gauge of maturity, today's youngsters will never make the grade.

Just to be fair let's consider this angle. If good popular music were as plentiful now as it has been in the past, would our younger citizens prefer it over their present likes? Or is it that song writers are not turning out better material because they think teen-agers don't want it? It's a which-comes-first-chicken-or-egg proposition.

Song factories are, of course, producing for the blue-jeans set more than ever before. As evidence, any record shop can show you such titles as Teenage Romance and White Sport Coat, each wrapped in maudlin sentiment designed to make a fifteen-year-old swallow her bubble gum. Romantic matrons might think these songs cute for the first few playings, but otherwise the adult world can do without them.

While the inanimate hit-parade sheet provides the tune, the radio stations and record companies are chastised for being the pied piper who leads our children rocking and rolling into record shops. But, like the people of Hamelin, aren't we all a bit responsible?

I think I speak for most broadcasters

in saying that the adult population does not ask for what it wants to hear. Where are all our lovers of serious music? How many listeners who prefer Brahms to Presley actually take time to indicate their appreciation for a radio program of classics? Practically every radio-station record library is bulging with classical music of superb quality. Yet most of it merely collects dust.

I suspect every Canadian city and town has its share, as Guelph does, of those who will feign support for the local symphony orchestra by attending concerts, and who will remark casually at any opportunity that they attended a jazz recital at the Stratford Festival. Are they merely shamming culture? Does the great volume of classical recordings bought by adults really indicate a love for the finer things, or are these merely show pieces to be brought out when the neighbors visit?

I ask this because my station has gone to considerable trouble to plan programs by the musical masters—and each program has fallen flat on its face. We received exactly two letters of commendation for a hundred and sixty-three hours of the finest music, while our hit-parade program draws at least forty letters a week. The temptation is strong for us to throw all our classical material into the trash can, and make more room for hit-parade drivel. It's obvious that some stations have done just that.

I am not suggesting that every Canadian give up his occupation and devote all his time to writing letters to radio stations in a quest for better music. I do think, however, that listeners can get what they want by asking for it.

Minorities must be respected. But the seven percent of our population between fourteen and nineteen, crying the loudest, are getting more, much more, than their share of the cake. Perhaps a few well-placed wails from the adult population will bring popular music back to its proper perspective. ★



"Yippee! I won that trip for two to Hawaii."



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**What kind of man was  
Herbert Norman?**

Continued from page 23

years following 1951, the charges were periodically mentioned in the press. This rankled and exasperated him. "Will this never end?" he once asked a friend despairingly.

By 1957, because his critics had been silent for several months, Norman began to feel hopefully that his ordeal had ended. But in March the attacks were renewed. They couldn't have struck him at a worse time: he was physically, mentally and emotionally exhausted. He had been in Egypt since the beginning of the Suez crisis in the fall of 1956. "This is the most strenuous job I've ever had in my life," he told Irene, his wife.

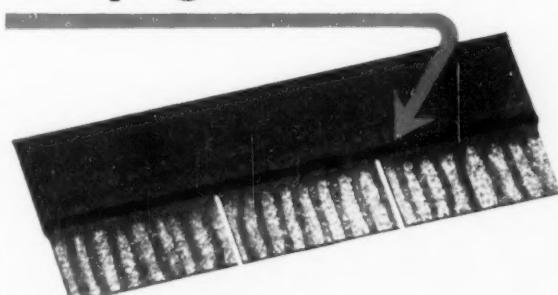
The atmosphere in Egypt was tense and Norman's responsibilities were many. He had to negotiate with President Nasser about the admission of UN forces into Egypt to keep the peace. He was involved in the clearing of the Suez Canal. The protection of the lives and properties of Canadian nationals was a constant concern. He was responsible for safeguarding Australian interests, since the Australian diplomatic mission had quit Cairo. The temper of the Cairo populace caused Norman a good deal of uneasiness. Back in 1952 a Cairo mob had dragged the Canadian trade commissioner from his club and murdered him. Norman was afraid that such violence might erupt again at any moment. He was always concerned about the welfare of his staff, and they, in turn, were devoted to him.

Added to all this, since his arrival in Cairo, Norman had made an extremely determined effort to understand Egypt. He read scores of books, had long conversations with hundreds of people—diplomats, newsmen, Egyptian officials, professional men and ordinary citizens. A reporter who arrived for a brief interview often stayed for several hours to be interviewed by Norman on some facet of the Egyptian situation. "He didn't do much sleeping; the house was never empty at night," his widow recalls. As one British diplomat observed, "In a few months, Norman has learned more about the Middle East than I have in ten years."

This came as no surprise to Norman's acquaintances who knew him to be a scholar of extraordinary ability. He had the scholar's reverence for exactness and truth; in his historical writings every argument is carefully weighed, every fact documented. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why he was so sickened and discouraged by the hearsay and half-truths of his accusers. At the time of his death, he was one of the two top-ranking world authorities on Japanese history. In 1947, when Norman was stationed in Tokyo, the Emperor of Japan chose him to teach the subject to his younger brother, Prince Mikasa. For almost two years, Norman spent one afternoon a week at the royal residence. He was in constant demand as a lecturer in Japanese universities and when he was about to return to Canada in 1950, two hundred of Japan's most illustrious scholars gave him a banquet and presented him with a



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book of their brush signatures. They also habitually addressed him as "Norman-sensei" (teacher)—a rare accolade for a foreigner. His command of Japanese was flawless: on the telephone, in Japan, he was often mistaken for a native.

When he was stationed in Wellington in 1954 the New Zealand cabinet took the unusual step of inviting him to sit in on some of their meetings, to solicit his views on Far Eastern affairs. One of the several books he wrote, *Japan's Emergence As A Modern State*, which deals with Japan's transition from a feudal, military government, is a standard work on that subject throughout the world. It ranks especially high in Japan, where it's now in its fourth printing. Throughout his lifetime, such universities as Princeton, Yale and British Columbia offered him important academic posts. He refused them, preferring the life of a diplomat. "I want to be a living historian—not an antiquarian," he would explain.

Norman's familiarity with Japan—he spent twenty of his forty-eight years there—undoubtedly influenced his thinking and outlook. After Norman's death, a close friend observed, "Herbert may have been more Japanese than we thought." In the Orient certain forms of suicide have always been regarded as praiseworthy. Brahman and Buddhist doctrine, with their denial of the flesh, approve the idea that the body is a dwelling place to be abandoned at the will of the owner. Suicide is neither cowardly, an admission of guilt nor a terrible last resort. It is a gesture of defiance. "His death may have been a gesture of protest to the U.S. Senate subcommittee for its methods," said the friend. "Norman's Japanese attitude might have had the effect of disarming him of the repugnance of suicide."

Another dominant influence in Norman's life was the philosophy of Epicurus, a Greek scholar who lived during the Third Century B.C. On at least two occasions Norman took the trouble to send books about Epicurus by his old University of Toronto professor, Norman De Witt, to his brother Howard who still lives in Japan. And Norman's Japanese friends frequently commented on his affinity for Epicureanism. The philosophy of Epicurus emphasizes the enjoyment of life, teaches a reassuring and calm approach to such weighty questions as religion, death and suicide, and, finally, encourages the development of the intellect.

Norman took seriously Epicurus' injunction to "cultivate the mind." He learned to read and write in a half dozen languages and seemed to have read everything worth reading. During a week end he would plough through a dozen books and years later recall chapter heads and entire paragraphs, word for word. In Ottawa one night, at a party for visiting scholars at the home of a French diplomat, the conversation got around to the poetry of Baudelaire. To illustrate a point he was making, Norman recited a verse, pausing in the middle of a line. "Why do you pause?" asked a visitor from Paris. "Because there's a comma there," explained Norman. An argument ensued. When a book of Baudelaire's verse was consulted, Norman was proven right.

He could discuss, at length, such diverse subjects as where the unicorn got its horn, the mating habits of African tribes, the Jesuits in sixteenth-century Spain or the sewerage system of ancient Rome. Once, in Tokyo, he spent an entire evening with an Italian diplomat, discussing the history of Italy's main

political parties. At the opening of a fall fair in the Taranaki district in New Zealand, he delivered a learned address to his farmer-listeners on the problems of sheepgrazing.

Again, consistent with the conduct of an Epicurean, Norman was a gentle kindly person who abhorred suffering, pain and violence. In spite of his own grief during his last two weeks in Cairo, he took time off to write a long and beautiful letter of sympathy to an Ottawa friend whose father had recently died.

It is in Oriental countries that Epicureanism is practiced, according to one writer, "in its sweetest and serenest fashion." It is therefore not surprising that it attracted Norman during his many years in Japan. He was the son of United Church missionary parents. His father, the Rev. Daniel Norman, was born on a farm twenty miles from Toronto, graduated from Victoria College, University of Toronto, and went to Japan in 1897. He returned to Canada shortly before his death in 1941. His wife, Catherine Heal Norman, was born on a farm near Stratford, Ont., and graduated from Victoria a year later than her husband. They had three children, of whom Herbert was the youngest. The

### ANSWER TO

#### Who is it? on page 78

Jackie Rae, who produces, acts, sings and dances on TV. He also helps produce the CNE grandstand show.

oldest, Grace, is married to a United Church minister in Wardsville, near Chatham, Ont. Howard, who is four years older than Herbert, is a professor of Christian Ethics at Kwansei Gakuin University, in Nishinomiya, Japan. The university is conducted by the United Church.

Daniel Norman was highly regarded by the Japanese. His headquarters was the provincial city of Nagano. Once, as he walked along the street, a small child shouted at him, "Ijin!" (Dirty foreigner!). The child's ten-year-old playmate reproved him. "That's no foreigner; that's Norman-sensei." The living room of Daniel Norman's rambling manse was always filled with Japanese, who brought to him their business, legal and domestic problems. When the people of Nagano built a new church to replace the old one after World War II, they named it the Norman Memorial Church. In 1947, when the citizens of Nagano learned that Norman's son, Herbert, had returned to Japan as a diplomat, they staged a two-day memorial celebration in honor of his father.

Grace, Howard and Herbert Norman had a happy childhood. Their imaginations were filled with stories from the Bible, and the classics. The parents strove to make the children conscious of their Canadian heritage. They told them stories of the pioneer days in Canada and hung in a prominent place in the dining room were large pictures of Jacques Cartier and Sir Isaac Brock. "Our parents gave us a real love of Canada," recalls Howard. "We used to think of Canada as the promised land."

The children also absorbed the culture of Japan. In the afternoons they would play games in the manse garden with Japanese friends. "The older boys used to like to play with us to practice Eng-

A black and white advertisement for the Sunbeam Shavemaster. The top half features the word "Sunbeam" in a large, stylized, cursive font with a registered trademark symbol. Below it is a horizontal bar with the text "HOLLOW GROUND\*", "BLADE ELECTRIC", and "SHAVEMASTER" stacked vertically. The bottom left shows a close-up of the shaver's head with the text "electric with a real" and "SHAVEMASTER" partially visible. The overall design is mid-20th-century.

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lish, but we preferred to speak Japanese," Howard says. They frequently visited a famous medieval battlefield near Nagano and practically knew by heart Lord Redesdale's Tales of Japan. Both Howard and Herbert were fascinated by the classical legend of The Forty-Seven Ronin, the story of how forty-seven retainers of a lord committed suicide on the doorstep of a rival lord who had insulted their master.

Herbert Norman's formal education began when he was eleven, at the Canadian Academy in Kobe, Japan, conduct-

ed by the United Church. When he was sixteen he developed tuberculosis. After a year in a Japanese sanitarium, his parents sent him to Canada to spend another year in a hospital near Calgary. During these two years of confinement his drive and energy were channeled into serious reading, chiefly in history and philosophy. A year after his recovery in 1929, he entered Victoria College in Toronto, the chosen school for the children of Methodist missionaries. Lester B. Pearson is one of its most distinguished graduates.

Herbert Norman, at twenty, was not a typical freshman. He was tall and gangly and his erudition made him conspicuous. In his reading he ranged far beyond his specialty. He devoured Elizabethan literature and read extensively in politics, economics and philosophy. At bull sessions he was the acknowledged giant. "He knew so much," recalls his friend, John Holmes, "that by comparison my own views appeared to be naive. I felt like a yokel."

After almost thirty years former Victoria teachers still have vivid memories

of this youthful prodigy from Japan. Professor M. St. A. Woodside recalls that "he asked searching questions which only a first-class student could ask." Professor F. A. Hare observes that "he had a maturity and sophistication unusual in an undergraduate." At that time Dr. Norman De Witt was working on his book, *A Brief History of the World*. "I'd often ask Norman questions about Japanese customs and he would always have the information I wanted," says De Witt. When De Witt met his star pupil in a Toronto library about twenty years later he was pleased to note that his intellectual curiosity burned as brightly as ever. "He recommended two books to me by a Russian adventurer," says De Witt. One was about hunting tigers in Siberia; the other about raising deer on a ranch.

While at Victoria, Norman was chosen curator of the student library at Hart House and was active in the classical and historical societies. In his final year, he was elected class president. At this time he was rather shy in mixed company. At college dances Norman was usually the last man left in the stag line. But he did meet and court Irene Clark, an attractive co-ed from Hamilton who was studying domestic science. Two years later, in 1935, they were married. Irene recalls that during the courtship, Herbert read her Latin and Greek poetry. "I couldn't understand a word," she says, "but it was beautiful music the way Herbert read."

After graduation from Victoria in 1933, Norman received a scholarship to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he studied medieval history for the next two years. He next received a Rockefeller Foundation grant to attend Harvard to study Japanese history. He won a PhD at Harvard in 1939.

It was during his university days that Norman showed some interest in Marxist ideas and attended discussion groups which included many Communists. This was not unusual on many counts. Norman was always ready to explore new ideas with stimulating company, and, during the Depression at Harvard, as elsewhere, there was a good deal of economic and political discussion. It was taken for granted by many that the capitalistic system was doomed; that a brave new experiment was going on in Russia. Whatever popular international resentment existed was directed primarily at Fascist Germany and Italy.

It was inevitable, too, that Norman's interest in Far Eastern affairs should bring him in contact with Communists. During the late 1930s American Communists—like those elsewhere—took a vocal part in the struggle for power going on between Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists in China. At that time the Communists were one of the few groups interested in discussing Far Eastern politics and Norman still had a great affection for that part of the world. Thus he was affiliated for a time with the Canadian Friends of the Chinese People, an organization infiltrated by Communists.

Norman was also active with the Institute of Pacific Relations, a non-profit organization which promoted international understanding. He wrote several

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articles for their publications. It later developed that the IPR had many Communist members although the bulk of the membership—as in the case of the Canadian Friends of the Chinese People—was non-Communist. Among its members were such prominent people as Henry R. Luce, the publisher; Admiral Harry E. Yarnell, of the U.S. Navy; Sumner Welles, former U.S. Under-Secretary of State; Ralph J. Bunche, winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, and Grayson Kirk, president of Columbia University.

Norman made no secret of his leftist associations during his university days. They were carefully investigated by the RCMP in 1950—an investigation that took six months and extended to at least four countries. "They really gave Herbert the works and he co-operated fully," one of Norman's intimate friends told me.

But at the time Norman graduated from Harvard, in 1939, his main concern was not with politics but with his own future. When he heard that the Department of External Affairs was looking for Far East experts, he felt he knew where his life's work lay. He hurried to Ottawa for an interview, which was so successful that an order-in-council was passed immediately appointing him a foreign-service officer. Early in 1940 he arrived at the Canadian Embassy in Tokyo to serve as language officer and third secretary under the incumbent chargé d'affaires in Japan, D'Arcy McGreer.

#### Persian poetry for prisoners

McGreer was pleased with his new junior officer. Norman, on his part, was glad to be back in Japan. He looked up many old friends and attended the Kabuki theatre, sometimes as often as three or four times a week. The dedication of the actors to their art impressed Norman; to get the proper effect they eschewed modern cosmetics and painted their faces with vivid lead paint even though they knew they were risking death from lead poisoning. Sometimes Norman would wander into an obscure Tokyo bar, order a bottle of beer and start discussing the latest play with the drinker sitting next to him.

Irene Norman, with the wives of other Canadian diplomats, returned to Canada in May 1941 when war seemed possible. (Norman himself was certain it was imminent.) On Pearl Harbor Sunday a Japanese official informed the Canadian Embassy staff that they were under house arrest. For the next seven months they were held prisoner.

Apart from the worry about the progress of the war and about the welfare of his wife and friends, there were facets of this strange life that Norman enjoyed. He spent hours reading in the embassy library and improving his knowledge of Japanese. McGreer describes him as the "ideal person to be imprisoned with." In the course of a single night he might discuss Persian poetry, the wines used in Italy at the time of Catullus, the gutty writing of John Aubrey (a little-known literary figure in seventeenth-century England) and colorful personal sidelights on such writers as Cervantes and Voltaire.

Norman was repatriated in June 1942 and spent the next three years in Ottawa. After the Japanese surrender he was sent to the Philippines, and later Japan, to work out the repatriation of Canadian prisoners. His official position was chief of the Canadian Mission to SCAP (Supreme Command of Allied Powers), headed by General Douglas MacArthur. Because of his background, Norman was

for a time invited to work with the counter-intelligence department.

Norman was occasionally a dinner guest at MacArthur's home. The general once observed to a Canadian diplomat that "Norman is one of the few Occidentals who seem to understand the history of the Japanese people." The two got along well even though they did not always agree. Norman felt that in rehabilitating Japan, SCAP should be less dependent on the old-established powers and make greater use of the liberal elements. He was also critical of Mac-

Arthur's plan to drive across Korea's Yalu River in 1950. He warned that such a step would bring the Chinese into the war. As it turned out, Norman was right.

When Norman wasn't too busy he savored the pleasures of Japanese life. In the spring he was an ardent cherry-blossom viewer and traveled around the country in search of the choicest views. He bathed in the Sea of Japan, wearing a *yukata*, an oriental type of bathrobe, while on the beach. He loved taking Japanese-style baths, which consist of

soaking in a tub while the water is kept at near-boiling temperature by a stove underneath. Norman enjoyed accompanying his wife to stores and antique shops to buy Japanese *objets d'art*—roll-up brocades, prints, vases, screens, plates and lacquer boxes. Wherever he was to go in the future these souvenirs of the Orient were to accompany him.

Norman had an army of Japanese friends in Tokyo. One of the closest was the distinguished scholar Kazuo Watanabe, who recalls how sensitive and thoughtful Norman was in his personal

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relations. At Norman's birthday party Watanabe drank too much and fell asleep. He awoke several hours later, thoroughly ashamed of himself. Norman came forward smilingly and said, "You slept well? Shall we have another drink?" Watanabe was so full of remorse that he refused the drink but accepted Norman's offer of a lift home in the Legion car. The following midnight Watanabe's phone rang. It was Norman. "Can I come and bother you for a minute?" he asked. Fifteen minutes later Norman appeared at Watanabe's house

with a bottle of whisky. The two friends drank and talked. Norman professed to be tired, whereupon Watanabe invited him to take a nap. Norman did so. Watanabe says, "I couldn't forget this incident. As a friend remarked, to save my face Dr. Norman tried to lose his."

On another occasion, Watanabe was playing with Brandy, Norman's Alsatian dog. "I'm going to be as friendly as a brother to Brandy," he joked. "I'll never be a scholar myself but this friendship will lead people to identify me with you." Norman laughed. "Your friend-

ship will make Brandy famous," he said.

When Norman was posted from Tokyo to Ottawa, in 1950, he was succeeded by ex-cabinet minister R. W. Mayhew. Mayhew recalls, "Because of Norman I found all doors open to me in Japan. Canadians were particularly well thought of because of the standard he set. I heard nothing but praise and admiration of the man."

In Ottawa, Norman served as chief of the Far Eastern division of the Department of External Affairs and, temporarily, as Canada's permanent representative

at the United Nations in New York.

It was on the afternoon of August 7, 1951, that the storm broke. Testifying in Washington before the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security, presided over by Senator Pat McCarran, the ex-Communist New York professor, Dr. Karl Wittfogel, claimed that he remembered Norman as a Communist when he was a student, and said Norman had attended Communist study groups.

The news struck the Normans in Ottawa like a thunderbolt. Mrs. Norman had just returned to her apartment from shopping when she received the news from a reporter, phoning from Washington. A few minutes later her husband, obviously distressed, phoned to say that he would be home in a few minutes. "The charges tore him apart," says Irene. That evening the Norman home filled with family friends—the French counselor of embassy and John Holmes, John Watkins and other old colleagues from the Department of External Affairs. "There was a feeling of horror about this development," recalls Irene. "We left it alone. We talked about everything else under the sun and did our best to be gay and silly. Herbert went along with us as best as he could."

Norman was disturbed by a number of things. He hated publicity, good or bad. The flowery reports that Japanese papers used to print about him caused him deep discomfort. He felt that a civil servant should carry on his work quietly and without fanfare. Lester Pearson recalls that at the time Norman was suffering with an overwhelming feeling of remorse—a feeling that somehow he had let down the people he had worked with, happily, for the past eleven years. Norman was also shocked by the callousness of the people in Washington. John Holmes says, "Norman himself never condemned anyone and took an optimistic view of people. That's why he was hurt by this incident of human wickedness." He would talk about the charges, to intimate friends, for hours. At his office he would sometimes spend long periods of inactivity, worrying over what had happened.

His friends and colleagues tried to cheer him up. "We'd try to distract him by bringing up other topics," one of them told me. "Herbert sometimes went along with us, if only to make us happy." Norman was defended by Pearson, who officially protested the charges to the U.S. government and repeatedly assured the Canadian public that Norman was "a valuable and trusted official of the department." But he did more than defend Norman by words. Disregarding possible American criticism, in 1952 he appointed Norman as his principal adviser at the Japanese Peace Treaty Conference in San Francisco. After affixing his signature to the treaty documents, Pearson handed the gold pen with which he had signed for Canada to Norman, saying, "I'm giving this to the person who really did the work."

But Norman was not reassured. In New York, while serving with the UN, he told his boyhood friend Charles Holmes (not to be confused with John Holmes) that he was heartened by Pearson's support, but could it undo all the harm? "You can't wash off the poison of a smear from your emotions," he said. He was frustrated. "How can you fight back against this sort of thing?"

Several months later Norman was still upset by the charges. John Holmes was now lecturing at the National Defense College in Kingston and often spent his week ends with the Normans in Ottawa. To cheer Norman up, he said, "Herbert,



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you're not a villain—you're a hero. The men at the Defense College regard you as an Isaac Brock-type of hero." Norman replied quietly, "I don't want to be a hero." Later, Holmes realized that he had said the wrong thing. Norman wanted nothing more than that people forget about him.

In April 1952, Norman was appointed High Commissioner to New Zealand. It is a small mission with only two senior officers. Many observers interpreted the appointment as a means of getting Norman out of the public eye for a time. Perhaps they held this view because of what happened to the Canadian representative at the League of Nations, who, during the Ethiopian War, proposed oil sanctions against Italy; the Canadian government repudiated him and hastily shipped him off to Wellington as high commissioner.

According to friends, although Norman was interested in New Zealand, he was not enthusiastic about his new job. He mentioned to one that he was being "exiled." To another he observed that he would rather be No. 2 man in a big busy mission than No. 1 man in a small one.

Whatever his original feelings, Norman became very fond of New Zealand. On one occasion, Prime Minister Sidney Holland mentioned to Louis St. Laurent how happy his people were to have such a distinguished scholar in their midst. Norman addressed the New Zealand cabinet, university students, learned societies, flower shows, fall fairs and service clubs. The Maori people fascinated him and he visited their villages. He traveled widely, haunted museums and libraries to learn all he could about the island, parts of which reminded him of Japan. His counselor at the time, Graham McInnes, says, "No country could have been dull for Norman."

"While there's death . . ."

But in spite of the idyllic surroundings and the twelve thousand miles that separate Wellington from Washington, the charges of 1951 still rankled with Norman. "It played on his mind to an extent I didn't think possible," says McInnes. Occasionally, when they were homesick, the two men would gossip about different people back in the department in Ottawa. This often reminded Norman of just how each individual reacted to accusations from Washington about his subversiveness. Whenever McCarthy, McCarran or any other member of the Senate subcommittee was mentioned in the paper, Norman would discuss the matter at length, condemning the manner in which many innocent people were being persecuted and hounded. On the day that Senator Pat McCarran died, McInnes rushed into Norman's office and showed him the newspaper headlines. Norman wryly observed, "While there's death, there's hope."

Something was always happening to keep the disloyalty charges alive, even in far-off New Zealand. One night Norman visited a Wellington family. For entertainment they played a record they had just received from New York. It turned out to be *The Investigator*, a CBC play based on the inquisitorial methods of the late Senator Joe McCarthy. A publication of the Social Credit League of New Zealand frequently reminded readers that the Canadian High Commissioner had been accused of being a Communist and that he was being conveniently "tucked away" in New Zealand. Sometimes, the New Zealand papers picked up interviews given by people such as Pat Walsh, a Canadian ex-Com-

unist now living in Labreville, Que., saying that he was about to write a book about the sons of missionaries in the Canadian diplomatic service who were Communists. McInnes says, "When he read things like this he wanted to talk about it as if talking would get rid of the odium."

Describing his former chief during their stay in New Zealand, McInnes says, "Outwardly, he was sunny, mercurial and extroverted; inwardly, he was sensitive and bore a streak of melancholy. He was an 'un-reassurable' person.

Nothing you did or said could relieve the gnawing pain caused by the charges that had been made against him."

While in New Zealand, Norman continued his interest in Epicurean philosophy and corresponded with his old teacher, Norman De Witt, who had just completed a monumental work on this subject. It is likely that De Witt first kindled this interest. "In my lectures in Toronto I often discussed Epicurus," says De Witt, who describes Norman as "a natural Epicurean."

What are the main tenets of the Epi-

curean philosophy? The Epicurean believes that life is good and that the object of living is to obtain all possible good and pleasure. But, says Epicurus, "when I maintain that pleasure is the end of life I do not mean sensual pleasures, but a body free from pain and a mind free from trouble. It is not eating or drinking, reveling or lust that makes life sweet." The highest value is placed on cultivating, training and disciplining the mind. Friendship, Epicurus taught, is the most precious possession of the wise man, while conversation with



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## In Norman's philosophy "such is human suffering that man will know moments when he wishes death

friends is the richest of pleasures. Next to talking to friends, the greatest pleasure is books. With regard to human relations, the Epicurean's aim is to give pleasure to others. He also wishes other people to be altruistic.

Epicurus succinctly summed up his views on personal publicity in a single phrase: *lathe biosas*—live unknown. If you become a controversial public figure, it involves contention, rivalry, the fanning of prejudice and the suppression of truth. Political life is to be shunned because those who don't avoid it become partisan and can't appreciate the views and values of other factions. Politically, Epicurus was no anarchist, but at the same time he argued that the maximum of liberty implies a minimum of government.

Death and suicide were dealt with at some length by Epicurus and his views have been ably summarized by Paul-Louis Lansberg, the German philosopher:

Death is nothing as far as we are concerned. If we exist, death does not exist; if death exists, we no longer exist. The only problem that remains is a comfortable way of dying. The early Epicureans treated the question of choice of death with calm. The metaphor most frequently employed was that to kill oneself was just like leaving the theatre when one was bored or did not like the play. There is nothing terrifying in not living; death, once come, will not be painful so there should be nothing painful in the anticipation of it. The absence of life is not evil. Death is no more alarming than nothingness before birth.

Of all existing moralities, the Christian is one of the few to forbid suicide outright without being willing to allow any exceptions. But there is a temptation to suicide latent in human nature itself; it is a fairly common occurrence. It is not true that man always loves life. Such is human suffering that man will know moments when he wishes for death.

Early in 1956 Norman received news which meant that, in the future, there would be less time for philosophical contemplation; he had been appointed Ambassador to Egypt and Minister to Lebanon. That summer, he returned to Ottawa. Basil Robinson, chief of the Middle East division of the External Affairs Department, after lunching with Norman, observed, "He was keen about his new job—just as enthusiastic as a young PhD tackling his thesis." He read scores of books about Egypt and the Arab world and had long conversations with the Ottawa representatives from Egypt and Lebanon.

### Cairo was the peak

John Holmes, now an assistant undersecretary of state, entertained the Normans in his apartment one evening. It was a relaxed and stimulating affair. "Norman appeared rested and confident," recalls Holmes. "He obviously felt that the Cairo assignment was the peak of his career."

On another evening, the Normans had dinner with D'Arcy McGreer and his wife. The men recalled the old times when they were interned in Japan. It was Norman who brought up the 1951

charges. "I want to thank you for your offer," he said. He was referring to the letter McGreer had sent from his post in Warsaw in 1951, offering to testify as to Norman's complete loyalty, either by letter or in person.

The Normans departed for Cairo in September. During a brief stopover in London, Norman phoned from the airport to say hello to his old friend Norman Robertson, then Canadian High Commissioner in London. Robertson urged him to visit with him for a few days. But Norman had a sense of urgency about his new appointment. "I can't," he explained. "I've got to get on with the job."

He worked hard from the very first moment. Arthur Menzies, chief of the Far Eastern division and a fellow student at Harvard, explains, "Norman had high intellectual standards and he was always looking for motives beneath surface events. He felt that his knowledge of Egypt was meagre and that he'd have to become expert practically at once. Time wouldn't wait. This crash effort must have taken a good deal out of him."

Norman presented his credentials and spent the next several weeks getting settled in a home and at the embassy. Then, accompanied by his wife, he went to Beirut to present his credentials as the Minister to Lebanon. While he was there, the invasion of Egypt by Israel, France and Britain stranded him. He was impatient and fretful. "My place is in Egypt right now," he explained.

With the cessation of hostilities, Norman was able to fly back to Cairo. For the next several weeks he worked under

tremendous pressure. Since the embassy stenographers had been evacuated to Rome, Norman and his four senior aides had to do all their reporting and correspondence by hand. He often labored from eight in the morning until past midnight. On one occasion he went for three days without sleep. He was learning a lot about Egypt and a lot was happening. Ottawa must be kept informed.

Norman's colleagues in External Affairs in Ottawa describe his dispatches from Egypt as "brilliant." Basil Robinson, chief of the Middle East division, says, "Having someone like Norman right on the spot in Egypt was of tremendous value to Canada. We were seeing what was going on through the eyes of a top-notch reporter. He interpreted the thoughts as well as the deeds of the Egyptians." Norman tried desperately hard to be objective. "It's easy for tempers to get lost in this atmosphere," he told a newspaper reporter. "But you can't dismiss men's arguments because they're shabbily dressed or eat with their fingers or think in a manner strange to you. You have to remember—the fellow in beggar's robes could be right."

President Nasser grew to respect Norman for his unusual ability and detained him in long interviews, plying him with questions. This respect paid off, especially at the time when Nasser balked at the proposal to admit UN forces into Egypt. On his own initiative, Norman obtained an audience with Nasser and spent from eight to ten o'clock one evening, arguing for the admission of UNEF. He left the interview in a jubilant mood. "I've persuaded Nasser," he



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said. A few days later UNEF soldiers set foot on Egyptian soil.

Suddenly, on March 12, 1957, the Communist charges against Norman were revived in hearings of the Senate subcommittee in Washington. The attack was repeated on March 21. It came at a bad time for Norman. He was nervously keeping an eye on the uneasy peace that had come to Egypt; he was fatigued from overwork; the hot weather of Cairo was enervating; he was depressed about the lack of real improvement in relations between Egypt and the Western democracies. Bewildered and hurt, Norman said to Arthur Kilgour, his First Secretary, "It looks as if they're deliberately out to get me." At home, he spoke about his discouragement to his wife. "They've brought up all the same old lies of 1951. Why must I go through that again?" He told a friend, "I've become an embarrassment to my government."

Norman wrote Pearson a letter full of exasperated remorse for causing him so much difficulty and revealing his discouragement. Again, Pearson publicly rose to Norman's defense. He made a statement to the House of Commons affirming his complete faith in the ambassador to Egypt; he lauded his recent efforts. On March 18, Pearson sent a strong letter of protest to John Foster Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State. Dulles was in no hurry to answer. At the time of Norman's suicide, Dulles was enjoying a holiday at Duck Island, Ont. The note wasn't answered until April 10 and even then, it was signed by Christian Herter, Dulles' chief lieutenant.

Norman had become suddenly distant and aloof. His tennis partners found him distraught and absent-minded. Even his closest friends found him difficult to talk to, and noticed that in the middle of a conversation he would suddenly jump up and say, "I've got to be going now." Norman's problem was now uppermost in his mind even at social events. At a party given for Dag Hammarskjold, UN Secretary-General, he met another guest newly arrived from the United States. "Has there been much in the American papers about me?" Norman asked him. When the visitor said no, Norman, immensely pleased, rushed over to his wife at the other side of the room to give her the news.

Two weeks before his death, according to Cairo rumors, Norman confided to his wife that he was considering suicide. Mrs. Norman denies this. She was sufficiently worried about her husband's health, however, to call in a doctor. After some discussion the doctor prescribed sedatives for Norman and advised an immediate vacation. Norman refused to go. "How can I leave Egypt at this time?" he asked. At Irene's insistence he finally agreed to a holiday in Spain, provided they were near the Canadian Embassy so he could be kept informed of events in Egypt and return immediately if necessary. A telegram was drafted to Jules Léger, Under-Secretary of State in Ottawa, asking permission for the leave. It was to be sent on the morning of April 4, the morning, as it transpired, of Norman's death.

Knowing how deeply he had been hurt by the charges in 1951, several of Norman's Ottawa friends wrote letters to cheer him up; John Holmes urged him to remain calm; that the storm would pass; that everyone in the department believed in him; that his work in Cairo had been positively brilliant and had been widely praised. Norman was pleased with the letter, which he received a few days before his death, and showed it to his wife. "But it was already too late," says

Holmes. "Things had moved beyond that."

After Norman's suicide officials of the department in Ottawa carefully searched through his last few dozen reports, looking for some portent of what was to come. They could find nothing. His dispatches were of their usual high calibre: meaty, and written in a clear precise style. Striving for perfection, it was not unusual for Norman to rewrite a dispatch eight or nine times. His last report was written on March 29, a week before his death. It was a personality sketch of an Egyptian whose name is unknown in the Western world but who wields great power in Egypt's national life. Norman wrote, "He is brilliant and unbalanced . . . given to delusions of grandeur . . . a poor administrator . . . obscure specialists around him do the real work. He wants to handle everything or nothing." This was the first of what was to be a long series of profiles of Egyptian public figures. Norman himself conceived this project, explaining, "If there were to be a sudden change

View apartments, a modern eight-story building. This was the residence of Brynolf Eng, the Swedish ambassador and one of Norman's close friends. But Norman was not thinking about visiting on that fatal morning. He took the elevator to the top floor and stepped out on the roof.

A few minutes later a druggist, whose shop was opposite the apartment building, noticed a small crowd gathered outside and rushed to investigate. Looking up, he saw a tall, rounded, athletic man whose thick sandy hair had turned prematurely grey, walking up and down. He was wearing a grey suit. In a moment, Norman was sitting on the parapet of the roof, head between his hands, apparently deeply engrossed in thought. He got up, removed his coat and, after folding it, placed it on the parapet. Beside it he placed his watch and his glasses. Down below, a woman shouted, "He's going to jump!" A few seconds later, moving backward, Norman dropped over the roof, feet first. Death was instantaneous.

The farewell notes left behind by Norman were purely personal in nature. They reflect his anguish and torment, the cheerlessness with which he regarded the future, and asked for understanding and forgiveness for his action. One was to Irene, his wife; the other to his Swedish friend, Brynolf Eng. The exact contents of these two notes have never been made public. Newspaper versions of them have been described by the Canadian Embassy in Washington as "complete fabrications." They create the impression that Norman took to the grave with him deep secrets about his alleged career as a Communist.

Herbert Norman also left behind a third note which, until now, has not been known to the public. It was addressed to his older brother Howard, a professor in the department of theology at Kwansai Gakuin University, in Japan. It reads in part, "I have lived under illusions too long . . . I realize that Christianity is the only true way . . . My Christian faith, never strong enough I fear, has helped sustain me in these last days. I have prayed for God's forgiveness if it is not too late."

Perhaps the most informed comment made about Norman's death was made by Professor Norman De Witt, who always had the greatest admiration and affection for his former pupil. De Witt feels that, in the last analysis, men with Norman's blend of character and personality are not tough enough to endure the hazards of public life.

"Norman," he says, "was of the Hamlet type: proud, introverted, intellectual and totally honest. Unlike professional politicians, such people do not develop social callousness. Injustices or persecution increase their tendency to introversion. In spite of friendships—and Norman had an unusually large number of friends—they are habituated to living within themselves. They do not make confidants and so lack the outlet of battle. Thus, in the extreme situation, the only recourse is to face the question, 'To be or not to be.'" It was logical that Norman's decision—and consequent action—should be influenced by his philosophical and Oriental background.

"Once the decision has been made," says De Witt, "a sense of justice demands that the exit from life must be more than an escape from trouble. It must also be a protest. It must be public. Pride, in turn, requires that it be dramatic. A vulgar resort to breathing carbon monoxide or an overdose of sleeping pills is ruled out. Norman's death conforms to such a pattern." ★



in government, we'd have information on the new personalities holding power."

On the evening of April 3 the Normans attended a film, sponsored by the Japanese Embassy, in a downtown theatre. Included in the party was Norman's First Secretary, Arthur Kilgour, and an Egyptian businessman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Foda, with whom the Normans were friendly. The film, *Mask of Destiny*, is a brooding classical Japanese tale, full of fatalism and the doctrine that death holds the answer to many of life's problems. Some friends feel that Norman was deeply touched by the film, viewing it, as he did, during a crisis in his life.

After the movie the Normans and the Fodas went to the Semiramis Hotel for a drink. Norman had a bottle of beer and talked amiably. His wife was immensely relieved. For the past two weeks he had been silent, sombre and sleepless. Now he seemed to be regaining something of his former vigor and enthusiasm. Perhaps, she thought, it was in anticipation of the holiday in Spain which she was in the process of arranging. Another explanation is that perhaps, after viewing the film, Norman had come to a decision about his future. Before departing, the foursome discussed the croquet game they had planned for the following afternoon. April 4, on the lawn of the Gezira Club, Foda was to ascertain the exact meeting time by phoning Norman at the embassy the following day.

Early the next morning Norman left his home and walked slowly to the Nile



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**London Letter** continued from page 12

"Altrincham's attack on the Queen was cruel, despicable, caddish!"

fierce three-pronged crisis, comprising the sovereign, the prime minister and the Archbishop of Canterbury. He had fallen in love with a woman who had two living ex-husbands, and the nation was faced with a constitutional crisis of the first magnitude.

So the uncrowned king renounced the throne and went into the perfumed twilight of abdication. The nation was heartbroken and everyone said that the very basis of kingship had been loosened dangerously, even perhaps beyond restoring. But his unconsidered brother George mounted the throne with his Scottish wife by his side and the hearts of the people went out to them.

Yet in a little time, a pitifully little time, we heard the heralds on the ramparts of St. James's Palace proclaim, "The King is dead. Long live the Queen." The words went out and were carried on the wind to the farthest frontiers of the island kingdom. The second Elizabeth, so pitifully young, had come to the throne. But people told each other that England had been at her greatest in the days of Queen Elizabeth in the sixteenth century. In fact, when we discovered somewhat to our surprise that we were the new Elizabethans our imaginary swords were raised to the lovely youthful monarch and we predicted a mighty renaissance for the island kingdom.

As a member of parliament I had attended the coronation of King George VI and now, in the same capacity, I was to see the crowning of a young and beautiful queen, the second Elizabeth, with her handsome prince in attendance but not beside her—she was not only his wife she was his queen.

From the very beginning everything went right, even to the order of their children—first a boy and then a girl. Long live the royal family.

But it was only a short time until the narks got to work. The Queen's husband was doing a fine job of work, but on Sundays he indulged in polo. There were murmurings and mutterings. What kind of example was this to set before the younger generation? A Scottish divine attacked Philip from the pulpit. The Duke (as he had become) refused to give up his Sunday polo but the smile on his face had turned to a frown.

Therefore, if it is traditional that the monarchy is not above criticism, why was there such sound and fury over the outpourings of their lordships Altrincham and Londonderry?

First let us consider who and what Lord Altrincham is. He was educated at the snob school of Eton. He served as a junior officer in the Grenadiers in the Hitler war, then ran for parliament in 1951 and was defeated. He belongs to a club called the Beefsteak, and is the editor of the small but intelligent National and English Review. In fact, he was an obscure figure whose existence was unknown to the nation at large until he achieved world-wide notoriety by this attack on the Queen, which had all the delicacy of a fishmonger who had drunk too much gin. It was cruel, despicable and caddish. Nevertheless, since he has seen fit to attack a woman who is not in a position to defend herself the rest of us, in spite of his vulgarity, must study the charges that he made and see what substance there may be in them.

It is certainly true that Her Majesty's Christmas broadcasts have never made the impact or achieved the personal touch that characterized the Christmas broadcasts of her father. This is partly due to the high youthful pitch of her voice but even more to the material that is supplied to her.

A couple of years ago I was in the United States at Christmas, visiting a private home, when my friends tuned in the radio to hear the Queen. Spontaneously, everyone rose. It was thrilling to hear Her Majesty speaking to the world as a sovereign and as a woman but unfortunately her advisers had written for her a speech that could not have been less personal if it had been by the president of the Board of Trade. One by one we soon sat down and listened vaguely to the end. Our emotions were hers to command but she did not ask for them.

This is the one and only point on which I agree with Etonian Altrincham. With great respect I suggest that the Queen should have been coached by the Duke of Edinburgh to deliver a fireside chat, a Christmas homily from a mother, a wife and a queen in that order. That is what her father did with the masculine approach. As a father, not only of his immediate family but of the English-speaking family scattered across the seas, his appeal was intimate and homely.

Yet if we admit that the Queen has much to learn about public speaking, who can deny that her visit to France a few months ago was a personal triumph in the highest degree—and that in a land dedicated to the feminine.

#### Grandma lowered the boom

A French member of parliament whom I met recently at Deauville told me that her conquest was complete. Those of us who watched it from London on television felt the same reaction. Yet Altrincham disposes of her as a speaker by saying that her voice gives him a pain in the neck. *Floreat Etona.*

However, as you will recall, the noble lord did not lack support. A second peer, no less than the young Marquis of Londonderry, jumped on the bandwagon and added vulgar abuse on his own account, thus achieving the only notoriety of his entire career. Whereupon his grandmother knocked him out of the ring by revealing to the press that he failed three times in his driving test and four times in his Oxford entrance examination. Someone asked him why he did not get himself a job, to which he replied, "It's ridiculous for me to look for a job. I'm very well off."

Incidentally, his grandmother, the seventh marquis, not only maintained Londonderry House in Park Lane, but with his wife always gave a great reception for the Tory MPs and peers on the eve of the annual opening of parliament.

But even grandfather Charlie Londonderry (as he was called) had some odd ideas. He once wrote me to the effect that a man in his position had no chance in public life.

However, I am sure that in the vaporings of the present marquis and his pen pal Altrincham they will have the full support of that lovable iconoclast, Malcolm Muggeridge. The truth is that Muggeridge is a sentimental assassin who has replaced the gentle humor of Punch

with an irony that sometimes produces a smile but seldom a laugh. He is so full of sound and fury that when a few months ago he interviewed Tom Driberg and myself on television concerning a book of memoirs, he did all the talking except for a few mumbled words that Driberg insisted upon.

In fact, Altrincham, Londonderry and Muggeridge are determined to pull down the edifice without the slightest idea of what they would put in its place.

It is true that the Queen prefers horse racing to grand opera, but then we must remember the terrible ordeal she had to endure when at the time of her coronation she had to listen to the hideous sounds of the specially written opera, *Gloriana*, at Covent Garden. It is quite true that the Queen prefers the company of normal people to the artists and the dreamers, and equally it is true that she prefers a comedy in the theatre to the brilliant harshness of the younger significant playwrights of the classics. But she has precious little time for her favorite pastimes. Her routine duties are almost endless and only a particularly stupid peer would object to her employing her extremely few hours of leisure after her own fashion.

If we are to maintain a monarchy then we must subscribe to the accepted legend that the sovereign is a living tradition and should not come under criticism unless his or her actions deliberately prejudice the sanctity of the throne or the security of the state.

The one bright spot of this Altrincham-Londonderry excursion into bad manners and bad citizenship is that parliament in its wisdom may be encouraged to create no more hereditary peerages. By all means honor and entitle those who have given high service to the state or to the arts, but do not pass it on to the next generation. If Lords Altrincham and Londonderry were without titles they could not get a hearing except in Trafalgar Square and even there the pigeons would probably express disapproval after their own fashion.

The monarchy is an essential foundation to a country like Britain, which with its far-flung family of nations needs a central figure who is above and beyond the normal conflict of polities. If at the next general election we Tories are thrown out—and there are signs to that effect—Mr. Macmillan will go to Buckingham Palace and proffer his resignation to the Queen. She will express polite regret and then ask Mack the Knife to advise her on his successor. In turn, Macmillan would have to say, "Ma'am, I suggest that you send for Mr. Gaitskell or Mr. Bevan as soon as the socialist party decides which one it wants."

In other words, the Queen is above political controversy just as by her supreme position as monarch she is the first servant of her people. It would be a sad day for Britain and the civilized world if, because of a creeping common sense, we decided to abolish the monarchy.

On the other hand, as already indicated, I look forward to the day when hereditary titles will be abolished and such men as Altrincham and Londonderry will have to win their spurs by their own efforts and not by the accident of birth. ★

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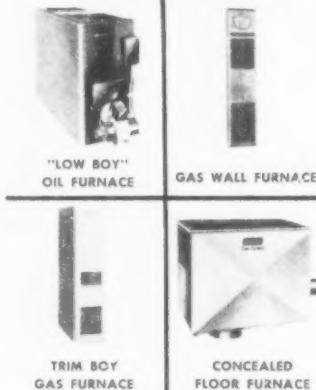
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**Rosa Tremblay and her seven sets of twins** continued from page 19

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Emile, rocking in his chair. "Rosa works fifteen hours a day to keep us going. I only make a small part of the twenty-three dollars a day it costs us to live, but we never let the kids go without anything they need."

"And—and Paul Emile doesn't drink," Rosa adds. "He smokes maybe only one owl a night. We're not ones for going out. I think I've seen four movies in ten years. We've got a TV. Everything we spend goes on the children, and the children are our life."

The Tremblays have eight boys and eight girls. The first child, Raymond, died at birth. His twin, ten-year-old Raymonde, is the eldest child and the quietest and most introverted of the brood. Rosa gave birth to three sets of twins the first three years of her marriage. Ronald and Ronaldo are nine. Eight-year-old Jacques and Jacqueline were the third set of twins. Clement was born alone seven years ago, although the family doctor believes he might have had a twin who died in the fetal stage of development.

After Clement, three more sets of twins were born: Jules and Julien are six, Francine and Françoise are nearly five. Christian and Christiane are three and a half. The cycle of three twin births was again interrupted by the single birth of Guy, in 1955. A year later, Suzie and Suzanne were born after a fifty-mile journey to the hospital in Chicoutimi. All the other children were delivered at home, some of them before the doctor's arrival.

The latest addition to the family is Huguette, a seven-pound girl whose arrival this June, one hour and ten minutes after her mother was admitted into Alma's new 250-bed hospital, surprised even Rosa. "I was sure it was twins again," she said. This delivery, like all the others, was without complications. Only one of the sets of twins was premature, a record that startles doctors. Nearly all multiple twin births are premature, and usually there are two or three single births spacing each set of twins.

With so many infants in the house, Rosa has forgotten what it's like to have an uninterrupted night's sleep. The children are prowling around the kitchen in their matched pyjamas from six in the morning, and Rosa is usually up by six-thirty, turning on the washing machine, dressing the children, and making breakfast, a meal that calls for a whole box of porridge, thirty-five pieces of toast, half a pound of butter, and three quarts of cocoa every morning. The washing machine churns on for five hours until noon every day and a hundred-foot clothesline in the back garden is hung with washing four or five times. Once a week, when the twelve beds are changed, the washing and ironing takes a full twelve hours.

"Having a washing machine doesn't really make things easy," she says. "It just gives you more time to do other work."

Until a few months ago, two spinsters, sisters, used to come every day to help with the housework. But domestic help is hard to find even in a small town of twenty thousand, and Rosa hasn't been able to replace the sisters who complained about working a seven-day week, then quit on the Tues-

day following their first day off because the work had accumulated.

Just before dinner Ronaldo is sent across the street to the store owned by Rosa's mother. He picks up four loaves of bread, seven quarts of milk, four pounds of hamburger or sausage, two pounds of butter, five pounds of sugar, a dozen oranges, eggs, and a bag of flour. Rosa gives him ten dollars from Paul Emile's wages, which go into a glass jar in the cupboard for household expenses. Ronald, Jacques and Jacqueline go with him to help carry the order.

Sometimes Paul Emile will order twenty dollars worth of meat from the local slaughterhouse, and one of the merchants will keep it in a freezer for them. Many shopkeepers in Alma give them a small reduction for buying in quantity. Staple items such as potatoes are bought in 150-pound bags. They get through a bag every ten days, and in winter they stock up the cellar with a thousand pounds of potatoes and two dozen cases of canned goods.

**A simple meal for seventeen**

The Tremblays find it impossible to budget. "If you run out of food, you go out and buy more," Rosa explains. "All of Paul Emile's money, except the price of two packages of Alouette tobacco, goes into the jar. Sometimes the jar is empty before the end of the month and I don't know where the money's gone. But it's gone."

After lunch, which is a simple meal of bread and butter, bologna, mashed potatoes, tea and large French-Canadian biscuits called *galettes*, the children go out to play and Rosa does her baking. She makes six pies and three cakes two or three times a week. About once a month one of her brothers drives her the mile into Alma and she shops for clothes, shoes, and groceries. With the exception of Sundays, when she goes to Mass with Paul Emile and six of the school-age children, the short trip to Alma is her only excursion out of the house.

Until 4:30 every afternoon, when it's

time to start supper, she is baking, sewing, and replacing dry clothes with wet ones out on the washing line. Paul Emile comes in an hour later, takes off his jacket and washes his hands at the sink. He sits down in the big rocking chair and watches Rosa working.

"He doesn't give me any help around the house," she says, "and I don't expect him to. After eight hours at the smelters, he's had his cap full."

Paul Emile spends his day stripped to the waist, pushing hand trucks full of chemical separator to the rim of the bubbling smelters and dumping the contents into the molten vat. The temperature is about a hundred and fifty degrees, and after six trips with the hand cart he goes outside for air. His face has been baked to an earthen brown by the heat.

He sits down to the table with four of the youngest twins, and two-year-old Guy. They have soup, mashed potatoes and sausages, some green beans bought the previous day from a passing farmer, a huge slice of fresh plain cake, and a mug of milk or tea. Paul Emile eats eight sausages and has a piece of apple pie after the cake. He takes a second mug of tea into the parlor and turns on the television set. The young ones join him, and five more children sit down to eat. There are three sittings, Rosa sits down to eat last, with Ronald and Ronaldo, and ten-year-old Raymonde.

After the supper dishes are done, the children are washed one by one in the kitchen sink and go off to watch television or do their homework, or both. "They like westerns," Rosa says, "and sometimes you can't get them back to the kitchen to finish their homework, and I wonder how they can know anything at school." But Raymonde, who is in the fourth grade, always comes second or third in class, while the other five get just better than average marks.

Rosa irons in the kitchen from six-thirty till ten, listening to but not watching TV. Although she likes *Les Plouffes*, *Le Survenant*, and other French-Canadian TV serials, she is content to listen



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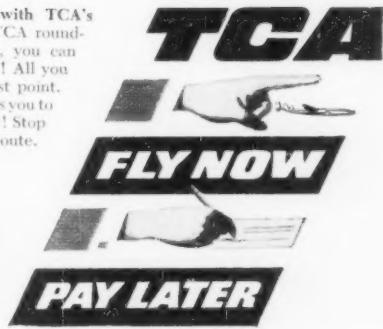
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from the ironing board. Only wrestling can lure her away from her work. At eight-thirty she starts to tell the children to go to bed, but the set is a big attraction with them and she has to call on Paul Emile for support.

"*Au lit*," Paul Emile says. But television fascinates him too.

"We have to keep singing that song to them until nine o'clock," she says. "And then I have to use force." The children troop off upstairs. The three youngest sleep in cots in their parents' bedroom. The remaining thirteen chil-

dren share seven beds in two attic rooms. One other bedroom in the house is used by Rosa's part-time helper, her fifteen-year-old niece Gisèle Cauchon.

At ten o'clock Rosa turns out the light in the kitchen and creeps into her bedroom, casting a glance at the infant Huguette and the year-old twins before undressing. Paul Emile switches off the TV set and joins her. A few minutes after ten, almost as soon as her head has touched the pillow, she is enjoying what she calls *le bonheur au lit* — the benison of sleep — until six the next

morning. Then one of the children will wake and begin to *chanter le coq*. It means that she must be up in a little while to meet the demands of another day.

"There isn't time to ask questions or be unhappy," she says with a smile. "I like children and so does Paul Emile. I had thirteen brothers and sisters. Paul Emile had sixteen. Between us all, we've had a hundred and forty-five children, and most of us are still young. We're too busy with our immediate families to call on one another, but we all try to

get together at least once a year. That's the main purpose of the Tremblay *ralllements*."

These rallies, an occasional trip to the shrine of Cap de la Madeleine near Three Rivers, and two short holidays in New York to appear on television, provide changes of routine for Rosa and Paul Emile.

They've been on two pilgrimages to Cap de la Madeleine, bringing along their children in three cars, and were greeted by and photographed with Cardinal Léger. "The Tremblays," said one French-language daily, "are living proof of the truth of Church laws."

Last year the couple were flown to New York to appear on a show called *I've Got a Secret*. Panel members took a look at Paul Emile's swarthy, weather-beaten face and suggested he'd found a gold mine in northern Canada.

"N-non," Paul Emile grinned at the interpreter. "Not exactly a gold mine . . ."

"Could I possibly have what you've got?" asked Jayne Meadows.

After the laughter had subsided, Rosa replied, "Certainement, mademoiselle!"

They stumped the panel and returned to Alma with a hundred dollars in prize money.

Public reaction outside the province of Quebec has been sympathetic, and even warm. Dr. Bergeron has a file of seven hundred letters from all parts of Canada and the U.S. A few of them, like the one from Vancouver, are bluntly critical: "The real tragedy isn't that Mr. and Mrs. Tremblay can't support their children by themselves. It is simply that they go on producing children whom they can't hope to support."

An American who wrote to Dr. Bergeron indignantly refused to contribute anything. "The danger is," he said, "they might be encouraged by other people's generosity to plan an even larger family . . ." But he must have had second thoughts before sealing the envelope. There was a fifty-dollar bill enclosed.

Had she heard the florid rhetoric of the Chicoutimi rally, Rosa would probably have agreed heartily with Msgr. Victor Tremblay, who was elevated to the Papal Prelacy during the meeting. He took up his bishop's staff with the challenging words: "We are not richer nor poorer, nor more blessed nor more forsaken than others. We are proud, though, to be the most prolific family in the world!"

Rosa had wanted to attend the rally. She changed her mind at the last minute when her doctor advised her against it. A few days after the Tremblays wound up their pious festivities, Rosa had her seventeenth baby, a seven-pound girl. ★



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**Joseph Tucker's triumphant retreat** continued from page 17

### Last year he spent \$222.49 — but over half went for taxes on his two share-cropped farms

Tucker is a rich man who need not concern himself with monetary trifles. His annual income is about eight hundred and fifty dollars derived from his old-age pension, two government annuities and his share of the crops on two fields of about forty acres each, one on his Manitoba homestead and one adjoining his sanctuary in the Saskatchewan poplars. But he spends considerably less than half of this, and as a consequence had, at the beginning of this year, savings in the bank of two thousand, one hundred and thirteen dollars and ninety-two cents.

His total expenditure for 1956 was two hundred and twenty-two dollars and forty-nine cents, made up as follows:

|                           |          |
|---------------------------|----------|
| PROVISIONS                | \$ 12.89 |
| IMPLEMENT AND BUILDING    | 5.26     |
| STATIONERY                | 18.24    |
| PERSONAL                  | 37.15    |
| COST OF FARM (KUROKI)     | 107.35   |
| COST OF FARM (SHOAL LAKE) | 41.60    |

His provisions bill of \$12.89 for 1956 included matches, four orders of coal oil for his lamp, six bushels of wheat which he makes into porridge and is his principal source of dietary protein, and one flight of foolhardy extravagance entered in his ledger as:

CHOCOLATE FOR EXPERIMENT ... \$ 0.79

This, says Tucker disgustedly, was seventy-nine cents thrown away on a new-fangled replacement for cocoa, the social tipple he offers guests who may not care for his home-brewed coffee. Other than this, the only groceries he bought in the entire year were lard, fish snacks and Freshie powder, with which he occasionally sweetens his rainwater for guests who may not care for cocoa.

#### No groceries with his mail

One day the rural mailman, unaware of the austere habits of the old gentleman in the woods, made the neighborly suggestion that, since he kept a store in Kuroki, it would be no trouble to deliver groceries with the mail. "That's extremely kind of you, sir," replied Tucker with the utmost civility, "but I have no use for those trappings of capitalism. I live off the land." He gestured with a gnarled finger toward his half-acre garden, which he cultivates by hand. "However," he added, smiling benignly, "I have a splendid crop of carrots this year and if you would care to bring along a bag next week I should be delighted to give you some."

Although he is not a convinced vegetarian Tucker eats very little meat. "They say people dig their graves with their teeth," he says, chuckling. "I have no intention of doing such a foolish thing as that. I have too few left to do it anyway."

Tucker's expenditure for provisions is not always as low as \$12.89. In 1955, for example, it was \$77.01, largely because he had to pay for cutting and hauling several loads of firewood. Tucker says that in 1955, at the age of eighty-one, he felt for the first time the weight of his years and decided to suspend his mid-summer habit of shouldering his axe and taking off to the forest to fell his year's supply of wood. All he can do now, he says, is chop it.

Tucker's implements and building fund for such things as glass and stovepipes

is fairly stable from year to year (\$4.21 in 1955). But the stationery account (\$50.99 in 1955) varies widely and includes subscriptions to the Daily Telegraph, the Listener, and Antiquity, published in London, England; Maclean's,

the Free Press Prairie Farmer, the Western Producer, the Country Guide, the Regina Leader-Post, the Wadena News and the Kelvington Radio, plus miscellaneous items like a new Roget's Thesaurus, a book called The Building of

Ancient Egypt; Hansard and this entry:

COLOR PRINTS FROM BRITISH

MUSEUM ..... \$ 3.50

This account also includes gum arabic, paper clips, pencils (several dozen), a



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typewriter ribbon and typewriter paper. At seventy, when Tucker's handwriting was beginning to get the not-quite-jellic look of old age, he bought a typewriter and taught himself touch typing.

Tucker's personal account of \$37.1 made up of five dollars dues to the Farmers' Union, five dollars to his sister in England, some cotton undershirts, forty-five cents' worth of peppermints, and donations to the Red Cross and the local Christmas concert, also included a contribution of twenty-five dollars to the CCF campaign fund.

Rev. A. M. Nicholson, CCF MP for Mackenzie riding and a friend of Tucker's, says that early in 1957 a second contribution of twenty-five dollars came from Tucker accompanied by a note. Tucker said he felt that one twenty-five-dollar cheque was a pretty niggardly contribution for a man of his means and he wished to double it. He also wanted to urge Rev. Nicholson to call on him again if, toward the end of the campaign, the party found itself short of funds.

In addition to regular contributions Tucker frequently gives his party the benefit of his advice and admonition, and it is chiefly on this account that he feels he needs a typewriter. "I want to ensure that my correspondence is not put aside on the ground that my writing is illegible," he says.

**In 80 years, still no doctor**

Tucker corresponds, more or less regularly, with the provincial-government libraries at Regina and Winnipeg, with the library of the House of Commons, the Dominion Bureau of Statistics and other government departments at Ottawa, the Library of Congress and the National Geographic Society in Washington, the British Museum in London, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Natural History in New York, Rev. Nicholson and other officials of the CCF, Ross Short (his tenant at Shoal Lake), his relatives in England, and Mr. B. C. McNamee, secretary-treasurer of the rural municipality of Sasman, 336, at Kuroki, Saskatchewan.

Mr. McNamee, a regular recipient of missives from Tucker, recalls an exchange when Tucker expressed concern about his registration for benefits under the Saskatchewan health plan. "I have not needed a doctor for the past seventy years, but I can't expect this luck to last much longer," he wrote. The letter was written eleven years ago and Tucker's luck is still holding. On another occasion when he discovered that his telephone tax was higher than that of two neighbors with higher land assessments, Tucker wrote Mr. McNamee an outraged letter concluding, "and what makes this anomaly all the more grotesque is that I have so far never had, or used, or need ed any telephone."

Before 1952, when old-age pensions became general, he bombarded CCF members of parliament with talents to inveigle about the indignities of the means test—not on personal grounds, he emphasized, but in behalf of others "less fortunate than myself." He wrote, had printed, and circulated in the community leaflets condemning the means test and inciting the public to protest against it. Most of his neighbors now firmly believe that he was responsible for its abolition. Tucker condemns the provincial CCF for persisting with a means test for supplementary allowances, and although he votes for the party in provincial elections, he specifies that his contributions to it must be used only for national campaigns.

Not infrequently he berates his party

through Rev. Nicholson, on the subject of taxation, the two large items of \$7.35 and \$41.60 on his annual budget.

He hates paying taxes so intensely that he pays them a full year in advance in order to enter the discount for prompt payment in his ledger as a victory over the system. He doesn't smoke because "tobacco is the tax collector's first-prize item." He considers his abstinence a triumph over the finance minister, whom he regards as his personal enemy no matter what party he belongs to.

His hatred of taxation and the Canadian finance minister is inextricably tangled in the web of his only passion, his hatred for "those blackguards of Wall Street." In company with the now displaced "swindlers in the Liberal government in Ottawa" and the "Liberal tools in the provincial government in Regina," the "blackguards of Wall Street" are responsible, Tucker says, for all the ills of the western farmer. With his serene smile intact and his placid pink face oddly at war with his lusty words he denounces them at length and on the slightest provocation in impassioned Marxist terminology, calling them "thieves, rascals, scoundrels, liars, bloated plutocrats, spies, warmongers, fascists, scoundrels, racketeers and gangsters."

In view of the violence of his feelings it is more than surprising that on Oct. 29, 1929, Tucker blandly recorded in his diary that the temperature was plus 54, the fruit was all preserved, the wood hauled and everything snugly battened down for the coming winter. That day's Wall Street crash, a terrible upheaval that shattered the foundations of world finance and drove countless bloated plutocrats to jump to their deaths from high office windows, quite failed to penetrate the ample void of his independence.

"I didn't hear a thing about those strange goings-on until nearly a decade later," he says. "I was at that time engaged in studying the inflections of the Greek verb. A Greek verb can have as many as one hundred and sixty-six different inflections so, as you can judge, I was a very busy man."

Seven years later, however, when the Greek verb had been mastered, the stock-market crash was duly given its place in Tucker's diary:

**Sept. 1936 Note:** It was in 1929 that the great desert advance and the great social collapse both began. In October 1929, there was also the great collapse of Wall Street finance from which there has been no recovery since.

Although seven years is an extraordinarily long lapse, echoes of the convulsions of modern history are always late reaching Sub Rosa, Tucker's name for his place, because the mail is delivered only on Tuesdays and Fridays and not then when the roads are bad.

For example, on September 3, 1939, while the rest of Canada shuddered under the shock of a second world war, Tucker remained sublimely out of touch. This is his note for that historic day:

Sept. 3: Temp. plus 68, rainfall .02 last night, 8 a.m. strong breeze westerly, overcast, cool, 8 p.m. calm, overcast and cool after dull day.

8 days later, however, he conscientiously inserted the following among the recorded weather phenomena:

**Sept. 11 Note:** At 4:30 a.m. Washington 10 on Sept. 3 a general war began in Europe. The Germans invaded Poland Sept. 1. Children being evacuated from London.

Sooner or later almost everything of interest that occurs in the world makes

its way into Tucker's diary, quietly, briefly and unemotionally. The only major event of recent history that seems to have been neglected entirely was the fall of France and the evacuation from Dunkirk. Early in May 1940, this disaster was heralded by:

**May 8 Note:** News of a gigantic holocaust in progress in Belgium and north France.

But for the next few weeks Europe was completely ignored. Even the weather reports were compressed into mere

figures, unembellished by so much as an occasional "dull" or "fine." Then, on June 17, as all Canada listened to the words of Winston Churchill: "We have become the sole champions now in arms to defend the world cause. We shall do our best to be worthy of this high honor. We shall defend our island home and with the British Empire we shall fight on, unconquerable, until the curse of Hitler is lifted from the brows of mankind." Tucker broke his silence to reveal another catastrophe, proving that nature in her way can be as cruel and violent as

man contrives to be in his own:

**June 17 Note:** The forest here at Sub Rosa reminds me of Gustave Doré illustrating Dante's Inferno. In other words, it looks dead as a doornail.

During the holocaust in Europe, Tucker says he had no time for his mail or his newspapers. He was out in the forest with his magnifying glass and his notebook watching panzer divisions of caterpillars blitzing the poplars. Subsequently he sent a detailed report to the department of agriculture in Regina. They con-



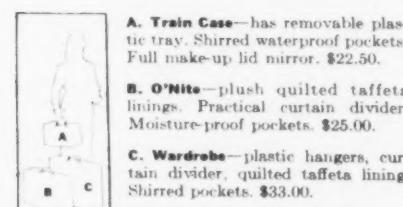
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sidered it of such exceptional scientific interest that they printed it and circulated it throughout the province.

"It was the worst plague we had ever had but apparently nobody had time to notice it but me," says Tucker.

The most valuable information in Tucker's diaries is his weather reports, kept daily since 1920. These prove, he says, that the destruction of forests in the area around Kuroki has reduced the average yearly rainfall from twenty-two to fifteen and one half inches. Each time he captures an audience he purposefully guides them among the fallen relics of the last "desert advance" (the drought of the Thirties) while darkly predicting a new one. Using himself as an argument that men do not need much land to live "in absolute comfort" (less than one third of his half-section farm is under cultivation) he preaches tirelessly to his neighbors against the suicidal procedure of cutting trees to plant crops. His conviction that farmers should get tax relief on forest land is tersely entered in his diary:

**Nov. 12 Note:** The beauty and salubrity of England is due to the fact that there is no tax on growing forest.

Tucker's diaries serve the secondary purpose of showing clearly how he lives, undisturbed by the clangor of the outside world and undismayed by the cruel monotony of life on the western prairies.

During most of the first seven weeks of 1956 he had nothing to report but consistent below-zero temperatures and snow-blocked roads that prevented the delivery of his mail. The only historical note made during that period was:

**Jan. 2 Note:** Prof. Gilbert Murray 90 today.

Gilbert Murray, whose death is recorded in the diary in May 1957, was one of Tucker's favorite authors. Murray's *Five Stages of Greek Religion*, which Tucker says he has read eighteen times, rests on a crowded, dusty shelf in what he grandly describes as the west wing of his cabin, a room twelve feet by nine containing a bed with a spread of cowhide, a stove as small and old-fashioned as its owner, a homemade table and two benches, two saws and some miscellaneous tools, a broom, a shovel, some kitchen utensils and about two hundred books.

A few of the titles are Goethe's *Faust*, *The Life of Christ* by Caudoux, *Selected Poems of Tennyson*, *Harpers' Library of Living Thought* (eight volumes), *The Greek Myths* (two volumes), *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, *The Last of the Pharaohs*, *The Study of Chess*, *The Twelve Olympians*, *The Bull of Minos*, *Middle East Crisis*, *The Romans*, *The Archaeology of Palestine*, *The Pocket Book of Verse*, *Life of J. S. Woodsworth*, *Britain B.C.*, *Ur of the Chaldees*, *The Pelican History of the World*, *How Money is Managed*, *To Define True Madness*, *Men and Gods*, *The Arabs*, *An Introduction to Jung's Psychology*, *Britain of the Romans*, *Sherlock Holmes*, *The Golden Bough*, *Short Stories of Mérimée*, *Balzac* and *Daudet* (in French), *The Poems of John Keats*, *An Introduction to Philology*, *Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche*, *Philosophy of Will Durant*, *A Study of Yoga*, *Chinese Philosophy*, *The Worker's Life in Soviet Russia*, *Handbook of Legal Forms*, *Physiology Self-Taught*, *A History of Modern Mexico*, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (three volumes), *The Sea Hawk*, *Harmsworth's Encyclopedia* (eight volumes), *The World's Great Painting* (three volumes), *Handbook of Ethnographical Collections from the British Museum*, *History of Sculpture* (two volumes), the

Oxford Dictionary of Synonyms and Antonyms, *Modern English Usage*, *Critical Greek and English Concordance*, *Oxford Companion to Classical Literature* and the *Holy Bible*.

Not long ago an acquaintance offered to send Tucker some books. "It's most civil of you, I'm sure," said Tucker gently, "but I fear there's not much point in it. One's interests tend to narrow so as one grows old." He was almost wholly alone with these narrow interests last year until,

**Feb. 23 Note:** Mail relayed by Cherry Schultz! Four years old!

This was the beginning of a firm friendship between Tucker and Sharon Schultz, a beautiful and self-possessed little person who lives across the section line and whose young parents, Vern and

Emma Schultz, have appointed themselves guardians of Tucker's welfare. Cherry, as Tucker calls her, makes daily inspection trips at her mother's bidding, often without intruding on Tucker's privacy. "I just stand on my toes and peek in the window and all the time he's sitting there reading a little book," she says.

Invigorated by a winter of reading, Tucker's diary shows that last year, at eighty-two, he had plenty of energy to meet the breakup when finally it came:

**March 28:** Have dug out doorways, cleared roof, opened up path to refuse ground and other path except woodpile which is completely covered. Pale sunshine. In evening dug out woodpile and cut some wood.

Tucker's habit is to split wood at dusk.

Outside the light is sufficient for work; inside it is insufficient for reading without the lamp. In this way he saves oil.

**April 2:** South woodpile all shoveled out. Working without mitts and with smoked glasses.

**April 13:** The unlucky day. Wind west by south, overcast, much blue, plus 28, 10 a.m., all chores done for the day. No running water as yet. Made new buck-saw.

Running water comes from a spring about fifty yards from Tucker's back door. Copied from the ancient Egyptians, this Oriental well, as he calls it, is reached by a broad and picturesque stone stairway cut into the earth down to the water level.

**April 17:** R.M.D. in box for the first time since January! Fine warm sunshine. Shirtsleeves!

**April 18:** Clerical in morning (i.e. correspondence).

**April 23:** Spring commences today as defined.

"When there are patches of bare earth on the level ground inside the forest, spring has begun," says Tucker.

**May 17:** Snow all gone!

**May 19:** A splendid summer day!

**May 21:** Summer dress! Planted west half of second long row.

**May 24:** Two rows of spinach, two rows of Chinese greens, cleaned out stove. Planted four rows of broad Windsor beans, three rows of kohlrabi, two rows of wax beans, two rows of Canadian wonder beans.

**June 8:** Washed blankets.

**June 9:** Dandelions! For my part I like to see a lawn all studded with beautiful golden flowers.

**June 11 Note:** Last winter has demonstrated that *Pinus Sylvestris* (Scots Pine) is not hardy enough for Sub Rosa. In most countries it is a great standby but it is no good here.

**June 16:** Fresh green onions from garden!

**June 20:** Provincial election day. Went to Robertson school with Berg to vote for Peter Howe (CCF). Light air in morning. Cloudless, plus 69. Planted the rest of carrot seeds in two rows. Perfect day for election.

**June 21 Note:** Em had a turn of sickness in May.

Em is his sister. "I am dean of a family of eight," says Tucker, whose diary is studded with references to the comings and goings, promotions, changes and illnesses that mark the lives of Emily, Elsie and Jack, retired schoolteachers, and Florence, a housewife, who all live in England; Mrs. W. Funnell of B.C. who "has so many children and grandchildren I can't begin to keep track of them all"; Bert, a bachelor, who teaches school near Eston, Sask., and Gordon, the third bachelor of the family, who farms four miles away from Sub Rosa.

Tucker leaves Sub Rosa regularly once a year to visit his brother Gordon. Otherwise, he stays strictly at home, except to go to the polls on election days and to walk up and down the section line around home. A courtly old personage who greets everyone he meets by sweeping off his hat and bowing low from the waist, Tucker creates the impression that he should be wearing plumes and wrist ruffles and traveling by coach and four. But he travels on foot and his dignity is unimpaired by homemade moccasins, patched trousers, glazed with wax, an old straw hat and a shirt hand-sewn from a flour sack.

Friends and neighbors often invite him to dine but he refuses all invitations.

## We asked... "Do you think the beaver is a proper symbol for Canada?"

## They answered...



**Dr. Marius Barbeau**, former Chief Anthropologist and Folklorist of the National Museum, Ottawa—"The beaver was the principal incentive in the fur trade which led to the discovery of Canada. Its first picture is found in Champlain's *Oeuvres*. Soon after it became the implied symbol of Canada. The Iroquois, because of its trade value, ambushed the Algonquins of the Ottawa River and attacked the French settlements. The North West Company, about 1800, adopted it as a crest. The Hudson's Bay Company, after 1830, used this emblem on coinage. The North West Coast Indians, at the service of the company, took it as their totem. The Geological Survey of Canada also had it as its crest. And the French Canadians, after the 1837 Rebellion, printed its profile on their pottery and carved it on wood on many occasions. So it is historically the coat of arms of Canada as a whole."



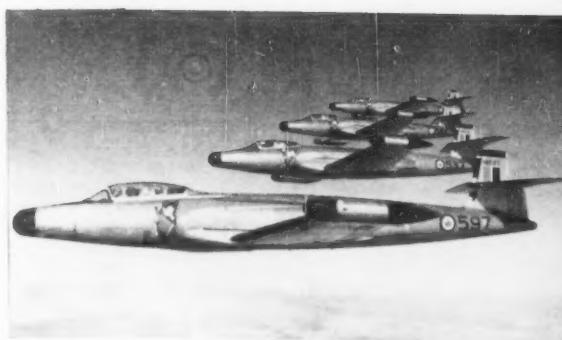
**Doris McCarthy**, president, Canadian Society of Painters in Water Color—"I think the character and habits of the beaver and the romantic history of the fur trade in the development of the country make it an admirable symbol for Canada if (and it's a big if) our artists can create a beautiful form to symbolize the beaver. Nature made him unsympathetic material for design."



**E. C. S. Cox**, president, Ontario Association of Architects—"The earliest fur traders sent beaver pelts to England and France and thus the beaver became identified with Canada. I have known the beaver, since childhood, as a symbol of our nationality and believe it should be retained as such. What is the alternative—a pussy cat or a Russian bear?"

Have you a light controversial question on which you'd like to hear expert opinion? Send your question along with the names of at least three prominent people who might be considered authorities to *What's Your Opinion*, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. We'll pay \$5 for each question accepted.

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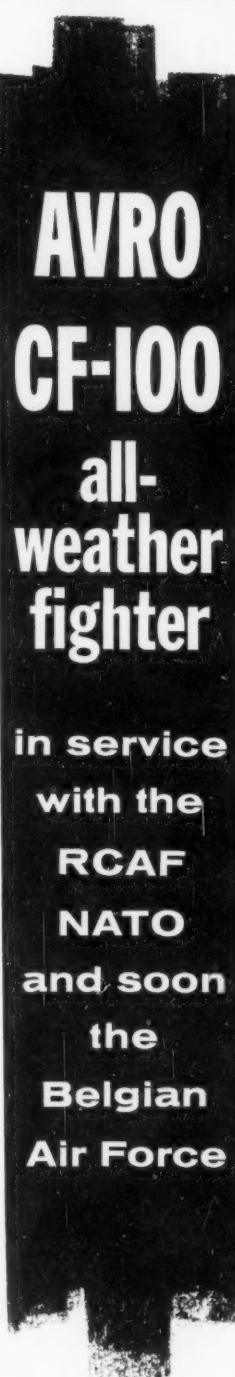
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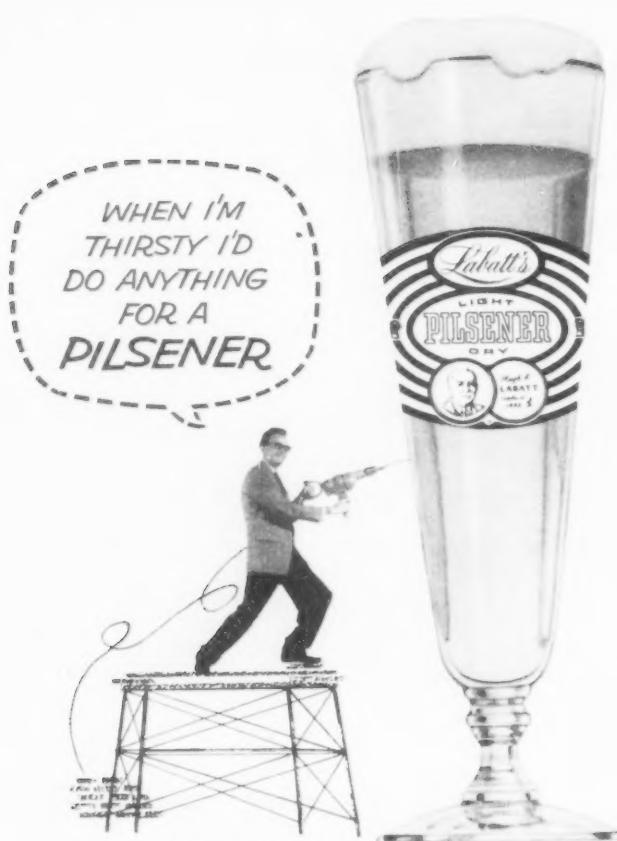
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with the wily King of the pools, you celebrate  
in the fitting imperial manner.  
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choice is Imperial . . . the fine whisky that's  
always worthy of the occasion . . . smooth,  
mellow and of truly Imperial quality.

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Under the floor of Tucker's cabin a root cellar, crisscrossed by an elaborate drainage system, preserves his vegetables all year. Cucumbers usually last till Christmas, enabling him to wind up the calendar year on this cheerful note:

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*Don't be a "Wait-a-while"*

## BE WISE - WINTERIZE *Now*

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But the real benefit is in the peace of mind you have: when you winterize early, you know you are ready for that first sudden cold snap. You know the small investment you make now will more than pay for itself in protection against costly winter repair bills — and those embarrassing "can't-get-started" stops.

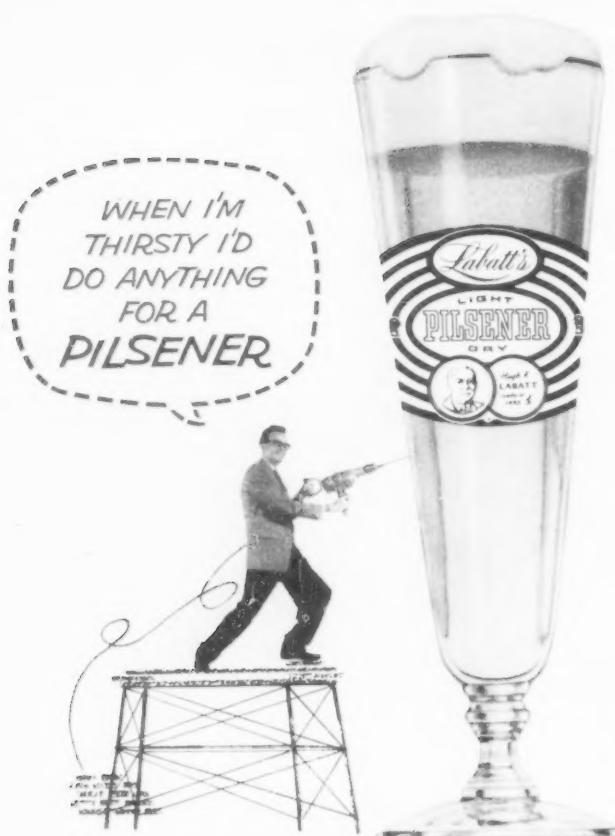
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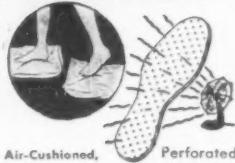
To help plan your trip to French-Canada and for information, write: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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decided to detach himself from society, which he was sure was going mad, an objective he pursued with lively enthusiasm until 1926, when he was seized by a fatal illness.

"I was sure I was going to die," he recalls. "I was miserable thinking of my life. Why hadn't I made a better show of things? The reason must be, I concluded, because I don't understand. 'If I get well,' I promised myself, 'I'll mend that serious deficiency.' By the end of November it was quite clear that I was not going to die so I decided I would have to stick to my resolution.

"On New Year's Day, 1927, I began to study five hours every day. Seven years and ten months later I woke up and found that educated Joe Tucker was quite a different fellow than Joe Tucker in ignorance."

Tucker used the six-volume Popular Educator published by Cassells of London in 1852 and compiled by a group of professors from Edinburgh University. In these thousand-page volumes courses in shorthand, mechanics, chemistry, physics, astronomy, mathematics, geography, natural history, history, Greek, Latin, French, English, music, art and architecture are compressed on eight-hundred pages in double columns of pica type. After a year of this Tucker noted in his diary that he was beginning to have eye trouble.

**Oct. 1927 Note:** Re: Spectacles: Emmie sent me a pair of number elevens from Woolworth's in London costing sixpence and sixpence the case. They proved too strong as I had to hold the book eight inches from my eyes to get clear definition, whereas I like it twelve or fourteen. I sold the number elevens to Robertson (the postmaster) whom they suited.

Subsequently he got a more suitable pair of spectacles from Woolworth's in London. They served him while he filled hundreds of now-yellowing two-for-a-nickel exercise books with his careful studies, including translations of Virgil's Aeneid and Homer's Odyssey. They also served him while he learned to paint and sculpt, using pot clay found below the topsoil of his garden and photographs

for models. He is still wearing the same glasses and he is still studying for he found, he says, that "knowledge is a prime factor in the enjoyment of life."

Knowledge gave Tucker more than enjoyment. It gave him also a clear and candid eye, capable of foreseeing such events as the Munich crisis in painfully sharp perspective:

**Nov. 12, 1938 Note:** This month it became clear that European civilization as we know it has definitely and permanently collapsed. The snow is here to stay.

It stiffened his resistance to bureaucratic bungling.

**Feb. 28, 1941 Note:** One month's Country Guide lost by the Quislings in the post office in Regina.

And it helped him to accept change and decay with philosophic calm:

**July 30, 1942 Note:** Began remodeling home to meet the deterioration of conditions in western Canada and the world in general.

At this juncture Tucker added to his cabin a new roof and two rooms twelve by fourteen feet, which he describes as the east wing. In them he lives spaciously in summer, enjoying the passage of the immaculate air through two screen doors, and retiring to the snug confines of the west wing in winter, at home with life, a perfectly happy man.

"I'm happy," he says, "because I've enjoyed every day and every year of my life. I enjoyed high adventure while I was helping to pioneer the last of the great frontiers—western Canada. Now I am enjoying an honored old age—at any rate my neighbors seem to like me—and 'this is of more value than all the pleasures of youth.' That's Cicero, in case you don't know.

"I'm rich because I have more money than I need. If I think of something I want—anything at all—I have simply to buy it. Like that, for instance." With a gesture as expansive as the Saskatchewan sky, Tucker pointed to his latest and finest treasure—a new edition of the World Almanac, price one dollar and thirty-five cents. ★



"I'll see if I can find the ball. You look for his driver."



## The comedian who made the House of Commons continued from page 35

### He keyed his campaign to a revamped version of a comic-song hit, then stuck to local issues

Just send them all you've saved for years  
And even then you're in arrears.  
It's wonderful! It's marvelous!  
The way the tax department seems to swell.  
You'll get used to it, you'll get used to it.  
And when you're used to it  
They'll put a tax on deficits as well.

When John Diefenbaker spoke in Montreal at West Hill High School, Pratt appeared on the same platform and concluded his speech with this verse. It was practically his only reference to national issues, however, as he confined his own campaign platform to five local issues about which he felt very strongly. He called for federal-government action to curb the pollution of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Rivers, which he called "open sewers on your own doorsteps." He demanded the abolition of level crossings; his own father-in-law had been killed on one. He called for more bridges to eliminate the chronic traffic bottlenecks at all exits from Montreal island. He termed the government's civil-defense policy as applied to his own district, "inadequate and inconsistent." And as mayor of Dorval he called for a larger share of the tax dollar to be returned to the municipalities.

Pratt faithfully followed Hamilton's advice about tackling voters on their way to work in the morning. Rubbing the sleep from his eyes and fastening a bright smile of greeting to his face, he managed to cover all fourteen railway stations in the sprawling riding with its hundred thousand people. And at most of them, when the commuters had recovered from their shocked surprise, he was accorded a friendly reception as he pressed pamphlets on them and pumped their hands. His first debacle occurred at the Convent station in Lachine. Afterward Pratt ruefully told the story.

"When I got there, I found the station deserted. Enquiring, I found that everybody went to Montreal by tram in that district. There was even a tram waiting just down the street. I hurried down there, and sure enough, the doors were standing open. So I stationed myself strategically right in front of the open door. I got my literature ready and braced myself. Two buses pulled up and spewed out a mob of passengers who charged madly across the open space to the tram and nearly trampled me underfoot as they fought each other for entry into the tram. I managed to thrust one pamphlet into the unwilling hand of a tail-end Charlie who squeezed into the tram just before it slammed its doors in my face.

"I was badly shaken, but fighting mad. I recovered my hat, straightened out my tie, and didn't even bother to go back home to get the missing button on my coat replaced before setting out to trace the bus routes and catch the voters waiting at the stops. But it didn't work out any better that way. As soon as I spotted a couple of people at a stop, by

the time I had parked my car and rushed over to them, a bus, obviously chauffeured by a Liberal henchman, would appear out of nowhere and whisk them away. Finally I got disgusted and went back home to breakfast."

Pratt also tried all the orthodox methods of campaigning. He spoke at organized meetings to as few as five people and as many as two hundred. He challenged his Liberal opponent to an open debate, but the campaign-wise Leduc was

much too cagey to accept the challenge and provide his challenger with an audience.

Only when Pratt pointed out that Leduc had made just five speeches in eight years at Ottawa, drawing in that

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ONLY **Dow** IS "COOL CONTROL" BREWED

time a salary of \$80,000 or roughly \$16,000 per speech, was Leduc stung into rebuttal. He ran a large newspaper advertisement pointing out that Pratt was exactly \$11,862.11 wrong in his total figure. Pratt gleefully admitted that he might have been slightly out, but that a total of \$68,137.89 still represented \$13,627.58 per speech, which was a lot of hay.

Pratt hammered away at his favorite subject of water pollution, a hot issue among the communities that border on Lake St. Louis and the St. Lawrence River, with each community dumping its raw sewage into the river to pollute the water of the communities below and have its own water polluted in turn by the communities immediately upstream. He admits a momentary setback to his convictions when he met one old-timer of eighty-five who had bicycled five miles to attend his rally and who carried a flashlight to light his way home. "When I saw him," said Pratt, "I wondered if I was all wrong about pollution of the St. Lawrence. He'd been drinking that water all his life, and I never saw anybody in better shape."

But it was the Women's Committee, Pratt is convinced, that eventually swung the voting tide in his favor. Organized by his good friend, the Hon. Hazel Ballantyne (daughter of the late Lord Shaughnessy) it provided an unending series of house meetings where Pratt was able to reach the hand that rocks the cradle. "I attended an average of three coffee klatches a day," he recalls. "I drank coffee till it was spewing out of my ears and began to taste like wartime kiel, the stuff they served in the navy that was generally considered a mixture of coffee and tea. Those women came at you with the damnedest questions. Education was their favorite subject. And education is not a federal subject. In Quebec it isn't even a subject. If you discuss it, you are in hot water. If you don't you have no guts. Either way, you're in trouble."

When Pratt ventured into Leduc's Lachine bailiwick (Leduc had been mayor of Lachine) to hold a monster rally, he was neither surprised nor perturbed to discover the school hall he had rented in total darkness, the doors locked and the caretaker absent. "It was raining, so I figured on a poor house anyway," he said later.

On election day Pratt's scrutineers were stationed at all 279 polls in the riding. Chicken lunches had been arranged for them, but in the afternoon when hungry scrutineers began to phone campaign headquarters Pratt discovered to his horror that the taxi company engaged for the lunch delivery was working for his opponent. Emergency transportation was secured, the lunches finally reached their destination, and no incidents were recorded in that riding to mar a clean election.

When the results began to come in, Leduc took an early and commanding lead. Then a curious thing happened. While the official returns showed Leduc well in front, reports to Pratt's headquarters showed him gaining. By ten p.m. Leduc had been declared the winner. Yet Pratt's figures showed Pratt in front by a narrow margin. The mystery was finally resolved when someone introduced the returning officer to an adding machine. Pratt was driving to the Conservative headquarters at Montreal's Windsor Hotel with the radio going in his car when at eleven p.m. a program was interrupted to announce that John Pratt had been elected by a majority of 143 votes. "I nearly went through the roof of the car," he admits.

At headquarters he found that he was the first winner to arrive, and a drink was pressed into his shaking hands. But before he could taste it, someone snatched it from him while a news camera flashed. This process was repeated until Pratt thought his tongue would reach his knees. "It took me over a half hour to get my first drink," he recalls bitterly.

At fifty, federal politics is the fourth field that John Pratt has successfully invaded. The first was architecture, which he tackled when he graduated from McGill University in 1933 with his bachelor of architecture degree. Canada was in the depth of the Depression then, so Pratt became his own customer by se-

lecting building sites, designing the buildings and, together with his father, who was a building contractor, erecting them. Then he either sold them or operated them himself. By this method he could rent or sell at going rates with a handsome return on the investment. The most impressive of these projects was a double block of sixty-four apartments in the Town of Mount Royal, which he built in 1938 and still owns. By the time he was thirty-two Pratt had enough regular income to retire from business and devote himself to his favorite medium, the theatre.

Pratt's theatre debut, in the McGill student Red and White Revue of 1931,

is still vividly remembered. He agrees that he has never been able to top it. He had decided to make a Douglas Fairbanks-inspired entrance swinging from a fifty-foot rope. The rope was obtained only on opening night, so there had been no time for rehearsal. Pratt came whizzing on stage at a terrific speed while other actors dodged desperately left and right. The flying body cut clean through a cardboard castle, up-ended a papier-mâché tree and careened into the scenery on the opposite side of the stage. The pendulum-like return was equally effective and the stage was a shambles before the dazed Pratt was able to drop and crawl off amid wild acclaim and insistent demands for an encore.

Pratt wrote, produced, directed and played comedy leads in the McGill Revues of 1931, 1932 and 1933. His "straight man" in a comedy team was a young fellow named Hume Cronyn. Pratt didn't think much of Cronyn as a comedian, but thought he had possibilities as a straight actor.

When the Montreal Repertory Theatre was formed in 1934 Pratt became a charter member; his favorite field was revues and musicals. In 1936 he began to work on short films with Associated Screen News. Meanwhile, in 1935, he married Dorothy Ward, the first and only girl he had ever dated.

Pratt had joined the ROTC at school, mainly because he wanted to ride a horse, and he finally obtained a commission in the 6th Duke of Connaught's Royal Canadian Hussars in 1936. Shortly after, the outfit was converted to armored cars.

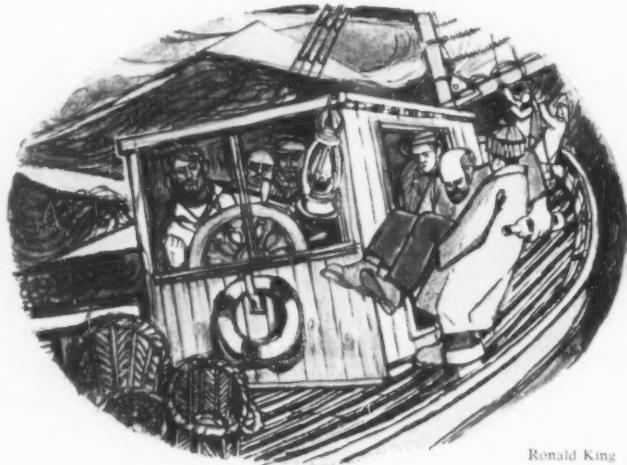
When World War II broke out, Pratt expected his outfit to be mobilized, but nothing happened, and with the rank of major he spent nearly four years lecturing to troops on map-reading and field engineering during the day and entertaining them at night in the MRT Tin Hats Revue, the first troop show to be organized in Canada. The comedy of the show was carried by the team of John Pratt, Robert Goodier and Lionel Murton.

This team got its big chance when the navy revue, Meet the Navy, was formed in 1942. Alan Young had been scheduled as the show's comedian, but he received an offer to replace Eddie Cantor in the New York radio show that opened up his comedy career in the United States. The team of Pratt, Goodier and Murton was engaged as a replacement. Pratt resigned his major's commission and all three joined the navy as able seamen. Eventually they received commissions, but meanwhile they learned there was nothing in navy regulations to cover a troop show.

The company of eighty men and forty girls traveled across Canada in a thirteen-car train run according to navy regulations, exactly like a ship. When the train stopped at a station, members of the cast had to obtain shore leave to buy a bottle of pop. Under navy discipline Pratt, who regularly got to bed at three-thirty a.m., got up again two hours later to wake the cooks. "It made it tough to give a decent performance on stage," he recalls wryly. Navy regulations were finally relaxed to allow the company to sleep in during the mornings.

Meet the Navy was a hit in two cross-country tours from Alaska to Labrador, played to standing room only throughout Britain, performed for front-line troops of the United States, Britain and Canada in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany, and was filmed by British National Films at Elstree. Pratt enjoyed a great personal success as a lugubrious

## CANADIAN ECDOOTE



Ronald King

### The "killer" who saved his judge

A judge may sometimes use his power to save a prisoner, but only once perhaps has the situation been reversed.

It happened on August 10, 1903, when John McKay, a Lake Winnipeg fisherman charged with the murder of an Indian, saved the life of not only the judge, Chief Justice Dubuc, of the Manitoba Court of King's Bench, but the six-man jury as well.

McKay fished out of Scotia Bay at the north end of Lake Winnipeg. In May of 1903 he caught an Indian, known as The Gambler, tinkering with the motor of his boat. In a fit of anger he threw a stick of firewood at the offender. His aim was all too good; the Indian's skull was fractured and within a few days he was dead.

The local justice of the peace laid a charge of murder and Judge Dubuc was selected to hear the case. The nearest point at which facilities even remotely resembling those of a courthouse were to be found was Norway House, and the only way to get there was by boat. On the way up the lake the judge

picked up a jury of six. The last man aboard was McKay and he was confined to the hold in irons —until three events, occurring in rapid succession, not only freed him but put him in command.

The captain got drunk, the ship entered the narrows beginning at Warrens Landing and a violent storm blew up. It was evident that no one in the crew could take over and that the craft was about to founder. In desperation the judge asked about McKay and found that he was an expert helmsman. He was promptly released from his chains and he brought the boat through. R. A. Bonner, the prosecuting attorney, later testified that without McKay at the helm they would all have drowned.

But a charge of murder still faced McKay. At the trial it was revealed that, after having been hit by McKay, The Gambler had been operated on by a local medicine man to relieve the pressure of blood on the brain. The jury decided that the treatment, not the injury, caused the death, and McKay was acquitted. M. S. DONNELLY

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotest, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

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sad sack, and his song, You'll Get Used to It, was widely distributed in sheet music and record sales.

When the show disbanded in 1946 Pratt returned to Montreal. Booming real-estate values had made him a wealthy man, and he continued to concentrate on the theatre. There was some speculation about making a film around the Sad Sack, but the project was shelved. Then Pratt became involved in the postwar Canadian film industry, designing the sets, acting and coaching in Quebec Productions' film, Whispering City, which starred Helmut Dantine and Mary Anderson. He wrote, narrated and starred in a series of comedy shorts.

In 1948 a Toronto producer named Brian Doherty persuaded Pratt to head up a Canadian company in a musical version of The Drunkard. The show ran eight months to cover every major city in Canada, with several weeks in Minneapolis and Detroit, winding up with a three-month stand in Chicago sponsored by Canadian Ace Beer, a Capone-founded enterprise which regularly filled the stage and dressing rooms with cases of its product.

In the following year Pratt co-starred with Murray Matheson in a nine-month run of another successful Canadian revue, There Goes Yesterday. He crowded a multitude of theatrical ventures into 1950, producing, writing and starring in five musical revues in nine weeks of summer theatre to develop the talent and material for the Canadian tour of One for the Road, in which he also starred. He helped produce a series of television Westerns and made a series of television guest appearances. But he never enjoyed the success on television that was his on stage and screen. On the subject he is philosophical:

"The trouble with me is that I was born too late for the music halls and too early for television," he sums it up.

Between 1953 and 1956 he co-starred in a bilingual show, The Sweet Cap Players, that performed for the troops in Korea and Japan; produced six stage shows and made numerous TV guest appearances; was featured in the television series, So This Is French; judged Pick the Stars; starred in the National Film Board film, The Barrier; and produced a season of summer theatre at Toronto's Centre Island.

Meanwhile another career had opened

### Careful with that compliment

A mother relishes the flattery  
When called as youthful as her daughter,  
While daughters plan assault and battery  
For flatterers they'd like to slaughter.

P. J. BLACKWELL

up. In 1950 Pratt bought an old French-Canadian stone house on the shore of Lake St. Louis in the town of Dorval. The house had been built in 1666 by one Jean Morin, who was killed in the Lachine Massacre of 1689. Shortly after Pratt bought the house, he noticed that the town-supplied water tasted brackish. Hearing that a newly formed Citizens' Committee was holding a meeting to discuss the shortcomings of the town administration, Pratt went along and raised the subject of the brackish water. He was promptly elected chairman of a committee to investigate it, and his report led

to immediate steps to purify the water. It also led to an invitation by the Citizens' Committee to Pratt to run for alderman, and he was elected in 1952, together with another "reform" candidate, an insurance man named Charles Turner. Together they made life miserable for the Old Guard; Pratt's combination of architectural and business training together with his ease on the platform made him a popular figure in civic affairs. "We really began to pack them in," is the way he describes the boom in attendance of the public at council meetings.

In 1955 the new group ran a full slate of candidates, which swept the elections and installed Pratt as mayor.

Pratt's graduation to the federal field is viewed with mixed feelings by his admirers in Dorval. René Leblanc, Dorval's chief engineer, best summed up that feeling: "He's a mayor in a million, and we are not likely to get another like him in a hurry. Where can you find a mayor who can read a blueprint at a glance, analyze an estimate and spot the weak points, figure out interest rates and tax charges in his head? We would be sorry to lose him."

But Pratt has no intention of deserting Dorval. When the mayor of a neighboring community offered a saw-off to Pratt in the election provided Dorval gave up its claim to a piece of disputed property, Pratt told him flatly: "I'm mayor of Dorval first. You do what you like, but we need that land and we'll fight for it."

MP John Pratt, who was born in London, England, on February 28, 1907, is a much more sober and solid figure than the gaunt 150-pound bean-pole of the Navy Show. He weighs around 180 pounds now, and the gauntness has dis-

appeared from a face that still retains the droopy-lidded grey-green eyes and humorous mouth of his stage days. Six feet tall, he wears his well-cut conservative clothes with English ease, and his quietly relaxed manner sometimes gives strangers the impression of snobbishness.

Pratt's marriage, after more than twenty years, ended in a divorce last year. He wryly admits that it was a casualty of his hectic life in the theatre with its constant travel and frenetic atmosphere. His former wife is remarried. His two sons, twenty-year-old John Stuart and seventeen-year-old Robin, live at Dorval with Pratt.

The change in John Pratt, from the happy-go-lucky comedian with a wise-crack for any occasion to the serious man of affairs who still has a sense of humor, has puzzled and delighted his friends. Hazel Ballantyne, who has known Pratt most of his life, says, "I never knew John could be serious about anything until he got interested in Dorval. Anyway, he surprised all of us who knew him in his early theatre days. Lots of his friends kidded that he did his early-morning canvassing on his way home from a party, but John wasn't fooling about the election any more than he was about Dorval. He'll make us a fine member; you'll see."

Pratt himself states that he intends to push for the program he announced as a candidate. He figures that if he can get some or any of his points through in his first term as a member, he'll be doing all right. He also says he has strong views about both the National Film Board and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. He thinks they both do a good job, and if Pratt's voice is heard in Conservative councils, they will both have a good friend in court. ★

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## IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

### All about Eve and the new Clifford Williams



EVE WHITE



EVE BLACK



JANE

In September 1954 Maclean's artist showed "the three faces of Eve."



EVE WHITE



EVE BLACK



JANE

A 1957 movie starring Joanne Woodward shows a remarkable similarity.

Associate Editor Sidney Katz has a knack of getting involved in stories that keep making headlines. Two recent examples come to mind.

In 1954 he reported, for the first time in any magazine, on the strange case of Eve White, a woman who had three separate personalities and lived three distinct lives—in the Jekyll-and-Hyde tradition. The doctor who treated Eve White later wrote a best-selling book about the subject and it's since been made into a motion picture. The Three Faces of Eve, starring Joanne Woodward, who bears a remarkable resemblance to Bruce Johnson's original drawings for the Katz article (above).

This summer another Katz story made headlines: Clifford Williams who had been sentenced to an unprecedented penitentiary term of twenty-eight years for robbery, was released after more than six years. It was Katz's article, published Feb. 18, 1956, that helped secure the release. Recently, Katz had a letter from Mrs. E. M. Hale, who first brought Williams' story to his attention. She tells of meeting Williams and helping in his rehabilitation:

"As we entered the prison the officer had a broad grin as he said, 'Good morning! This is a big day, isn't it? The whole population is feeling it. It's almost like Christmas!' Then on our way to the warden's offices, several officials passed us, and all were smiling. 'Good morning to you! So he is getting out! It's a good day for all!'

"Clifford was like the dawn of day — grinning all over. I had bought him a wrist watch. He was

so pleased . . . They all shook hands with Clifford and wished him Godspeed. We spent most of the day with Clifford—taking him to report to the police, then to the local Remission Dept., then to see his sister and father, then for lunch, then for his job.

"Jack, a young consulting engineer, showed unremitting interest in the matter from the day your article came out. He took Clifford to his own home for a temporary place to live. It was Jack also who, months ago, had promise of a job for Clifford with a friend on some construction work. Clifford is doing apprentice plumbing. He gets eighty-five cents an hour. Jack has not allowed him to pay him a cent. Consequently, Clifford has opened a bank account, and in a letter which I received a few days ago he told me proudly that he has already put fifty dollars in the bank since being released.

"Jack is in my opinion one of the finest young men I have known. As soon as Clifford got out, Jack had an extra key for his home made for him so that he could come and go at will. One week-end he took Clifford up to their summer cottage. Two other week-ends he left Clifford in the city house, with the run of everything as though Clifford was his brother. Clifford adores him.

"The construction foreman told Jack that Clifford's work is excellent; that he is intelligent, and hard-working, and ambitious; and that he wants to push him ahead so that he can eventually get into the office. He said to Jack, 'If the prison has any more men like that, send them to me, I can use them all!'—ESTHER HALE"

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**Parade**

The world series is in the bag

**World-series virus** is about to break out again anytime, that odd malady that causes housewives to skip their dusting, executives to forget to come back from lunch, and one Winnipeg postman to plod like an automaton about his route, a radio attached to his mailbag murmuring



the play to him quietly as he absently climbs steps, crosses lawns and beats off the neighborhood dogs.

An Ottawa Parade scout has encountered a brand-new pedestrian technique for getting where you want to go on foot when all the police seem concerned with is breaking the motor jams. At an intersection where a cop was busily directing the home-bound rush, a woman wanted to get from one corner to the corner diagonally opposite, but there were always cars darting out from somewhere. Just then the cop stopped traffic in all other directions to let cars make the sort of left-hand turn she wanted to make. So while the cop watched speechless, she darted out into the main stream, scuttled after a left-turning car until she'd gained her corner, then hopped back up onto the sidewalk.

It took a Calgary woman weeks to paint her apartment, doing it after office hours, but she was as proud as she was exhausted when the beautiful job was done. A few nights later she opened her door and stopped in horror. Her furniture was a canvas-draped mountain in the middle of the living room; brown paint glistened wetly on the ceiling that had been oyster white that morning. Dimly she remembered calling in her next-door neighbor to admire her new decor; heart sinking, she recalled her neighbor saying the new paint job made such a difference she must get a decorator in to do her place over. Well, that was it—plus one of those incredible coincidences whereby (a) the painter got the

apartment number wrong, and (b) the neighbor's key turned out to be the long-lost master key for the whole apartment building. But still, the wronged woman wailed at the decorator, couldn't he tell that the apartment was just freshly painted?

"Some fool women are always changing their color schemes!" growled the painter, as he set to work disgustedly to turn brown back to oyster white.

The Montreal YMCA recently organized a cross-town outing for a group of thirty-five lively youngsters and the young Y director in charge was delighted when he got them all marshaled aboard the same streetcar. The conductor was a real grouch, however, who scowled at every high-spirited shout and threatened to stop the car every time any lad dared to leave his seat to take a friendly poke at his neighbor across the aisle. "This is too much, too much," he steamed as the Y man herded the boys off the car at their destination. "Next time you must charter a special car from the commission!" he declared.

So next time the Y did. The same young director herded the same lively group aboard the special car, to find they had the same conductor—already sizzling slightly, and holding his head in his hands.

Frankest classified ad we've read in a long time, from the Saint John Times-Globe: "Man wants work cleaning office



buildings, janitor, etc., honest, reliable, noon drinker." If you don't want him to start work till five, he'd be dandy.

Hurrying to dress for a party the other night a Saskatoon girl quickly dusted herself with powder after her bath before pulling on her tight rubber girdle, as per the manufacturer's instructions. She scarcely had her dress on before she began to realize something awful had gone wrong; she seemed to be welded into the girdle, and it turned out she just about was. Instead of talcum powder she'd used her father's can of adhesive powder, designed to keep false teeth in place. ★

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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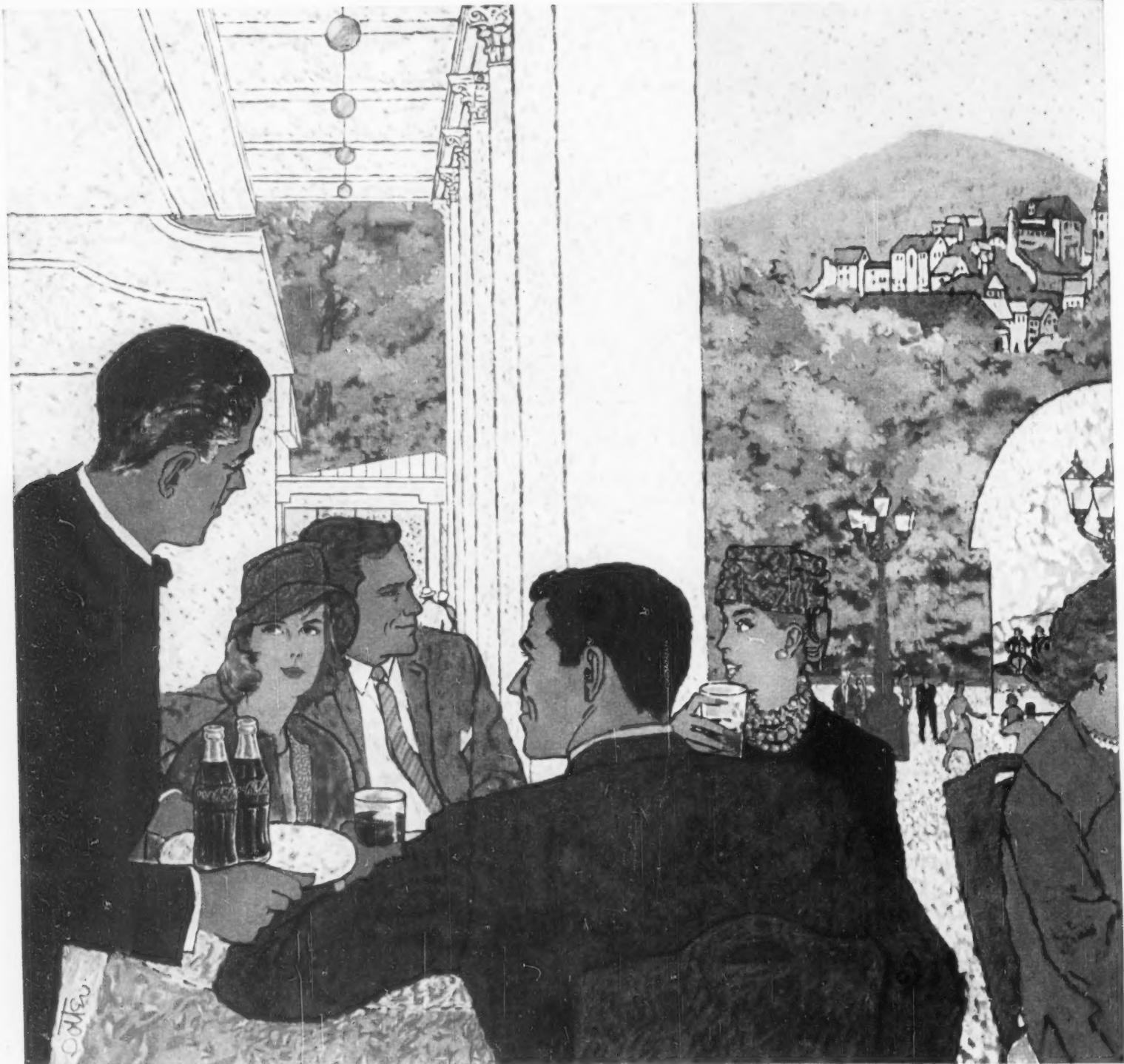
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER 28, 1957

